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OBED'S ALTAR.

A TRADITIONARY STORY OF CONNECTICUT.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE town of Saybrook, in Connecticut, lies on the western bank of the river of the latter name, where it empties in the Sound. In summer this town is one of the most pleasant, quiet, and delightful places that can be imagined.

The main portion of the village is situated upon a perfect level, known as the "platform." The sea breeze on the afternoon of a July or an August day, fan-like cools the air, and the scene, looking across the arm of the sea called "the Sound," towards Long Island, covered at times with hundreds of "coasters," their sails filled to the breeze, is joyful and exciting in the extreme.

There are capital fishing grounds likewise in the neighbourhood, where black-fish, bass, and several varieties of the salt water finny tribe are caught in great abundance at certain seasons, by those to whom experience has made known the best fishing spots.

It must be borne in mind, likewise, that the Connecticut River shad, the finest of that fine fish, are here caught,—to epicures the name has become proverbial. In the latter part of the last century, and in the early portion of this, salmon were caught in such abundance that shad were never eaten or preserved, but damming the upper portion of the river, and the introduction of steamboats, have completely driven salmon from the river, with the exception of now and then capturing a solitary wanderer.

Saybrook, too, has been in its day, quiet as it is now, a place where some important civil, religious, and warlike affairs have occurred. Originally settled by the Dutch, who gave the name of the river "French Water;" they erected an earthen fort, on the site of which the present fort, if a mound of earth can be called such, is built. The Dutch eventually surrendered it to the English, and in and about the fort occurred many skirmishes with the Indians resulting in loss of life on both sides.

In the last war, this fort was attacked by men in barges from the British fleet, when garrisoned by a few companies of militia, but they did not land, and proceeding a few miles up the river to Pettipang, the

Indian name, (now Essex,) they burnt a number of vessels, and succeeded in escaping in safety. Had they remained a few hours longer, they would have been cut off from the fleet, the troops and artillery from the interior not having arrived in season to prevent their retreat.

But Saybrook came nigh being the residence of one of the greatest and most extraordinary men England ever produced—OLIVER CROMWELL. The town was originally granted by the English government to Lord Say and Selle, and Lord Brooke. Hence the name of Saybrook after the two proprietors. The tradition is, that Oliver Cromwell, John Hamden, and others, were about embarking from London, soon after the commencement of the civil troubles in 1625, when an order in council stopped the vessels then lying in the Thames.

Cromwell was then a mere private individual, totally unknown to the government, and the order was meant simply to prevent any of the disaffected from extending their doctrines among the Puritans of New England.*

Had he, in conjunction with that famous patriot, John Hamden, of Buckinghamshire, England, who fell fighting against Charles the First, on the side of Parliament, at Cholgrove field, emigrated and settled in Saybrook at the time, what a different turn might have been given to the dynasty of England.

The descendants of Charles the First, the unfortunate Stuarts, might yet have occupied the English throne, and "Charles the Martyr," as he is called in the English common prayer book, would perhaps have died peaceably in possession of the power that he had used so arbitrarily.

Saybrook, too, has other reasons for recollection. Here, in 1708, was held the celebrated Congress, if it can be so termed, of New England Presbyterian magistrates, to establish new and general rules for the

* It has been denied by some of Cromwell's biographers, that he ever intended to emigrate to New England. No proof has been shown that such was not his intention; on the contrary, two centuries of tradition affirm it.

government of the church. These rules were, and are known to this day as "the Saybrook Platform," and formed the first *volume* ever printed in Connecticut.

Ten of the principal clergymen of the colony assembled in Saybrook in 1710, for the purpose of founding a college, more particularly intended for students of divinity. This was the *nucleus* of Yale College, which some ten or more years afterwards was removed to New Haven, as the more central portion of the colony. There was much excitement at the time of the removal, it being carried by a mere majority in the board of trustees, and when it took place several hundred valuable books were carried off and secreted, their whereabouts not being known to this day—probably buried in some old oak chest.

I have thought it necessary to give some little description of Saybrook to those of my readers who are not aware of its locality and position, and will only say to them, if they wish a quiet and pleasant watering place, let them make it a visit the ensuing summer, and they will not deny the truth of what I say.

Some miles from the level ground known as the "Point," the land begins to rise, and here, on a slight elevation of the hill-side, stands an isolated square-shaped rock, called "Obed's Altar." On this rock, over a century and a half ago, an Indian known as Obed used to offer up his offerings to God, according to the custom of his ancestors.

Obed was the last remaining member of the once popular Pequot tribe, that inhabited that part of Connecticut which extended from the western side of the river to the banks of the Hudson.

He was about fifty years of age, and though fond of "fire-water," which had given to him, from excessive use, some premature decay, he was still straight as an arrow, and his frame athletic and vigorous. He lived in a lonely wigwam on the hill-side, with his daughter, a girl of about eighteen. His wife, or as she would be termed in Indian language, "squaw," had been dead many years.

There is one physical trait in the Indian character that it seems impossible to eradicate; the industry of labour. Yet this trait does not seem to be laziness. The aboriginal will undergo as much physical endurance as the white man, but in a different way. He will expend as much exertion in toilsome marches, in hunting, in running and leaping, keeping every muscle in play; but when you come to the mechanical or agricultural labour of the hands, the Indian will not endure it. His is the spirit of wild national independence.

When Obed wanted money to buy powder for the purpose of killing game, then in great abundance in the vicinity, or to purchase "fire water," he would remain in his wigwam for a day, and construct baskets, in which he was a great adept, and their sale or barter at "the store" supplied him with all his wants, to say nothing of his exchanges of venison, deer skins, and fish, for such maize, meal, and vegetables as he required from the neighbouring farmers.

His daughter was the favourite of all who knew her. It would be hard to call an Indian girl beautiful at any time, but Adema, or the Redbird, as she was most generally called, was an exception. Her features were as regular as it was possible for Nature to create them. Dark, flashing eyes, teeth white and even, and a figure beautiful in its outline, without be-

ing too full—no one could see her without turning for another glance at the lithesome Indian girl, as she passed along.

Obed loved his daughter; she was the last of his race. One thing, however, at times, particularly when he became excited with fire water, would make him almost a demon. The Redbird was a Christian. Associations with the female portion of the white neighbours in early life, and hearing explained the doctrines of the Saviour, induced her, with conviction, to abandon the creed of her ancestors, the aboriginals.

Obed was terrible in his rage, at first, but became quieted when he felt how meek and soft-like his daughter answered his wrath. Every Sunday she took her seat in the minister's pew, with his family, and went through the devotions with as much correctness and propriety as any one in the meeting-house.

Obed, on the contrary, was what was termed by the Puritans, a "heathen." He never forsook the rites of his ancestors, and believed firmly in Manitou and Kitchen.*

The parson of the town of Saybrook, at this time, was the Reverend Thomas Buckingham, a man of great influence in the colony; for the colony, at this period, was more of a religious than a civil polity.

He was a man of great learning for that place and day—a pure Christian, and a good man. He was the son of Thomas Buckingham, one of the original settlers of Milford, and was about the first white child born in "old Milford." He was for more than forty years pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Saybrook, and died somewhere between the years 1710 and 1720, at the age of eighty.

He was also moderator, or chairman, of the "Saybrook Platform," and one of the ten clergymen who founded Yale College. According to all accounts, he superintended the general administration of that institution as long as it continued in Saybrook, during the latter years of his life.

The parson was a great favourite of Obed's. If he got in any difficulty with the farmers or store-keepers, about the sale or exchange of his baskets or game, he at once left the decision to "Parson Bucknam," the penultimate being left out, for it was hard for him to insert the middle syllable. That decision was to him always law.

If Obed shot a deer in the first of the season, Parson Buckingham had the best choice of a joint or piece. No offers of money or barter could prevail upon him to let any one choose a bit, unless the parson had the first selection.

One chief reason of this, was the attention which had been bestowed upon his daughter by the parson and his family. As I said before, the Redbird took her seat in the same pew with the minister's family, and after the morning's service, she remained and took the simple dinner of the time, before the afternoon service commenced.

The son of one of the principal farmers in the town, Arthur Hart, a young man of about twenty, or as he would be described in the language of the Puritan times, "a comely youth," had bestowed so much attention on the Redbird, as to call the notice of all the gossips of the village—male as well as female.

The father of young Hart had acquired a great deal

* The good and bad gods of the Eastern Indians.

of property. His father, (Arthur's grandfather,) had come from England with considerable fortune, at the time of the civil wars. He was of an honourable family, and a strict Puritan. He left to his son all his fortune and religious prejudices, with very little of his high qualities.

"So, young man," he said, sternly, one day, to his son, "I hear, and it is whispered through the whole town, that you, the grandson of Arthur Hart, one of Cromwell's favourite officers, are thinking of taking to yourself, as a wife, the daughter of a redskin, the child of an accursed heathen?"

"It is true, father, that I think much of the Redbird, but she is no heathen, she belongs to the same church that you do."

"And would you mix your blood, *my* blood, with that of an Indian?" He said this with a fierce expression of scorn.

"The race of the Indian is pure. We have taken from them their homes, should we not, at least, give their daughters shelter?"

"Mind, Arthur," replied the father, with great vehemence, "if you dare insult our name so much as to visit this Indian girl, this Redbird, as she is called, in the language of these heathens, whom the Lord has given into our hands, I curse you, even as Saul was accursed. May your soul descend into Tophet, for you are not fit to be seen in the presence of the Lord."

They parted—and the son was no longer seen in Saybrook. The parent grew more religiously gloomy than ever.

One day Obed came to the residence of Parson Buckingham, bringing him a lot of fine pickerel, which he had caught in one of the small fresh water lakes, a few miles back.

"Fine fish, parson, quite fine fish. Obed catch luck to-day."

"Yes, yes, Obed, quite a fine bunch you have brought me to-day," replied the minister. "Here is a couple of pine-tree shillings for them."*

"No, sir, Mister Parson Buck'nam, I no take money from you—you always Obed's friend—always Indian's friend."

"But I do not want you to go and catch fish for me, without paying for them, for your labour should be worth something. Remember Adema, the Redbird, is at home, and these bits of silver may be of some advantage to her."

"Oh! Redbird, she Christian, I Heathen—you kind to both of us. Indians never stop think of such things."

"And how is the Redbird?" inquired the parson, in a singular tone of tenderness.

"Well; very well. She come down to see you, and the folks, family, all, all, to-morrow."

"She is a good girl, Obed. Has nothing yet been heard of young Arthur Hart?"

"No, no, parson, not one thing—not one at all. Obed have dream though."

"Dreams are silly things, Obed; mere gatherings of what we have seen long years ago, mingled with indisposition of the body while dreaming, particularly"

(and he placed remarkable emphasis on the words) "when fire water has been freely used."

"Yes, yes, Mister Parson, I understand very well. But Obed has'nt had fire water for four days."

The parson looked at him with some astonishment, and he perceived, for the first time, that there was in the eyes of Obed a particular gleam or lustre, very unusual. He saw at once the incipient stages of mental insanity, which always precedes the insanity of the body.

"I am glad to hear it," replied Parson Buckingham, in mild and soft words, "fire water is dangerous; it does no good to any one. Come in, Obed, and take some dinner. My wife has a little present to send to the Redbird."

"Obed wants no dinner, the woods and fields of his Great Father give him that. The Redbird needs nothing. We are the last of the Pequots, the last blood of the old Sachems of our race. We owned all once—gone, gone!" He struck his head madly.

"Do not have these feelings, Obed; come in, come in; take something to eat. Nay, even a glass of fire water; you need it *now*."

"No, Obed will take nothing; he likes you, Parson—the Redbird likes you all. Obed is the last of his race. He will take nothing from the parson, who preaches the pow-wow of the white man's great Manitou. Ask of the white man's Manitou protection for the red man when he goes to the happy hunting ground hereafter."

"I shall do it, Obed."

It was near night when Obed left the parson's with his usual

"Indian says, good night."

"Good night, Obed; God's blessing be with you."

By the time he reached the wigwam, thick heavy clouds had gathered up, and everything denoted a violent tempest. The wind howled through the woods, and the river, which was not far off, tossed furiously in huge foamy waves.

Obed entered the wigwam, and found his supper of venison and corn bread smoking on the table, for Redbird had none of those habits so peculiar to the Indian race in their habitations, want of cleanliness.

On the contrary, she was famed for her peculiar neatness, and everything around the wigwam was as clean as art and industry could make it.

She was engaged in working beads and quills upon a pair of buckskin moccasins when Obed came in.

"The Redbird is good to her father, she keeps his wigwam well. His food is cooked for him, and his bed of skins is ever ready. But the Redbird has forsaken the religion of her father; it is wrong."

"It is my religion, father, that makes me please you as I do. It teaches me to honour you and do all that I can for you. It is good to be a Christian."

"Christian?" he said, as he commenced his meal. "Who took from the red man all the forests that were his from the sea to the great rivers. They slew us because we fought for our homes, our wives, and our children. They killed us with fire water—they brought disease into our hunting grounds, sweeping us off faster than their guns and tomahawks.* And you have joined the religion of the pale faces, who have done all this."

* The silver pine-tree shillings were coined in Massachusetts, about the year 1650, and were, for a long time, the chief currency of New England.

* The small pox was introduced by the whites into New England. The Indians died off by thousands.

"It was God's will it should be so," she quietly answered.

"Not the will of the Indians' God; he loved his red children. He has forgotten us; there is a shadow between us. The Indian has displeased him, but He still loves us."

As he continued talking, he drank hearty of the liquor which he poured from a jug into a gourd shell, without even adding water to the burning liquor.

"Father, if you love me," she said, "drink no more of the accursed fire water; do not, do not!"

"It is the Christian's drink," he said scornfully, "and what the Christian drinks, the poor redskin may."

He drank still deeper.

"No good Christian drinks enough to injure him," was her answer.

At this moment a knock was heard at the door of the wigwam. Obed, for Indians are ever famed for their hospitality, rose and staggered, rather than walked, to the door, opened it, and said,

"Come in, stranger, the wigwam of Obed is ever open to all."

A young man entered, his garments dripping with rain, which was now falling terribly. A glance was sufficient for the Redbird to know the visitor, though his features were sadly altered, and his dress changed.

"Redbird!"

"Arthur!"

And the next moment they were clasped in each other's arms.

Arthur was a great favourite with Obed, and the meeting to all was one of great interest. He had many things to inquire about, in relation to his own affairs and the affairs of the town.

He had first gone to Boston, and from thence made a voyage to the West Indies. On his return, he could not refrain from once more visiting his native place. There were attractions too strong for him to stay away. As he said this, the Redbird looked up so kindly and gently in his face, that when their eyes met their hearts beat in unison, from the pure sympathy of love.

"And my father?" anxiously inquired Arthur.

"He passed by the wigwam just before the storm came up. I should have thought you would have met him."

"I did see through the gloom a man get into a boat as if to cross the river. I thought it a dangerous

movement during such a storm. My God! I hope he has not attempted it."

He went to the door of the wigwam and looked out.

It was very dark, but the angry surges of the water could be distinctly heard mingling with the raging wind. All at once came a fearful cry from the waters. It was a human voice, and sounded like a knell.

"Good God!" exclaimed Arthur, rushing back.

"Obed, Obed, wake up, my father is drowning!"

Obed, half intoxicated, stood up bewildered, as Arthur rushed from the wigwam. He was not alone; the Redbird followed close on his track.

They reached the shore together, and sought for Obed's canoe, or rather it was more like a modern boat. Arthur jumped in, followed by the Redbird, nor did he suppose that the person was other than Obed, until she said in her soft voice,

"There is a dark object to the left."

"Redbird, why have you exposed yourself to this danger?"

"If you die, I die; we will go together."

Pointing the boat in the direction of the object seen by the Indian girl, it was soon reached. A man was found clinging to the wreck of a small boat. He was dragged off by Arthur in safety, and they reached the shore again just as the storm grew still more violent. Arthur leaped ashore with his father, placing him gently on a rising bank, half insensible.

"Arthur! help, help!" came the cry of his beloved.

The boat was adrift. Moment of horror!

Darting through the waters, he reached the fragile vessel, and succeeded in getting into it. But the oars were lost! Wilder and wilder roared the tempest, the little bark swept towards the Sound, and Arthur and the Redbird were never heard of more. Even now, when the autumn tempest and storms howl at night around Saybrook Point, the faint cry of the sea birds are interpreted as the wail of the lovers.

When old H— recovered his senses, and learned his loss, he became soon an inoffensive imbecile driver. He died, and his fortune and property passed into the hands of distant relations in England, who had never given him a thought or care.

Obed became a Christian, under the kind admonitions of Parson Buckingham. He was missing one night, and the next morning some school children found him stretched at length upon Obed's Altar. He was dead; grief had killed the last of the Pequots.

NEW YORK, FEB. 1848.

SONNETS.

O NIGHT! which wrapt in sable weeds, through sky
And muffled air, spread'st wide thy dusky sway,
And like a pall o'er the departed day
Hang'st, sprinkled thick with many an argent eye;
Welcome, O Night! thy solemn pageantry
Of star-inwoven glooms, with glancing ray
Of meteor, and all subtle fires that play
Athwart thy shadowy realm, with every sigh
Of air, low breathed, or wild Æolian wail,
Making sad music through thine ebon halls!
Welcome the Moon! whether with rosy light,
Full orb'd and mellow beam, or clear and pale
In the soft blue imperial'd, thy queen, who calls
Her mild Day forth to blend with thee, O Night!

O WANT! which triest the stubborn spirit like fire,
And temperest to endure; which bend'st the weak
To abjectness, and ev'n the patient and meek
Tempest with yearnings fierce; which whet'st desire
To keenest flame, with woes that never tire,
Plaguings the indignant soul: oh! shouldst thou seek,
Gaunt spectre, on thy fiery wheel to break
My unused spirit, oh, may I still aspire,
Above the anguish of heart-quaking care,
Into the clear and skiey calm to rise
Of serene fortitude, whose difficult air
May I unfalt'ring breathe; and, growing wise
In suff'ring, rather brace my mind to bear,
Than, yielding, ensure the pang that never die!

FAMILIAR FACES AND FAMILIAR PLACES ABOUT GOTHAM.

NO. I.

THEATRICAL AMATEURS.

[ORIGINAL.]

It is a very mistaken notion, that amateur theatricals is a harmless amusement; for any thing which tends to distract the mind, and divert it from the legitimate means of obtaining a livelihood, cannot fail to be attended with most pernicious results. Amateur theatricals have probably occasioned more sorrow, and more vagabondism, than almost any of those hobbies which youth is so prone to ride—they occupy time which might be otherwise and profitably employed—they entail expenses, produce a looseness of habits, and create a feverish desire for the attainment of some shadowy distinction, in endeavouring to gain which the substance is too frequently lost. Amateur theatricals form a dangerous pastime, possessing such fascinating attractions, that the mind and the judgment are led away; an ideal world opens before the votary—a false and sickening excitement is almost necessary to his existence—the varied pursuits of business, or even professional avocations, are mere dull, common-place means of life in his estimation; he prefers to “fret his hour upon he stage,” in tight fleshings and paint, and starve upon the applause that is purchased with a ticket of admission. How many a poor, bespangled wretch, who now strains his throat in a chorus, or blunders amidst professional coryphees, started out upon his melancholy career with false hopes of distinction, and saw himself, in imagination, the great embodiment of Shakspeare’s glorious conceptions—the honoured and petted of the throng, hanging upon the plaudits of admiring thousands! What a fatal *ignus fatuus* is this, that lures the victim too often to certain destruction.

Some time since, a young friend of mine, whom I shall name “Jake,” fell desperately in love with a very pretty widow, belonging to the company at the Park theatre. It was probably his “first love,” or, at least, it was sufficiently romantic and unwise to be so. I pitied the poor fellow exceedingly, for at an early stage of my existence I had suffered in a similar manner, and it brought back with striking vividness, the recollection of the divinity at whose shrine my boyish heart first offered up its devotions. She too was an actress, but alas! of a lower grade—her walks to be sure were the higher ones of tragedy! but her associations were shockingly low; in fact, she was the great Melpomene of Richardson’s Traveling Show, which exhibited at all the fairs throughout England and Scotland. When I first saw her, how well I remember that afternoon, she was dressed for the part of Lady Macbeth, and was waltzing on the outside of the Show with the gentleman who did the “exquisite” in the pantomime. She was rather advanced in life, certainly; old enough probably to be my grandmother; (I discovered this afterwards) but then, I only saw the black glossy hair, and languishing eyes as she looked into the face of her partner—the pearly teeth, and the grace with which she whirled round and round, to the wonder and admiration of the spectators. The dew of youthful fresh-

ness was then upon my heart, and I went home very melancholy, and my love-sickness continued until the end of the fair, and my fascinator had gone to astonish the clod-poles of a neighbouring village.

It is no wonder, therefore, that with this interesting reminiscence I should have felt deep sympathy for my friend; but how to assist him I could not possibly conjecture. He wanted very much to be introduced to the lady, and finally resolved, that the best mode of effecting this, and of obtaining an intimacy with her, was to become an actor and join the company. Poor fellow! he was not half way through his teens, and to reason with him was out of the question; you might as well try to reason him out of his boy-passion, as to turn him aside from his foolish intention. He held at the time an excellent situation in a Pearl street importing house, with good prospects; but “all for love” was his motto, and an actor he determined to be.

“But have you any idea of acting?” I said to him one day—“do you understand the rules of elocution—have you ever spoken in public?”

“Who expects an actor to know any thing about elocution now-a-days,” was his reply—“any body becomes an actor; I can go to Harry G—— and he’ll make a Hamlet of me in a week—he’ll teach me his points, and that’s all I want to know.”

“In a week!” I said with some surprise.

“To be sure—we’ve got French, Spanish, and Italian made easy, and why shouldn’t we have acting made easy? If a man can be taught to write like copper plate in six lessons, and to keep a set of books in a week, why, I should like to know, shouldn’t a man like Harry G—— make me either a punster or a Hamlet in the same time?”

This was a species of reasoning I was rather unprepared for, and I didn’t contest the point, but recommended him to join some amateur company; and that very day, I believe, he started to do so.

We did not meet again for several weeks, but one day on my return home, I found on my table a ticket of admission to witness the performance of the “American Amateur Histrionic Association.” This association, as I understood, was composed of young men, clerks, book-keepers, &c., and the place of exhibition was in the upper part of a very high building on Broadway. On the appointed night I started off, and after a laborious ascent of an innumerable number of stairs, and passing through a very narrow passage, I found myself in a low roofed room, closely packed with people—the seats were arranged like those in the pit of a theatre, and the highest one was so close to the ceiling, that a moderately tall person could not stand upright. Two or three youths were stationed in the passage, and one with a continual smirk, and very bad teeth, politely assisted me up to the back seat, so that I obtained a full view of the stage. It was of very circumscribed limits, and the actors looked awkward enough with their “nod-

ding plumes" sweeping the cobwebs from the corners of the ceiling. The orchestra consisted of a croaking fiddle and a cracked flute, which executed the overture to the Caliph of Bagdad in a most surprising manner, and tortured the audience exceedingly. At length the curtain rose, and I gathered from certain intimations of the persons near me, that one act of Richard the Third was to be presented, my young friend enacting the part of the crook-backed tyrant. The act selected was the fifth, that much abused of all amateur actors, with its tent scene, battle, and death. With respect to the scenery and appointments, a great deal was left to the imagination—the "plain near Tamworth," and "Bosworth Field," were so much alike, that they might have passed for the same scene; and Richard's tent was formed, by hanging two pieces of blue checked muslin across the stage, and gracefully festooning them on each side.

My friend had evidently well studied his part, and was "letter perfect;" not so, however, Norfolk, Surrey, and Catesby, for the latter made a laughable mistake in the first line, by Americanizing Shakespeare, thus:—

K. Rich.—"What is it o'clock?"

Cate.—"It's supper-time, I guess, my lord; somewhere in the neighbourhood of nine o'clock."

Richmond, too, took liberties with the text occasionally, and being too modest to say "bowels," rendered it, "thus far into the interior of the land," &c. The great scene of this act is the tent scene, and for this effort my young friend had reserved himself. The stage fright, which was visible in the other scenes, disappeared; and as he slid down to the foot-lights, like a boy who had put on a pair of skates for the first time, and called out lustily for "another horse," the audience rewarded him with so much applause, that he seemed rather disposed to gratify them by going through with it a second time; and I began to think that there was not so much art in acting after all, but that it could be made easy to the meanest capacity. It was perfectly clear to me, at least, that love can stimulate a man to do almost anything, and that when the heart is engaged in any particular object, it is seldom beyond the means of attainment. Here, in a few weeks, this young diffident fellow had overcome every obstacle, and with a resolution worthy of a better cause, submitted to the chance of making himself a laughing-stock behind the foot-lights, in order to accomplish the purpose upon which he was bent. It would have been charitable to suppose, that his companions were actuated by similar motives, for although the audience was composed of those who were restrained by feelings of delicacy from laughing outright, still the ludicrousness of the exhibition rendered it impossible to restrain the titters which were now and then audible. And the mothers and sisters of some of those young men were present, looking approvingly upon their efforts, and scowling upon those who were almost choking with the effort to keep serious countenances; had they but the power to see themselves as others saw them, they would have rushed from the stage with shame, and slunk off to the obscurity of their own bed-rooms.

I was about to retire after the close of my friend's dying effort, but was politely requested to wait until the performances were over, and sup with the com-

pany. This I agreed to do, and was soon afterwards joined by my friend, and we retired together to a little bar-room which was on the same floor. He was quite elated with his success, and intended on the following day, he said, to obtain a letter of introduction to Mr. Barry, of the Park Theatre, and had no doubt that he should at once be enrolled in the stock company, and play the lover, professionally at least, to the charming widow. Alas! for the hopes of youth. Pity it is that they should be so seldom realized. He little knew the thorny path that was before him—of the thousand humiliations and disappointments incident to the actor's life, so crushing to the spirit, so heart-breaking in their effect. I knew that it would be folly to talk to him while yet flushed with his imagined triumph, and, perhaps, it was as well not to anticipate the painful realities that awaited him; so we smoked our cigars until the close of the performance, and then, with about ten or twelve others, started off to supper.

The company consisted of youths, principally of from fifteen to eighteen years of age—there were two or three somewhat older; and one, a fair young man, with light hair, and whiskers of the same hue, worn after the style of Macready's in William Tell, appeared to be the director, or *major domo*. We walked up Broadway to a short distance above Canal street, and then turning to the left, entered a room brilliantly lighted, and filled with people and tobacco smoke. It was a long room, nicely but rather showily papered, and the walls were decorated with a variety of engravings, in as great a variety of frames. They were English subjects, and, indeed, most of the company had the appearance of having been so at one time. The door on the street was covered with green baize, and an oval shaped piece of glass was let in at the upper part. As you pushed this door open, you came immediately upon the bar; and dangerous bars these are, if we are to credit temperance lecturers, on which many a noble fellow has foundered. It was furnished with the usual quantity of decanters, pint pots, and glasses, and within it was a short, grey-headed, corpulent gentleman, busily engaged pumping up ale, which beverage, old and new, or half-and-half, appeared to be in great demand. There was something in the appearance of this old gentleman to arrest attention; his fine Roman nose, slightly discoloured about the nostrils with snuff; clean white linen jacket, and unexceptionable linen; and the slight touch of aristocracy in his manners and bearing, rendered the Major, as he was termed, an important feature of the establishment. My companions seemed to be on intimate terms with him, but he offended the dignity of some of them, by calling them "boys," which, as members of the "Amateur Histrionics," capable of taking their ale and smoking an indefinite quantity of cigars, was deemed utterly inapplicable.

We passed to the upper end of the room, and placing two of the oblong tables together, seated ourselves around them, and "poached eggs," "chops," "welch rarebits," and "cold cuts," were in demand. When these were served, the landlord appeared; he was a well dressed dapper little man, without a particle of hair on his face, and with just sufficient of the brogue upon his tongue to prove his Milesian origin. He was remarkably civil to my histrionic companions, and having witnessed the exhibition, flattered my friend considerably by his eulogiums of the splendid

effort he had made; and offered to speak to the manager of the Greenwich Theatre, in which he was interested, if he would like to appear there; indeed, we were confidentially informed, that that personage was then in the room, and a middle-aged, dark looking man, with a bright black eye, was pointed to us. "He's a Richard for ye," said the landlord; "faith, I never saw such an one neither 'previously or before.'"

"That's tautology," said the fair-haired *Major Domino* of the amateurs.

"Taut who," said the landlord.

"Not you," the other replied, "you were never taught that word."

"There's no such a word," said the landlord, "or if there is, you can't find it in Shakspeare, and I'll bet champagne for the company on it."

"I'll take the first part of the bet," said the fair young man.

"Oh, all or none," was the reply of the landlord.

"Well, agreed, if you'll leave it to the major to decide," said my fair-haired friend.

"Done," said the other, and the major was summoned.

Now be it known to the reader, that at a certain period of the night, the major "carries on the war," as it is termed, and having supplied others with drink during the evening, he sits down, and the under waiter or even the landlord has to supply him. That night he had drank and spoken against Napoleon, until he was very much excited; for he hated the name of Napoleon as much as he admired that of his successful opponent, Wellington; consequently, when he appeared at the table, he was somewhat unsteady, and indulged in certain profanities (in which his own soul was not forgotten) in such a manner as would have proved his fitness for a majority in that army which "swore so terribly in Flanders."

The question he was to decide was propounded to him, when, placing his forefinger on one side of his nose, and then taking a pinch of snuff, he addressed the fair-haired young man:—

"Why, you are a fool, sir—or you take me for a fool, sir;—tautology is a fine old English word, sir, but it is not poetical, sir, and Shakspeare did not write it to my knowledge, sir."

"Well, that's my argument," interposed the young man.

"Curse your arguments, sir; I decide that you've both lost,—bring in the champagne, and let's have a jolly row," and the major went off laughing, and indulged in an extra pinch of snuff.

The champagne was introduced; and most of the guests having left, it was proposed to have a song, and a young man who was sitting with the manager of the Greenwich theatre, and designated as "Tom," was called on. He seemed somewhat gratified by the compliment, I thought, but scratched his head and said, "I never sing;" but he looked as much as to say, "if you press me, I'll try." Then the major swore and insisted upon his singing "The fine old English gentleman;" "you sing it——badly," said he, "but in the absence of a better we'll tolerate it." Thus urged, the gentleman commenced, and in a somewhat florid style, gave the company the history of that gentleman, "all of the olden time."

"I'll make you a bet you can't sing, major," said Tom, "I'll bet you drinks for the crowd."

"Me sing, sir?" said the major. "I've forgotten more songs, by——than you'll ever know, my dear fellow, but I never bet, sir—to-night I'm slightly fatigued with the arduous duties of the day, and I trust you'll excuse me."

No excuse, however, would be taken, and the major sang in a very pleasing manner, about an adventure that took place while "trotting along the road." When he had concluded, he again rose, for he always addresses the company on his feet when a little excited, and said:

"Gentlemen, you'll pardon me, but I am under the necessity of wishing you a very good night. Something admonishes me that it is time to retire to my virtuous bed; and I think you had better follow my example as soon as possible, those of you particularly who have virtuous beds to go to—gentlemen, good night." And saying this, he steered for the door and disappeared.

The advice of the major was so good, that I resolved to act upon it, and a general movement took place towards the bar, behind which stood the landlord; and the score having been settled, and another round taken standing, we emerged into the street, and making an appointment to accompany my friend to the Park theatre the following day, we parted.

About eleven o'clock the next day, Jake was at my room, and exhibited to me a letter of introduction to Mr. Simpson, which an Editor and a General had given him. "That I think will settle the business," said he, as he exultingly displayed it, "that will fix me tight, or I'm mistaken."

"Perhaps so," I replied, "but don't be too sanguine; there may be difficulties in the way that you are not aware of."

"Oh, stuff," said he, rather impatiently, "don't be always throwing dirty water on my hopes; there's a germ of talent here, that only wants the fire of those eyes to fructify it, so that it may yet astonish the world. Couldn't I make love better than Dyott, I should like to know; or do you think I'd jump about like little Mr. Andrews, as though the soles of my feet were covered with corns. I don't think I could play low comedy like Chapman, or John Povey; nor look the cold military man like Barry; but let *her* be Lady Anne, and me Richard at her feet, and I'd rivet even Chubb, the leader, to his stool."

As he was thus expatiating on his own merits, and criticising those of the company, we approached the theatre, and Jake, not daunted, even by the appearance of the wooden Shakspeare on the outside—boldly mounted the steps, and poking his head through a window at the right hand of the lobby, demanded of a tall man, with a groggy face and weak eyes, who was deeply interested in the box sheet—"If Mr. Simpson was there?" He mumbled something in reply and opened the door, and two persons were discovered in an interior room about the size of a cupboard; one was perched on a high stool, the other stood with his hands crossed behind him, and looking the very impersonation of grief. He was a man in the prime of life, as I should judge, with strikingly marked features—a prominent nose, bright eye, well formed mouth, and withal a good-looking person; but he seemed to be a living illustration of the lines:—

"There are such charms in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay."

I thought, as I looked upon him, what an actor he must be for the gloomy parts! what a Stranger, or Manfred, or any other similar character who has to look mournful, and occasionally "smile hideously;" but judge of my astonishment, when informed that he had once been a genteel comedian, and had lately performed Dazzle, in "London Assurance;" "to be sure," said my informant, "he was rather queer, and looked more like a bailiff than a chap the bailiffs were after, with his great coat, white cotton stockings, and shoes; but the audience were indulgent, as they proverbially are at the Park theatre."

The other gentleman, who was seated on the high stool, was quite a different person; he was an old gentleman, with a small wrinkled face, grey hair, but with an eye that twinkled with fun, and a mouth that had a peculiar screw when he laughed. He was tall, and his thin figure was encased in a suit of black, that had evidently been taken great care of. It served as a contrast to the appearance of the other, who looked rather seedy, and whose silk hat was but the relic of better days. They both eyed us attentively as we entered, and the gentleman on the stool divined the nature of our errand I suppose, for his mouth took that peculiar screw, and as he rubbed his chin with his fore finger and thumb, there was mischief in the corner of his eye. Jake presented his letter to the melancholy individual, who hastily perused it, and without saying a word to him, called the man who had opened the door for us, and desired him to take us round to Mr. Barry, handing him the letter at the same time. We passed round behind the boxes, through a door, down a few steps, through a little room, in which a boy was engaged poring over a file of play-bills; then we found ourselves on the prompter's side of the stage, amidst wings, and flats, and scenes, and dirt, perfectly unimaginable to the uninitiated. The begrimed windows at the back admitted a dim light, and, on the stage, we could just discern the outline of some figures, and heard male and female voices rehearsing the parts assigned to them. On the opposite corner of the stage was a small table, with a tallow candle casting a few sickly rays on the figure of a fine gentlemanly looking grey headed man, who sat there with a book in his hand, and pen and ink and papers scattered on the table before him. Our conductor told us to follow him, but Jake had discovered his lady love through the gloom, [a proof that love is not always blind,] and seemed to be transfixed to the spot. She was engaged in earnest and apparently confidential conversation with Dyott, for she occasionally placed her hand on his arm, and then upon his shoulder, and as my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, I distinctly saw her lay her head on his breast!—it was only when I saw that each was reading from the paper they held in their hands, that I discovered they were rehearsing the business of the evening. What Jake thought I knew not; but it was with great difficulty I almost dragged him across the stage towards the table at which Mr. Barry was seated. I introduced him as the person referred to in the letter, when he desired us to follow him; so we retraced our steps, but instead of passing again through the little room in the corner, we ascended some steps leading towards the back of the theatre, and turning to the left, entered a faded and delapidated room, called by courtesy the "Green-room." How it might appear

at night I know not, but a more cheerless and forlorn place I never remember to have witnessed; and yet in this room had sat Cook, Kemble, Kean, Ellen Tree, and many others who had dazzled the public, and given a lustre to the profession; and I could not but feel a degree of reverence, even for the dirty, shabby settee upon which Mr. Barry desired us to be seated.

He addressed Jake as a father would speak to a son; and there was a peculiar blandness of tone, a kindness of feeling, and an earnestness of manner, that proved his sincerity.

"You desire an engagement," he said.

"I should like to obtain one," replied Jake.

"Where have you been performing?" asked Mr. B.

"I am no performer; I wish to become one," Jake replied, with very creditable modesty.

"Oh! you wish to adopt the profession—that's a very different affair, young man, and requires a great deal of consideration on your part before you take such a step. Are your parents acquainted with your intention?"

"They are not," said Jake, taken rather aback by the question; "they reside in the western part of the State."

"You have a trade, I suppose?"

"I have a situation in Pearl street."

"Then, in God's name, go back to it," said Mr. Barry, rising and taking Jake by the hand: "go back to it—go, be a tailor, a shoemaker, anything in short but an actor, if you would not ruin yourself and wring the hearts of those who love you; believe me, young man, that I would rather see a son of mine dead, than even a successful player. I speak to you, not as a disappointed actor, for my ambition never soared very high, but as one who knows the profession—knows its evils, its temptations, its trials, its privations, and suffering; therefore be advised; overcome the desire, and by-and-bye you will thank me, as others who have taken my advice have done."

I know not how long Mr. Barry would have continued his admonitions, for when he had got thus far, Mr. Simpson and the other gentleman we had previously seen, entered the room.

Mr. Simpson was awfully solemn, and sat down without saying a word; not so the other, he rubbed his hands, screwed up his mouth, and seemed desirous of saying something funny; at length he spoke.

"Well, Barry," he said, "a new recruit, eh?"

"Yes," he replied, "the old story—stage-struck, poor fellow; but I hope he will be advised, and avoid the foot-lights."

"Have you ever played?" said Mr. Simpson, abruptly, and without raising his eyes from the ground.

"Yes, sir," said Jake; "I have played with the American Amateur Histrionic Association."

"Very bad, very bad association for young men," said Mr. S. "I knew two young fellows who came from that association; one is a stage waiter now, and the other a drunken vagabond about town; they both commenced with high tragedy. It's a bad trade acting now—bad trade."

These words were jerked out, as though the effort to speak was a painful one; and when he had concluded, he again relapsed into an apparent state of hopeless despondency.

"Ah—hum—yes," said the other gentleman, who

Mr. Barry called Blake—"there are a great many lights and shades in theatrical life; I prefer the lights, and therefore keep at the front of the house. As Stephen Price used to say,—the stage is all very well if you don't *stick* to it."

"By-the-bye, talking of Stephen Price," he continued, and he spoke slowly and deliberately, compressing his lips after each word, and then letting his lower jaw fall as if by accident, "puts me in mind of an anecdote of him. He sat in the office one morning smoking a cigar, when a most unpromising individual entered and enquired for the manager."

"Here he is," said Price, as he threw himself back in his chair, and threw his legs over another, "what do you want with him?"

"Dew you want any help?" said the man, in a Yankee dialect.

"Help! what kind of help?" and Stephen looked rather sternly at the fellow.

"Oh! I'm not over particular," he replied; "most any kind of chores would suit me. I got a fancy to act."

Now Stephen enjoyed a bit of fun as much as any body, so instead of getting in a passion he humoured the fellow.

"Oh you've got a fancy to act, have you," said he. "What can you play?"

"Wal," he replied, looking perfectly simple, "I can do almost any thing, from scene paintin' down to makin' thunder. I onst made such thunder in a theatre down East that it begun to lighten like all creation afore I had done; the lightning was took in that time, it was so nat'ral."

Price was regularly bothered, and wriggled about hardly knowing what to do—and I knew that if he did explode somebody would get thunder. But he kept tolerably cool, and asked the fellow about his scene painting.

"Scene paintin'!" said he. "I guess you'd call it scene paintin' if you seed it. Why I painted a drop curtain onst—a winter scene—and the first night it was exhibited every body went home from the theatre with a cold in the head. I did hear that one of the feminines took consumption and died."

At this, Price went right off, and uttering a terrible oath, threatened to kick the fellow out of the office. But the other took it quite coolly, and with a knowing sort of a smile, said—

"Look here, Stephen Price, it ain't no manner of use, your getting riled. My name's Hill. You told me onst that I was a darned fool, and that I shouldn't disgrace your stage. Now I guess he's some punk-ins, and darn you and your theatre, too, I say. Good mornin, Mr. Price."

Saying this, he walked out of the office, and I never saw Price so mortified. He coined a great many oaths on that occasion.

"Now," continued Mr. Blake, "I mention this anecdote to show that the shrewdest managers may sometimes be mistaken, and that there may be latent talent where they little expect to find it."

Neither Messrs. Barry nor Simpson, however, seemed to be impressed with this fact, and Mr. S., addressing my friend, said—

"If you want to make a fool of yourself, and choose to take the house, you can have it for \$250, and select any character to appear in, you like." Jake said he would think of it, and taking our leave, we

groped our way to the stage door, and pushing through a group of seedy individuals who were congregated on the stoop, found ourselves ankle deep in the mud of Theatre Alley.

Poor Jake! he was sadly disappointed at the result of his application, but soon rallied, and assured me that if I would only wait until somebody took a benefit, I should see something. As I was by no means impatient, I expressed my willingness to wait for an indefinite period, and secretly hoped that, in the mean time, he would overcome his passion for the beautiful widow, and the profession to which she belonged. But week after week it increased rather than diminished, and Shakspeare and Sheridan Knowles divided his attention. At length the season for benefits arrived, and he determined to get an introduction to some member of the Park company and offer his services. He was told that if he visited Windust's about 12 o'clock any day, he would find plenty of actors there, ready for eligible introductions—the eligibility is in proportion to the ability to stand treat. A word to the landlord was sufficient; he took the hint, and beckoning a short, dirty faced, youthful looking man, with a white coat, a worsted comforter, and a jaunty air, made known Jake's wish.

"I guess I can fix that," he said, "if you'll treat the crowd; I belong to the press, and I know these chaps."

This being agreed upon, he turned to the company, and stated that a friend of his was anxious to stand drinks all round. The announcement was evidently received with distrust by many; but Jake spoke for himself, and assured them that he really desired the honour of treating the gentlemen; whereupon there was a simultaneous movement towards the bar, and it was astonishing to witness the cordiality with which they greeted my young friend. He was soon in close conversation with one of the third-rate actors of the stock company, and when we reached the street, he told me that it was all settled, and he was to appear as an amateur for Mr. —'s benefit; and so he did, to a house consisting probably of fifty persons, in the character of "Hamlet;" and a melancholy exhibition it was, for he possessed none of the necessary qualities to give effect to the character.

Strange to say, however, that this failure, for a decided failure it was, and urged as he was to banish the idea of becoming an actor, he strenuously resisted advice, and finding all hopes of saving him futile, I ceased my efforts.

His subsequent history is soon told; he left his situation, and with the little money he could scrape together, departed for the West, and was engaged to do the "heavy business" at a theatre in Cincinnati. This he was unequal to, and gradually he sunk lower and lower, until he became a mere supernumerary. Disappointed in his ambitious views, and hopeless of accomplishing the object upon which his heart was set, he became a frequenter of bar-rooms, and excessive drinking completed his ruin.

It was about a twelvemonth after his appearance at the Park (so rapid had been his downfall) that I met him in Chatham Square one day, with two or three others, like himself, the lowest of the profession. He was shabbily dressed, and with his unwashed, unshaven, bloated face, and blood-shot eyes, looked a most piti-

able object. I called him by name, and thought that he would have shrunk from the recognition; but not so; he, in the most free and easy manner, held out his hand, and then introduced me to his companions as an "old buster" friend of his, and proposed that we should go and take a drink at a neighbouring cellar. We descended into one of those subterranean places that abound in this neighbourhood, remarkable for every thing that is vile, from their liquors to their practices, and there the party imbibed some two or three brandies and water each. I discovered that they belonged to the Chatham Theatre, and my young friend, I was given to understand, had just been engaged by the manager of that establishment; and a few nights afterwards on visiting it, I saw him in a dirty, mountebank kind of a dress, very tipsy, exciting the jeers of the pit by his attempts to maintain his equilibrium. This, I believe, was his last effort on the stage, and for a few weeks I lost sight of him; but an application for money, which he sent through the Post, informed me of his address, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Catharine street. I found him in one of the most wretched hovels that can well be imagined. The house seemed scarcely calculated to resist an ordinary breeze—the front of it was cracked in several places, and none of the windows, I believe, contained a whole pane of glass. The railings that had once adorned the stoop had disappeared, and one side of the stoop itself had given way, and appeared to rest merely on a few bricks. The walls of the passage were painted the usual dirty yellow colour, and the floor was strewn with sand, in which some five or six half-naked children were playing. I pushed my way between them, and ascended the rickety stairs—up, up—each flight narrowing the higher I got, until at length I came upon an open space, on which several doors opened, and entering the first room, there, on the bare floor, lay an object I found it difficult to recognize. The head was double the usual size, and the face was so battered and bruised that not a feature could be traced. The noise I made attracted his attention, and as he turned towards me, I was horror struck. He tried to speak, but could not articulate a word, and throwing himself down with his face to the floor, he sobbed as though his heart was breaking. Poor Jake! but one year had passed, and what a change! then to have seen him, well, but neatly dressed, with his hat inclining over a little towards his left ear, walking through Broadway on a sunny Sunday morning, bright in looks and bright in heart, one might have been disposed to insure his happiness; but a little year had worked a miracle, as though a moral virus had been

infused into his mind, to blight and poison the source of joy.

I had him speedily removed from that dreadful place, and comfortably accommodated; but the seeds of death were planted in his system, and the fatal hour was not far distant. He knew this, and desired to acquaint his parents with his situation, and they were accordingly sent for. He rarely reverted to the past; but as he drew nearer the close of life, he was more unreserved, and one day remarked, that "if *she*, who had inadvertently caused his sufferings, knew what she had done, she would pity him." His dim and glassy eye sparkled as he thought of her, and taking my hand, he said: "When you see her performing hereafter, you will think of your poor friend—how foolishly I loved her—I feel it now; but it was a very pleasant dream: would that it had been nothing more."

But it is unnecessary to continue the painful details of his sufferings, from which he was soon released; after the storms of his short life came a calm, a tranquil and peaceful death; and his epitaph might serve as a commentary, severe but just, upon the evils of "private theatricals;" not that they always result in such a tragic end, but that, more or less, they tend to produce consequences deeply to be deplored. In the present instance, the cause was an exciting one, and offers some palliation. The "first love" of an ardent nature urged him on, and his judgment did not furnish an effectual check; but with others, (and the remark will apply to the members of every similar association to that to which I have particularly referred,) the case is very different; without one excusable motive, they bedizen themselves in spangles and paint, and become the "laughing-stocks" of their acquaintances. If the evil extended no further, it would not so much matter, but most of these young men entertain ulterior views of theatrical eminence, if not at the outset, at least during their connection with these associations; and are too often allured by false hopes to their ruin; for of the hundreds who now disgrace the drama, by ignorance and the lack of every essential qualification for the stage, how many date their career from the time they joined an amateur theatrical association. Here and there, one may rise to distinction, by unremitting toil, and a constant struggle with the most dispiriting circumstances, which are only to be overcome by indomitable energy; but others sink into a state of utter hopelessness, and die in obscurity and wretchedness; furnishing striking illustrations of the poor player

"That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is seen no more."

Lines on the Death of the Hon. Richard Henry Wilde.

[ORIGINAL.]

No more by Tampa's golden strand,
When the last summer rose is seen,
All crushed and withered in the sand,
Beneath a wintry sky serene,
Is heard again upon the air,
In accents sweet, melodious, mild,
And like a clarion deep and clear,
The noble voice of Henry Wilde.

He sleeps in death! the Muses mourn,
That one so gentle and sincere,
Should from their quiet bowers be torn,
To decorate an earthly bier!

Deep inspiration in his heart,
The earnest soul could not forbear,
The breathing numbers that did start,
To wake to life the genius there!

Who now will touch the trembling lyre,
And kindle in its every tone,
A sweetness mixed with so much fire,
Since thou in peace to heaven art gone?
The Southern muse will mourn the fall,
The Northern one the grief deprecate,
While each thy memory to recall,
Embalms it in a fount of tears!

J. T.

THE BROTHER'S REVENGE;

A LEGEND OF FORT LEE.

NO. 2.

[ORIGINAL.]

NIGHT had dropped her sable curtain down, and "pinned it with a star." The mournful wind swept through the branches of the tall trees, and as it danced and shrieked among the scathed and withered boughs, the seared leaves seemed to take new life, and strange and solemn whisperings came forth from their leafy lungs. Now it died sadly away and floated softly and sweetly on the still air, not disturbing the silence of the night. Presently it rose louder and louder, and the whole sky was filled with a chorus of voices, which seemed to hold earth and heaven enchained with a deathless song. An unearthly peal of music broke forth upon the air, and in the sky, far, far above the earth, in the azure depths, of space, the chaunt of a solitary voice alone was heard, and wept its tears of melody for them, the young and beautiful, wronged and betrayed by worthless wretches, who like huge blotches fester on the bosom of society!

Within there were stern soldiers sleeping on their arms, and women with their children clasped to their bosoms. The camp fires are lighted up, and "the shrill trumpet and the spirit-stirring drum" were for a time forgotten.

Away from the hero band, on a little knoll some hundred yards distant, stood an old house,* built in the Dutch style, and from appearances without a tenant. It had a desolate and time-worn look, the porch was fast crumbling away, and the roof seemed scarcely able to support itself, and was then quite overrun with moss. Dreary and desolate looked that old house, and all around, the deserted garden, the tottering barn, and the scathed and withered trees, helped to make up the glowing picture. Many were the stories old gossips told about its strange visitors, of ghosts and goblins, who used to honour it with their presence nightly, and of the dreadful fate which awaited all those who had the tenacity to accept it as a residence, or even dared to lodge within its walls a single night. The children for miles around, who had heard of the strange stories connected with it, were never known to "go to bed in the dark," or remain long in their rooms without covering up their heads when the spectral visitants of the haunted house at Fort Lee, would in all their frightful habiliments appear before them; one antiquated lady in the neighbourhood, who was remarkable for "telling fortunes," and also for being blessed with but one eye, (her endeavours to look into futurity it is said blinded the other), was the originator of all the strange and marvellous stories connected with the house, she having had the misfortune to be its first occupant, and the first one who had the pleasure of being introduced to those mysterious individuals, who delighted to perform such "fantastic tricks" to the terror of "every body," and whose cognomens "nobody" could ever find out. Mysterious voices,

such as the groans of dying men, the ginging of chains, the chattering of skeletons, and a chorus of voices making "night hideous" with their melodies, were heard every night. A tailor who was notorious for his partiality to "cabbage," one night very mysteriously disappeared, and it was for many years generally believed that he was carried off by the "old scratch" himself, together with all his professional apparatus. The pretty daughter of an old Dutch settler mysteriously disappeared at the same time, and it was believed that some one akin to his Satanic Majesty treated her in the same inhuman manner. The story was never contradicted, but we have it from one who ought to know, that the name of the tailor, and also that of the old gentleman's daughter, appeared in the census as taken in a certain section of the country, together with a family of seventeen very small children. The old house was indeed desolate enough to look at, and desolate enough to live in, but if the reader has no particular objections, we will describe one of the apartments, and introduce some characters who will act conspicuously in our little drama.

It was a little room—dark and sombre. The walls were once white, but, for the want of cleaning, were quite of an opposite colour. The huge rafters which ornamented the ceiling gave one an idea of the substantial manner in which houses were erected in those days. There was only one window in the room, and from its appearance it was very evident that its former tenants had taken but very little pains to render that attractive. The furniture was scanty, and from its looks, appeared as if it had been handed down by many generations. No light was there in that lonely room, and, before the broad hearth which contained a few flickering coals, a mother with her babe on her bosom was sitting alone, her up-raised eyes dim with tears.

She was very young and very beautiful—her features were regular, her lips full, red, and ripe, her chin round, and varied by a bewitching dimple;—but there was a mark on that lovely face—a mark which time cannot make—and which told of crushed and blighted hopes—of a broken heart!

Her eyes, now suffused with tears, were a brilliant black, with long and trembling lashes up-raised to the ceiling; with the babe sleeping on her bosom, she looked like a breathing picture of one of God's most beautiful and fair creations.

But the canker was gnawing at her heart—she had drank of the bitter cup, and life henceforth to her was but as a dream of bitter and untold misery.

The cricket on the hearth began to chirp his little song as a painful sigh came from her lips, and tried his best to make her happy. He had kept her company three long, long weary nights, and the chirpings of its little throat were the only pleasant sounds that broke upon her ear.—Another sigh!

The flickering coals on the broad hearth all at once seem to take new life, and snap and sparkle away as

* It has long since crumbled into dust. On the ground where once it stood, there is now erected a splendid mansion, owned by a wealthy citizen of New York. It is now haunted by good cheer, and a large family of rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed boys and girls.

if they really could get up a fire—and wanted to show it.—Another sigh!

Shadows dance and play upon the wall right merrily, trying to keep time with the cricket and the fire.

The wind comes moaning through the crevices, but goes out again, as if afraid to remain with so much sorrow. Over the hills and through the tall trees, it carries its mournful song, and every echo answers back, in wailing tones, its lamentation.

A smile, a sweet smile stole over the face of the young babe, as it, waking, raised its bright blue eyes, and dallied its tiny fingers in the tresses of its mother's hair. Whole years of happiness came back with that one look, and for a moment the hours of merry childhood come stealing back; those happy hours, when the future looked so bright and beautiful, and when all things were painted with the glowing colours of innocence and truth. Deep in her heart were those old time memories seated, and like withered flowers blooming into life, they came back gently to her heart. The old homestead—with its sloping roof and small windows, all fragrant with wild flowers and forest vines—the green glade by the mountain lake, the summer garden, with its perfume of untamed luxuriance, and the sweet scented violets that burst from the moss along the path that leads to the village church—all came back in tenfold beauty. There were faces, too, about that old homestead—kind, familiar faces—and with the memory rose a mother's smile, and the sound of a father's blessing, and a sister's joyous laugh came back as in those happy days. Brighter grew the glow on her cheek as she thought of these old time memories, and she pressed her babe closer and closer to her bosom. But with those fond associations was one burning, bitter thought, that chilled her warm blood, and reeked her brain to madness. 'Twas of he who had charmed her with the murmuring music of the snake, and bound her to his slightest look or tone. 'Twas of him who had early won her girlish affections, when her soul was free and stainless as the holiest angel around God's throne; and when not a single evil thought or passion throbbed in the pulses of her virgin blood. "Oh! that I were with them in the quiet grave," she faintly murmured, pressing her lips to the young child's cheek. "I did not dream, I never, never thought that it would come to this.—Would to God that I might be taken to their happy home, for I cannot, cannot endure this age of agony. Father, mother, sister, brother,—those words how dear, but how strange to me! The deed of shame is written on my brow, and I am an outcast, and a base, vile thing for ever. It seems but yesterday that my mother pressed a warm kiss upon my cheek; and now, to-day, I am the toy of him who will not call me wife!"

There was a fearful look in her countenance, as she spoke—a look of wild despair, mingled with suffering and agony.

The young child gazed sweetly in its mother's face, and with its little fingers touched her softly on the cheek.

Oh, you that have indulged in a mother's smile from the holy hours of infancy, and never knew what pain or sorrow were, how little do you dream of the agony and remorse that thrilled her very soul.

"'Tis but a moment's suffering," she said, looking fondly at her babe, "but one pang, and this troubled bosom would be at rest forever. 'Tis a fearful thought

to die, and yet it is more fearful to live this life of misery in a cold and cruel world—my child—no, no, I cannot leave you."

Her breath came in gasps, and there was a moment of fearful thought.

"No, no, I cannot do a deed like that," she cried, "God forgive for such wickedness."

The words had scarcely died upon her lips before the latch of the oaken door was lifted, and a young man, rudely dressed, stood upon the threshold, gazing upon her with a stare of wonder. His face was very pale, his look haggard, and his lips trembled as if with a convulsive motion."

"Grace!"

The name fell sternly from his lips, and his dark eyes flashed, as he stepped forward to meet her.

She knew the voice, and tremblingly turned her head to meet his gaze. The little child on her bosom seemed to know it, too, and as she spoke, twined its arms closer about her neck and smiled, as if to gladden its poor mother's heart.

"Walter, dear Walter, how glad I am to see you," she said, kneeling with her infant at his feet.

"Tush, woman," he replied, "this is no time for mere empty, idle talk. We need none of it. I'm not in the vein for that to-night, but come on business."

She shuddered as he spoke, and rising, placed her child upon the bed, or the apology for one, which was in the apartment.

"You should know me better by this time than to think that I am to be thus pestered by such woman's talk."

"Why so cold," she interrupted, clasping his rough and sinewy hand; "Why so calm and bitterly cold, Walter?"

Her voice was very soft and very sweet, and its whispering tones rang in his ears with a thrill of terror. She raised her eyes amid her tears, and with her usual frank and open disposition, spoke at once freely, and to the point.

"There was a home, Walter—do you remember it? The home of a once happy and innocent girl. There was an old man and woman—and children that lived there, too. Walter—there was a quiet walk by the river's edge—there were blossoming trees and sweet wild flowers, that sent their perfume to heaven. How oft have we walked that lonely path, covered with forest moss, and when the pale moonlight rested on the earth like a silver shroud, how oft did you promise to make me your lawful, honourable bride. I believed all, every word—dear Walter, I believed that I should be your wife. I plighted my faith, and from that faith my soul has never swerved, no, not so much as a hair's breadth; and never will swerve while life quivers in my veins. Nay, do not frown; I must speak now, and may be for the last time. You recollect the old cottage and the village spire as we turned upon them for the last time—and you recollect the bright sunshine that beamed upon my face as you clasped my hand, and told me all would yet be well? Have you not forgotten the faith you pledged me then, the vows you swore, and overcome that love? Pause, I beseech you, pause, and answer truly. I have loved you, served you, and toiled for you, but *your* love is not the same. My heart yearns towards you, Walter, and I would fain be yours, if yours I may be honourably in this life and forever!"

With a coldness that would shame a fiend, he folded his arms and replied,

"Circumstances have changed since then, and I am now a different man. My boyish imagination painted all things bright for the future, and I did not dream that misfortune would cross my path so soon. My prospects then were fair, but now the meanest look on me and call me beggar!"

"I do not ask for wealth, Walter. I ask for nothing but your love. Do not leave me to a lone sad pilgrimage, to travel, unlighted by a gleam of hope. Make me but your wife, and all will be forgotten, all forgiven!"

"I have told you before to-night, that that cannot be. My friends, and what I hope to get, will prevent it. You—"

"Have you done?" she exclaimed fiercely, interrupting him. "Have you done?"

"Yes," was the cold reply. She heard it, but as it reached her ears, her very being seemed changed. There was a painful compression of the brow and a quivering of the lip, but she stood erect, and her eyes shone with an intense brightness. Her woman's soul had been rung with anguish, but his last words were like sparks to the fire of her woman's nature, and she no longer thought of degradation, but of her injuries and he who had made her what she was. Her whole mind had been roused into action by the contemptuous treatment she had received from him, who alone, above all others, should have comforted her—he who had led her from her quiet home, from parents, and all so loving and true—he who, like a crouching fiend, had roused her animal nature into action and worked eternal ruin on her woman's honour—but she was calm, quite calm, and looked at him with a triumphant smile.

His soul quailed in him, and with the dread sickening sensation of conscious guilt, he bowed his head upon his breast.

"You have blighted my young fresh life, Walter; you have left me no hope, no aim, no object. Yet I forgive, I love, and I will pray for you."

"Captain Marshall says that he will—" he half muttered between his teeth, unable to muster courage sufficient to speak aloud.

"Mention not that name again," she indignantly exclaimed, "if you do not wish my curse!"

Her last words were uttered with such an air of majesty, that he cowered before her like a whipped cur.

"I see that I am not wanted to-night," he replied, buttoning his threadless coat with his trembling fingers, and pulling his hat still farther over his eyes, as if afraid to gaze upon the woman he had so basely wronged and betrayed.

Exhausted and quite overcome by her feelings, Grace Darrell resumed her chair, and buried her face in her hands and wept.

Goaded by the stings of conscience he rushed from her presence, and left the house with a curse upon his lips. No greater punishment was he receiving than the canker already gnawing at his heart strings, and he went forth to seek that reward which all who trifle with the holy love of woman will sooner or later get.

Who is there possessing the feelings of a man, but does not loath and detest a wretch like Walter Arlington? Yet, even in these days, when learned philosophers and philanthropists prate of the improved

condition of society, there are thousands of such loathsome worms among us.

Short inarticulate sounds came struggling from her lips as she sat before the broad hearth, with her head buried in her palms and the burning tears rolling down her cheeks. She had heard the word—she knew her fate, and no longer felt that fearful anxiety which had for weeks been preying on her mind. Though betrayed—wronged—outraged—slighted, and scorned and trampled on, she bore it all with patience, and there was a meekness in her sorrow which could not but affect the deepest villain that ever walked the earth. Wronged, she loved the more—scorned and slighted, she was still more faithful, for her's was

"A love so vehement, so strong, so pure,
That neither age could change nor art could cure."

Rising from the chair, she walked to the bedside, and seeing that her babe had fallen into a gentle slumber, she quietly placed the clothes more securely about its little form, and then imprinting a warm kiss on its rosy lips—a kiss such only as a mother can give; she turned for her bonnet and shawl which were hanging near. But for a moment she paused, as if a happy thought was at her heart, and cast another look upon the face of the slumbering child. She stood silent and motionless, with her arms folded across her breast, while her dark hair hung clustering over the fair bosom, now rising into light by the gentle impulse of her breathing. But the eyes of the mother droop as she beholds the infant sleeping there, and she trembles lest some accident may befall it during her absence, for she had a duty to perform that night, a duty to God and her country.

She touched its lips once more, and brushing a tear from her cheek, she turned away. The silence of the room was scarcely broken by the opening of the door, and with a softened footstep she stole gently away. The night wind had ceased its roaring, and the bright stars shone out brilliantly in the clear cold sky. The murmuring brook and whispering breeze were still, but there was a sound of soft sweet music in the air which filled her soul with melody.

The journey to the camp was short, and she soon stood at the entrance to the tent of Washington.*

Though fast approaching midnight, the Commander-in-Chief was still up, and walking backwards and forwards, as if something of great importance was agitating his mind. The name of his fair visitor was announced, and although unexpected at that time, he received her with that cordiality so characteristic of his nature. There was, however, something in his countenance which both attracted and disturbed her, an air of calm and majestic dignity, with a character of benevolence and goodness breathing out from every feature. As her eye met his, she fancied that there was in it an expression of interest and pity for herself, an expression which she could not comprehend or fathom.

Though Grace Darrell was pale and trembling, she looked very beautiful as she stood before the mighty chieftain. Her full black eyes, that could at times lighten so brilliantly, were now suffused with a soft

* After the battle of White Plains, on the 28th of October, 1776, Washington crossed the Hudson into New Jersey, and took post near Fort Lee, situated on the North River, about nine miles from New York. Garrisons had been left here and at Fort Washington, opposite to Fort Lee, in order to preserve the command of the Hudson.

languor. Her black luxuriant ringlets fell down in a rich maze on either side of her face, and rested gently on her brow.

"The man of whom you informed me last evening," said Washington, presenting her with a seat, "was arrested some twenty minutes ago, and is now in close confinement. He has himself acknowledged his guilt, and shall receive the reward he so justly merits."

A faint brief flush came over her face as he spoke, and she seemed hardly able to muster courage to make a reply.

"Your conduct in the matter," replied Washington, noticing her embarrassment, "is deserving of the highest commendation, and you may rest assured that such acts will not be forgotten by me."

When he had spoken those few words, in a voice and manner that accorded perfectly with the calm dignity of his demeanor, he handed her a note, the seal of which he bade her not to break until the next day. In a few moments the business which brought her there was finished, and she left his presence more firmly impressed with his greatness and nobleness of character than ever. He had promised on the following day to reveal to her a secret which would make her happy. He did not give her any clue as to what it was, but sweet smiling *hope* bade her heart rejoice, and she returned to her desolate home with a lighter step and a more cheerful mind. She found her little child as she left it, and with a prayer to God for its happiness, she threw herself upon the bed beside it.

The last spark on the broad hearth had faded, the little cricket had ceased his song, and all around was quiet and still.

An hour passed by, but yet she did not sleep; another, and her mind was racked by a strange wild dream. Large beads of sweat started upon her brow, and a murmur of terrible pain would now and then burst from her lips. "No, no," she muttered, "it cannot, cannot be," and then tossing wildly around, would clasp her babe closer to her bosom. "I am not that guilty wretch; no, no—that is not my name written in blood and letters—no, no, it's nothing but a dream."

A fearful agitation was passing over her soul, and embracing her babe, she extended her hands on either side, clutched vacantly at the air, as though she wrestled with an unseen foe.

At a very early hour on the following morning, there was an unusual stir in the camp, and it was whispered about among the soldiers that the murderer had been found, and that at noon that day he was to be executed. The news created considerable excitement, for the murder had been most foul and cruel, and all seemed desirous that the wretch who committed it should suffer the severest penalty of the law for the awful crime. The murdered man was an old sutler who supplied part of the army with provisions, and was found early one morning in the roadside near the "Haunted House," terribly cut and mangled. He had been robbed of all the money in his possession, and near his body was found a dagger on which were inscribed the initials of a man who had the night before deserted from the United States army for the purpose of joining the British. Grace Darrell overheard the conversation of two men on the evening of the murder, and knowing by their talk that they con-

templated some wicked deed, she went immediately to the commander-in-chief and acquainted him with the facts of the case. Her information led to the arrest of the deserter, who knowing that he could not escape, made a full confession of the murder.

Crime, sooner or later, receives its merited punishment, and no artifice, however shrewd or bold, can prevent the guilty one from escaping the fearful retribution which always follows.

It was a glorious November morning, and the golden sunshine streamed upon the earth with more than usual splendor. It was a day to lighten the heaviest heart, it was a day of beauty and magnificence.

In her lonely apartment, beside a deal table, that morning sat Grace Darrell, with the note of Washington before her. She had broken the seal, and it read as follows:—

"Your brother, whom you long since thought dead, is still living, and is now a Major in the American army, to which position he has been promoted for his gallantry since the war commenced. He will see you at ten this morning at my head-quarters.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

This welcome intelligence indeed made her feel happy, but she shuddered as she thought of what she had become since last they had met. Her name then was without a stain, now she had become a base, vile thing; no, no, she could not endure the thought. The hour of meeting him was fast approaching, but much as she wanted to see him, she dreaded it with terror. She thought first of leaving her babe behind, and hide, if possible, the evidence of her guilt; but something whispered "shame" in her ear, and she resolved to face the worst.

It was a sad yet happy meeting, that of the brother and sister. Prostrate in the soldier's tent lay the form of Grace Darrell at her brother's feet. He took her small white hand—now very, very cold—within his own, and swept the unbound tresses from her pallid brow. No sound escaped his lips, but his heaving chest and tearful eye told of the misery working at his heart. He sank silently on his knees, and with his eyes upraised to Heaven, exclaimed, "I will avenge thy wrongs, sister, and call God to witness my oath. He shall die by my hand—die like a dog!" He could say no more.

"Don't weep for me, brother, don't weep for me," she cried, twining her arms affectionately about his neck. "I am not worthy of your tears. Oh! God, pity, pity me!"

"Do not speak thus, sister. I—I—"

The words had scarcely issued from his lips, when the seducer, accompanied by two officers and a clergyman, appeared before them. There was a low, choking noise sounding in his throat, a quivering of the lips, as if endeavouring to drown the voice within him, and crush the memory of the past.

Not a word—not a syllable—not a sigh.

The clergyman stepped forward, followed by Arlington, who offered his hand to Grace. She accepted it, and they were married. With a murmur of delight, Grace clasped his hand, but a single look of her brother made her release it.

"The time is nearly up," he said, motioning to the clergyman and officers, "the time is nearly up." Then as his manly form rose in all its towering

height, he shouted, "You shall be revenged, sister—'twill be a merry death—and I the executioner. Ha!—ha!—ha!"

The next instant she was alone with her child.

"What means these strange proceedings," she half-whispered; "the marriage, too, at this time—there was something terrible about it—as I came along, I heard them say the murderer would be hung to-day—and that he was to have a wedding before his execution. No, no; the thought is too dreadful, it cannot be—but yet why did they leave me so strangely—I will see—I will know the worst!" and thus raging, she pressed her babe to her bosom, and rushed from the tent.

'Twas but a glance—but that one glance how terrible!

She saw the gallows, and its intended victim—she saw the executioner, and she heard the loud huzzas

of the spectators assembled to witness the agony of a fellow-being. Her face was that of a maniac. Her dark eyes almost started from their sockets; every feature quivered, and every lineament looked more horrible than death. But on, on she went, until she reached the centre of the throng.

"I am her avenger," said her brother, with a ghastly smile, "I am her avenger—ha! ha!"

"Curses upon you all," cried Walter Arlington. The words gurgled upward with his death groan, and the gorgon-headed gibbet had done its work.

A cry of horror shook the air; a cry of awful agony, and Grace Darrell fell at the feet of her brother, the warm blood gushing from her mouth. They raised her up, but she was dead, and the cheek of the babe upon her bosom, was cold.

New-York, January 26th, 1848.

A SMUGGLER OF THE MODERN SCHOOL.

A SKETCH TAKEN AT THE SEA-SIDE.

HOW JOE RULLOCK DID THE REVENUE.

THE *Pretty Polly* was the fastest, the smartest, and the sweetest craft that sailed out of Fairport; so said Joe Rullock, and nobody had better right to say it, or better reason to know it, he being part owner of her, and having been master of her from the day her keel first touched the water. She was a cutter of no great size, for she measured only something between thirty and forty tons; she had great beam for her length, was sharp in the bows, rising slightly forward, and with a clean run; she was, in fact, a capital sea-boat, fit to go round the world if needs be—weatherly in a heavy sea and very fast in smooth water, though the nautical critics pronounced her counter too short for beauty; but Joe did not consider that point a defect, as it made her all the better for running in foul weather, which was what he very frequently wanted her to do. She carried a whacking big mainsail with immense hoist in it, and the bomb well over the taffrail. Her big jib was a whopper with a vengeance, and her foresail hoisted chock up to the block. She had a swinging gaff-topsail, very broad in the head, and a square-sail to set for running, with prodigious spread in it, so that give the *Pretty Polly* a good breeze, few were the craft of any thing like her own size she couldn't walk away from. In fact, anybody might have taken her for some dandyfied yacht rather than for a humble pilot-boat, which the number of her mainsail proclaimed her to be. Now the *Pretty Polly*, like other beauties, had her fair weather and her foul weather looks, her winter as well as her summer suit. She had her second, and third, and storm jibs, a trysail of heavy canvass, and even a second mainsail, with a shorter bomb to ship at times, while her standing and running rigging was as good as the best hemp and the greatest care could keep it, for every inch of it was turned in under Joe's inspection if not with his own hand. Joe Rullock loved his craft, as does

every good sailor; she was his care, his pride, his delight, mistress, wife, and friend. He would talk to her and talk of her by the hour together, he was never tired of praising her, of expatiating on her qualities, of boasting of her achievements; how she walked away from such a cutter,—how she weathered such a gale,—how she clawed off a lee-shore on such an occasion; there was no end to what she had done and was to do. She was, in truth, all in all to Joe, he was worthy of her and she was worthy of him, which reminds us that he himself claims a word or two of description. He had little beauty, nor did he boast of it, for in figure he was nearly as broad as high, with a short thick neck, and a turn up nose in the centre of his round fresh-coloured visage; but he had black sparkling eyes, full of fun and humour, and a well-formed mouth with strong white teeth, which rescued his countenance from being ugly, while an expression of firmness and boldness, with great good-nature, made him respected by all, and gained him plenty of friends. Joe sported a love-lock on each side of his face, with a little tarpaulin hat stuck on the top of his head, a neat blue jacket, or a simple blue Guernsey frock, and an enormously large pair of Flushing trousers, with low shoes; indeed, he was very natty in his dress, and although many people called him a smuggler—nor is there any use in denying that he was one—he did not look a bit like those cut-throat characters represented on the stage or in print-shops, with high boots, and red caps, and cloaks, and pistols, and hangers. Indeed, so far from there being anything of the ruffian about him, he looked and considered himself a very honest fellow. He cheated nobody, for though he broke the revenue laws systematically and regularly, he had, perhaps, persuaded himself, by a course of reasoning not at all peculiar to himself, that there was no harm in so doing; possibly, he had an idea that those laws were

bad laws, and injurious to the country; so out of the evil, as he could not remedy it, he determined to pluck that rosebud—profit—to his own pocket. Remember that we are not at all certain that he actually did reason as we have suggested; we are, we confess, rather inclined to suspect that he found the occupation profitable; that he had been engaged in it from his earliest days, and therefore followed it without further troubling his head about its lawfulness or unlawfulness. So much for Joe Rullock and his cutter the *Pretty Polly*.

His crew were a bold set of fellows, staunch to him and true to each other; indeed, most of them, as is usual, had a share in the vessel, and all were interested in the success of her undertakings; they were quiet, peaceable, and orderly men; their rule was never to fight, the times were too tranquil for such work, and a running noose before their eyes was not a pleasant prospect. They trusted entirely to their wit and their heels for success, and provided one cargo in three could be safely landed, they calculated on making a remunerating profit.

The days when armed smuggling craft, with a hundred hands on board, bid defiance to royal cruisers, had long passed by, for we are referring to a period within the last six or eight years only, during the last days of smuggling. Now the contraband trade is chiefly carried on in small open boats, or fishing craft, affording a very precarious subsistence to those who still engage in it. After what has been said it may be confessed that the *Pretty Polly* was chiefly employed in smuggling, though her ostensible, and, indeed, very frequent occupation was that of a pilot-vessel.

Now we must own that in those days we did not feel a proper and correct hatred of smugglers and their doings; the dangers they experienced, the daring and talent they displayed in their calling, used, in spite of our better reason, to attract our admiration, and to raise them to the dignity of petty heroes in our imagination. The dishonest merchant, the dealer in contraband goods, the encourager of crime, was the man who received the full measure of our contempt and dislike. He who, skulking quietly on shore, without fear or danger, reaped the profits of the bold seaman's toils,

Fairport, to which the *Pretty Polly* belonged, is a neat little town at the mouth of a small river on the southern coast of England. The entrance to the harbour is guarded by an old castle, with a few cannon on the top of it, and was garrisoned by a superannuated gunner, his old wife and his pretty granddaughter, who performed most efficiently all the duties in the fortress, such as sweeping it clean, mopping out the guns, and shutting the gates at night. Serjeant Ramrod was a good specimen of a fine old soldier, and certainly when seeing his portly figure and upright carriage, and listening to his conversation, one might suppose that he held a higher rank than it ever had been his fate to reach. He had seen much service, been engaged in numerous expeditions in various parts of the world, and went through the whole of the Peninsula war; indeed, had merit its due reward, he should, he assured his friends, be a general instead of a serjeant, and so being rather an admirer of his, we are also apt to think—but then when has merit its due reward? What an extraordinary hoisting up and handing down there would be

to give every man his due! Serjeant Ramrod always went by the name of Governor of Fairport Castle, and we suspect rather liked the title. He was, in truth, much better off than the governors of half the castles in the world, though he did not think so himself; he had no troops, certainly, to marshal or drill, but then he had no rounds to make or complaints to hear, and his little garrison, composed of his wife and grandchild, never gave him a moment's uneasiness, while he might consider himself almost an independent ruler, so few and far between were the visits of his superior officers.

The town of Fairport consists of a long street, with a few off-shoots, containing some sixty houses or so, inhabited by pilots, fishermen, and other seafaring characters, two or three half-pay naval officers, a few casual visitors in the summer months, a medical man or two, and a proportionate number of shopkeepers. The castle stands at one end of the town close to the mouth of the river, the tide of which sweeps round under its walls, where there is always water sufficient to float a boat even at low tide. In the walls of the castle are a few loop-holes and a small postern-gate or port to hoist in stores, and close to it is a quay, the chief landing-place of the town. Here a revenue officer is stationed night and day to prevent smuggling, though there are certain angles of the castle wall which he cannot overlook from his post. This description we must beg our readers to remember.

One fine morning, soon after daybreak, in the early part of the year, Joe Rullock and his crew appeared on Fairport quay with their pea-jackets and bundles under their arms, and jumping into their boat, pulled on board the *Pretty Polly*. Her sails were loosened and hoisted in a trice, the breeze took her fore-sail, the main-sail next filled, the jib sheet was flattened aft, and slipping from her moorings she slowly glided towards the mouth of the river. The jib sheet was, however, immediately after let go, the helm was put down, and about she came—in half a minute more, so narrow is the channel, that she was again about, and at least six tacks had she to make before she could weather the westernmost spit at the entrance of the harbour, and stand clear out to sea.

"I wonder which of the French ports she's bound to now," observed a coast-guard man to a companion who had just joined him on the little quay close to the castle. "After some of her old tricks, I warrant."

"We shall have to keep a sharp look out after him, or he'll double on us, you may depend on it," replied the other; "Joe Rullock's a difficult chap to circumvent, and one needs to be up early in the morning to find him snoozing."

"More reason we shouldn't go to sleep ourselves, Ben," said the first speaker, "I must report the sailing of the *Pretty Polly* to the inspecting commander, that he may send along the coast to give notice that she's out. Captain Sturmer would give not a little to catch the *Pretty Polly*, and he's told Joe that he'll nab her some day."

"What did Joe say to that?"

"Oh, he laughed and tried to look innocent, and answered that he was welcome to her if he ever found her with a tub of spirits or a bale of tobacco in her."

"I'll tell you, though, who'd give his right hand and something more, to boot, to catch master Joe himself, or I'm very much mistaken."

"Who's that?"

"Why, Lieutenant Hogson, to be sure. You see he has set his eyes on little Margaret Ramrod, the old gunner's grandchild, but she don't like him, though he is a naval officer, and won't have any thing to say to him, and he has found out that Joe is sweet in that quarter, and suspects that if it weren't for him, he himself should have more favour. Now, if he could get Joe out of the way, the game would be in his own hands."

"Oh, that's it, is it? Well I think the little girl is right, for Joe is a good fellow, though he does smuggle a bit, and as for Lieutenant Hogson, though he is our officer, the less we say about him the better."

While this conversation was going on, the *Pretty Polly* had reached down abreast of the quay, when Rullock, who was at the helm, waved his hand to the coast-guard men, they in return wishing him a pleasant voyage and a safe return.

"Thank ye," answered Joe, laughing, for he and his opponents were on excellent terms. "Thank ye, and remember, keep a bright look out for me."

The cutter then passed so close to the castle, that her boom almost grazed its time-worn walls. Joe looked up at her battlements, and there he saw a bright young face, with a pair of sparkling eyes, gazing down upon him. Joe took off his tarpaulin hat and waved it.

"I'll not forget your commission, Miss Margaret. My respects to your grandfather," he sang out.

There was not time to say more before the cutter shot out of hearing. The flutter of a handkerchief was the answer, and as long as a human figure was visible on the ramparts, Joe saw that Mistress Margaret was watching him. Now, it must be owned, that it was only of late Joe had yielded to the tender passion, and it would have puzzled him to say how it was. He had been accustomed to bring over trifling presents to the little girl, and had ingratiated himself with the old soldier, by the gift now and then of a few bottles of real cogniac, but he scarcely suspected that his *Pretty Polly*, his fast sailing craft, had any rival in his affections.

The day after the *Pretty Polly* sailed, Margaret was seated at her work, and the old dame sat spinning in their little parlour in the castle, while Mr. Ramrod was taking his usual walk on the quay, when a loud tap was heard at the door.

"Come in," said the dame, and Lieutenant Hogson made his appearance.

Now, although by no means a favourite guest, he was, from his rank and office, always welcomed politely, and Margaret jumped up and wiped a chair, while the dame begged him to be seated. His appearance was not prepossessing, for his face was pock-marked, his hair was coarse and scanty, and sundry potatoes deep and strong had added a ruddy hue to the tip of his nose, while his figure was broad and ungainly. He threw himself into a chair, as if he felt himself perfectly at home. "Ah, pretty Margaret! bright and smiling as ever, I see. How I envy your happy disposition," he began.

"Yes, sir, I'm fond of laughing," said Margaret, demurely.

"So I see. And how's grandfather?"

"Here he comes to answer for himself, sir," said Margaret, as old Ramrod appeared, and, welcoming

his guest, placed a bottle and some glasses before him, while Margaret brought a jug of hot water and some sugar. The eyes of the lieutenant twinkled as he saw the preparations.

"Not much duty paid on this, I suspect, Mr. Ramrod," he observed, as he smacked his lips after the first mouthful.

"Can't say, sir. They say that the revenue does not benefit from any that's drunk in Fairport."

"A gift of our friend Rullock's, probably," hazarded the officer.

"Can't say, sir; several of my friends make me a little present now and then. I put no mark on them."

"Oh, all right, I don't ask questions," said the lieutenant. "By-the-bye, I find that the *Pretty Polly* has started on another trip."

"So I hear, sir," said Ramrod.

"Can you guess where she's gone, Miss Margaret?" asked the officer.

"Piloting, I suppose, sir," answered the maiden, blushing.

"Oh, ay, yes, of course, but didn't he talk of going anywhere on the French coast?"

"Yes, sir," answered Margaret, "he said he thought he might just look in at Cherbourg."

"And how soon did he say he would be back?" asked the officer.

"In four or five days, sir," said Margaret.

The lieutenant was delighted with the success of his interrogations, and at finding the maiden in so communicative a mood, so mixing a stiffer tumbler of grog than before to heighten his own wits, he continued, "Now, my good girl, I don't ask you to tell me any thing to injure our friend Rullock, but did he chance to let drop before you where he proposed to make his land-fall on his return—you understand, where he intended to touch first before he brings the *Pretty Polly* into Fairport?"

"Dear me, I did hear him talk of looking into — Bay; and he told Denman, and Jones, and Tigtop, and several others, to be down there," answered Margaret, with the greatest simplicity.

"I don't think the girl knows what she's talking of, Mr. Hogson," interposed old Ramrod, endeavouring to silence his grand-daughter. "But of course any thing she has let drop, you won't make use of, sir."

"Oh! dear, no, of course not, my good friend," answered Mr. Hogson, "I merely asked for curiosity's sake. But I must wish you good afternoon. I have my duties to attend to; duty before pleasure, you know, Mr. Ramrod. Good-bye, Miss Margaret, my ocean lily—a good afternoon to you, old hero of a hundred fights;" and, gulping down the contents of his tumbler, with no very steady steps the officer took his leave.

As soon as he was gone, Ramrod scolded his grandchild for her imprudence in speaking of Rullock's affairs.

"You don't know the injury you may have done him," he added; "but it never goes to trust a female with what you don't want known."

"Perhaps not, grandfather," said Margaret, smiling archly. "But Joe told me that I might just let it fall, if I had an opportunity, that he was going to run a crop at — Bay, and I could not resist the temptation, when Mr. Hogson asked me, thinking I was

so simple all the time. I'm sure, however, I wish that Joe would give over smuggling altogether. It's very wrong, I tell him, and very dangerous; but he promises me that if he can but secure two more cargoes, he'll give it up altogether. I'm sure I wish he would."

"So do I, girl, with all my heart; for it does not become me, an officer of the government, to associate with one who constantly breaks the laws; but yet, I own it, I like the lad, and wish him well."

Margaret did not express her sentiments; but the bright smile on her lips betrayed feelings which she happily had never been taught the necessity of controlling.

Mr. Hogson esteemed himself a very sharp officer; and, as he quitted the castle, he congratulated himself on his acuteness in discovering Rullock's plans. He had spies in various directions, or rather, people who he fancied were such, though every one of them was well known to the smugglers, and kept in pay by them. By them the information he had gained from Margaret was fully corroborated, and accordingly he gave the necessary orders to watch for the cutter at the spot indicated, while he collected a strong body of men to seize her cargo as soon as the smugglers attempted to run it. His arrangements were made with considerable judgment, and could not, he felt certain, fail of success, having stationed signal-men on every height in the neighbourhood of — Bay, to give the earliest notice of the smugglers' approach. As soon as it was dark, he himself, with the main body of coast-guard men, all well armed, set off by different routes, to remain in ambush near the spot. While they lay there, they heard several people pass them on their way to the shore, whom they rightly conjectured were those whose business it was to carry the tubs and bales up the cliffs to their hides, as soon as landed. The night was very dark, for there was no moon, and the sky was cloudy; and though there was a strong breeze, there was not sufficient sea on to prevent a landing; in fact, it was just the night the smugglers would take advantage of. Mr. Hogson, having stationed his men, buttoned up his pea-jacket, and drawing his south-wester over his ears, set off along the shore to reconnoitre. He rubbed his hands with satisfaction when he perceived a number of people collected on the beach, and others approaching from various directions.

"I'm pretty sure of forty or fifty pounds at least," he muttered, "and if I can but nab Master Joe himself, I'll soon bring his coy sweetheart to terms, I warrant. Ah! the cutter must be getting in with the land, or these people would not be assembled yet."

Just then a gleam of bright light shot forth from the cliffs, at no great distance from where he was standing; it was answered by the gleam of a lantern from the sea, which was instantly again obscured. He watched with intense anxiety, without moving for some minutes, when he thought that he observed two dark objects glancing over the waters towards the shore. His difficulty was to select the proper moment for his attack. If he appeared too soon, the people on shore would give notice, and the boats would return to their cutter; if he did not reach them directly after they touched the shore, he knew, from experience, that he should certainly find them empty, a minute or two sufficing to carry off the whole cargo. At last he had no doubt that the smugglers were at hand; and, as

fast as his legs could carry him, he hurried back to bring up his men.

We must now return to the *Pretty Polly*. Besides Joe Rullock, the crew of the cutter consisted of Dick Davis, Tom Figgitt, and Jack Calloway, as thorough seamen as were ever collected together, and all of them licensed pilots for the Channel, each having a share in the craft: then there were, besides them, twice this number of men, shipped on certain occasions, who, though they received a share of the profits, had no property in her. Joe had determined to run great risks this voyage, in the hopes of making large profits, and had invested a large part of his property in the venture, which his agent had prepared ready for shipment at Cherbourg. The wind shifted round to the north, and the *Pretty Polly* had a quick run across the Channel. The evening of the day she left Fairport, she was riding at anchor in the magnificent harbour of Cherbourg. As soon as they arrived, he and his mates went on shore, and the agent, not expecting him that evening, being out of the way, they betook themselves to a *café* on the quay, overlooking the harbour. Joe always made himself at home wherever he went, and although he had no particular aptitude for learning languages, he managed, without any great difficulty, to carry on a conversation in French, and his thorough good-nature and ready fund of humour, gained him plenty of friends among the members of the great nation.

The house of entertainment into which the Englishmen walked, is entitled "*La Café de la Grande Nation*." The room was large, and the glass doors opening on the quay, through which a view of the harbour was obtained. It was full of little round tables, with marble slabs, surrounded with chairs, and the walls were ornamented with glowing pictures of naval engagements, in which the tricolour floated proudly at the mast-heads of most of the ships, while a few crippled barks, with their masts shot away, and their sails in tatters, had the British ensign trailing in the water. The prospect before them was highly picturesque. Directly in front was an old tower, the last remnant of the ancient walls of Cherbourg. Beyond, spread out before them, was the broad expanse of its superb harbour, capable of containing all the fleets of France. In the centre, where labourers were busily at work, was the breakwater, the intended rival of Plymouth, one entrance guarded by the fort of Querqueville, the other by that of Pelée; and on the western shore, guarded by numerous ranges of batteries, was the naval arsenal and dock-yard, the pride of the people of Cherbourg, and which, when finished, is intended to surpass any thing of the kind possessed by the *perfidious Anglais*.

Joe and his friends having ordered some *eau de vie* and water, and lighted their cigars, took their seats near the door. They did not stand much on ceremony in passing their remarks on all they saw, particularly at the men-of-war's men who were strolling about the town.

"My eyes, Dick," exclaimed Tom Figgitt, "look at them fellows with their red waistcoats and tight jackets, which look as if they were made for lads half their size, and their trousers with their sterno in the fore part. Just fancy them going aloft."

"They are rum enough; but to my mind, not such queer-looking chaps as the sodgers," answered Dick.

"Do you know, Dick, that I've often thought that a Frenchman must be cast out of quite a different mould to an Englishman. The clothes of one never would fit t'other. It has often puzzled me to account for it."

"Why, Tom, it would puzzle one if one had to account for all the strange things in the world," answered the other. "You might just as well ask why all the women about here wear caps as big as balloons; they couldn't tell themselves, I warrant."

Just then their conversation was broken off, that they might listen to Joe, who had entered into a warm discussion with the boatswain, or some such officer, of one of the French ships of war on the relative qualities of their respective navies. The *salle* was full at the time of naval and military officers of inferior grades, douaniers, gens-d'arms, and worthies of a similar stamp, all smoking and spitting, and gesticulating, and talking together.

"Comment, Monsieur Roulac," said the Frenchman; "do you mean to say that you have got an arsenal as large as le notre de Cherbourg in the whole of England?"

"I don't know how that may be," answered Joe, quietly, "Portsmouth isn't small, and Plymouth isn't small, but perhaps we don't require them so big. We get our enemies to build ships for us."

"Bah!" exclaimed the Frenchman, shrugging his shoulders; "less perfides!"

Just then a fine vessel was seen rounding Point Querqueville. Like a stately swan slowly she glided through the water till, when she approached the town, her rigging was crowded with men, her courses were clewed up, her topsails and top-gallant sails were furled, and she swang round to her anchor. She was a model of symmetry and beauty, and the Frenchman looked on with admiration.

"There," exclaimed Joe's friend, "n'est-ce pas que c'est belle? Have you got a ship in the whole English navy like her?"

"I don't know," answered Joe, innocently. "But if there came a war, we very soon should, I can tell you."

"Comment?" said the Frenchman.

"Why you see, monsieur, we should have she."

"Sare!" exclaimed half-a-dozen Frenchmen, starting up and drawing their swords. "Do you mean to insult La Grande Nation?"

Whereupon Tom Figgitt and Dick Davis, though they did not exactly comprehend the cause of offence, jumped up also, and prepared for a skirmish, which might have ended somewhat seriously for the three Englishmen had not Joe's agent at that moment appeared and acted as a pacificator between them, Joe assuring them that he had no intention of insulting them or any one of their nation, and that he had merely said what he thought would be the case.

Joe did not spend a longer time than was absolutely necessary at Cherbourg, and as soon as he got his cargo on board, the *Pretty Polly* was once more under weigh for England. Her hold was stowed with much valuable merchandise, chiefly silks, laces, and spirits. She had also on deck a number of empty tubs, and a few bales filled with straw. As soon as he had got clear of land, the wind, which had at first been southerly, shifted to the south-west, and it soon came on to blow very fresh. This he calculated

would bring him upon the English coast at too early an hour for his purpose, so when he had run about two-thirds of his distance, he lay-to, with his foresail to windward, waiting for the approach of evening.

As he walked the deck of his little vessel, with Tom Figgitt by his side, he every now and then broke into a low quiet laugh. At last he gave vent to his thoughts in words.

"If we don't do the revenue this time, Tom, say I'm no better than one of them big-sterned moun-sieurs. What a rage that dirty spy, Hogson, will be in. Ha, ha, ha. It's a pleasure to think of it."

Tom fully participated in all his leader's sentiments, and by their light-hearted gaiety one might have supposed that they had some amusing frolic in view, instead of an undertaking full of peril to their personal liberty and property. All this time a man was stationed at the mast-head to keep a look-out in every direction, that no revenue cruiser should approach them without due notice, to enable them to get out of her way.

We must now return to Lieutenant Hogson. As soon as he felt certain that the boats had landed, he hurried down with his men to the beach. His approach was apparently not perceived, and while the smugglers were actively engaged in loading themselves with tubs and bales of goods, he was among them.

"Stand and deliver, in the king's name!" he shouted out, collaring the first smuggler he could lay hands on; his men following his example.

For a moment the smugglers appeared to be panic-struck by the suddenness of the attack; but soon recovering themselves, as many as were at liberty threw down their loads and made their escape.

"Seize the boats," he added. "Here, take charge of this prisoner." And rushing into the water, he endeavoured to capture the boat nearest to him; but just as he had got his hand on her gunnel, the people in her, standing up with their oars in their hands, gave her so hearty a shove, that, lifting on the next wave, she glided out into deep water, while he fell with his face into the surf, from which he had some difficulty in recovering himself with a thorough drenching; the other boat getting off in the same manner. In the mean time, signals had been made by the revenue men stationed on the neighbouring heights, that the expected run had been attempted, and the coast-guard officers and their people from the nearest stations hurried up to participate in the capture. Some came by land, while others launched their boats in the hopes of cutting off the *Pretty Polly* in case she should not have discharged the whole of her cargo.

With muffled oars and quick strokes they pulled across the bay; but if they expected to catch Joe Rullock or the *Pretty Polly*, they certainly were disappointed; for although they pulled about in every direction till daylight, not a sign or trace of her did they discover. Not so unfortunate, however, was Lieutenant Hogson, for, although he did not capture his rival, he made a large seizure of tubs, and several bales of silk as he supposed, and a considerable number of prisoners, which would altogether bring him in no small amount of prize-money. One prisoner he made afforded him considerable satisfaction. It was no other than Tom Figgitt, who, having jumped out of the boat with a tub on his back, was seized before

he had time to disengage himself from his load, and this, with many a grimace, he was now compelled to carry.

"I hope you've made up your mind for a year in Winchester Goal, Master Tom," said Mr. Hogson, holding a lantern up to his face. "It isn't the first time you've seen its inside, I warrant."

"It would be, though, and what's more, I intend to spend my Christmas with my wife and family," answered Tom, doggedly.

The prisoners were now collected, and marched up to the nearest coast-guard station, but there were so many tubs and bales that the coast-guard men were obliged to load themselves heavily with them, for it was found, that should only a small guard be left to take charge of them, the smugglers would carry them off. The wind whistled coldly, the rain came down in torrents, and the revenue people and their prisoners had a very disagreeable march through the mud up to the station, Tom Figgitt being the only person who retained his spirits and his temper—though he grumbled in a comical way at being compelled to carry a tub for other people, and insisted that he should retain it for his trouble at the end of his journey. When he reached the guard-house, he sily tumbled the tub off his shoulders, and down it came on the ground with so heavy a blow that it was stove in. The names of the prisoners were now taken down in due form, and they were told they must be locked up till they could be carried before a magistrate, and be committed to goal for trial. As soon as the officer had done speaking,

"Please, sir," said Tom, "there's one of the tubs leaking dreadfully, and if it isn't looked to, it will all have to run out before the morning; though for the matter of that, it doesn't smell much like spirits."

"Bring me a glass," said the lieutenant, who, wet with cold, was longing to have a drop of spirits; "I'll soon pass an opinion on your *eau de vie*, Master Tom."

Tom smiled, but said nothing, while one of the men brought a glass and broached the leaky tub.

"Show a light here," said Tom; "well, I can't say as how it's got much the smell of spirits—hang me, if I can make it out."

Tom filled the glass, and, with a profound bow, worthy of a Mandarin, presented it to the officer. Lieutenant Hogson was thirsty, and, without even smelling the potion, he gulped it down.

"Salt water, by George!" he exclaimed, furiously, spitting and spluttering it out with all his might, and giving every expression to his disgust.

Tom, forgetful of the respect due to a king's officer, burst into a fit of uproarious laughter.

"Well, I warned you, sir. I told you there was something odd about it—ha, ha, ha—and now you find what I said was true—ha, ha, ha."

"What do you mean, you scoundrel?" cried the lieutenant, stamping furiously; "how dare you play such a trick?"

"Nothing, sir, nothing," answered Tom, coolly; "you see I should have been very much surprised, if there had been anything else but salt-water; for, you see, we was bringing those tubs on shore, full of sea-water, for a poor old lady, who lives some way inland, and her doctors ordered her to try sea-bathing on the coast of France, but as she couldn't go there herself, you see, she has the water carried all the way

from there to here. It's a fancy she has, but it's very natural and regular, and we get well paid for it, sir."

"Do you, Master Tom, actually expect me to believe such a pack of gross lies?" stammered out the lieutenant, as well as his rage would let him.

"I don't know, sir," answered the smuggler; "some people believe one thing, some another, and I hope you won't think of keeping us here any longer, seeing as how we've done nothing against the law in landing tubs of salt-water for old Missis Grundy up at Snigses farm, sir. You may just go and ax her if what I say isn't as true as gospel. It might be the death of her if she didn't get her salt-water to bathe in, you know, sir."

"Old Missis Grundy, I never heard of her before," exclaimed the lieutenant, growing every moment more angry, "and Snigses farm, where's that, I should like to know?"

"Why, sir, you see it's two or three miles off, and rather a difficult road to find," answered Tom, winking at his companions; you first go up the valley, then you turn down by Waterford Mill, next you keep up by Dead Man's Lane, and cross Carver's Field, and that will bring you about a quarter of the distance."

"Why, you scoundrel," exclaimed the lieutenant, who recognised the names of these places, and knew them to be wide apart, "you impudent rogue, you, why, you are laughing at me."

"Oh no, sir," answered Tom, demurely, pulling a lock which hung from his bullet-shaped head, "couldn't think of laughing at you; besides, sir, you knows one can't always make one's face as long as a grave-digger's apprentice's."

"I'll make it long enough before I've done with you, Master Tom, let me tell you," exclaimed the officer. "Now let us see what are in those other casks and bales."

"What all them that your people have had the trouble of carrying up here?" cried Tom; "lord, sir, the tubs, of course, is full of salt-water, too, for Missis Grundy."

"We shall soon see that, my fine fellow," answered the officer, thinking Tom had only told the tale to annoy him; but to make sure, seizing a gimlet, with his own hands he broached tub after tub, his face elongating as he proceeded, and the visions of his prize-money gradually vanished from his eyes. Tom and the other smugglers looking on all the time with a derisive smile curling their lips, though prudence prevented their saying any thing which might further exasperate the lieutenant.

At last, with an angry oath, he threw down the gimlet. They one and all contained nothing more potent than salt-water. He then, with eager haste, anticipating disaster, tore open the bales. They were composed solely of straw and a little packing cloth.

"Them be life-buoys, sir," said Tom, quietly, "we carries them now always, by the recommendation of the Humane Society."

The smugglers now burst into fits of laughter at the rage and disappointment of the outwitted officer, and even his own men could scarcely restrain their tittering at his extravagancies. There was, however, not a shadow of excuse for detaining the smugglers. They had a full right to land empty tubs and life-buoys at any hour of the night, and they had not offered the slightest resistance when captured by the

coast-guard. In fact, as Tom expressed it while narrating his adventures with high glee to Joe Rullock, they fairly did the revenue.

The next morning, the *Pretty Polly* appeared beating up toward Fairport, and before noon she was at her moorings, and Joe was exhibiting a variety of pretty presents to the delighted eyes of Miss Margaret Ramrod. Rumours were not long in reaching her ears that one of the largest runs which had been known for ages had been made on the coast at some little distance from Fairport, the very night Lieutenant Hogson seized the tubs of salt-water; and Joe confessed that he had only one more trip to make before he settled for life.

We need not detail the events of the next few days in the quiet town of Fairport. Those we have narrated served for conversation to the good people for full nine days, and during that time poor Mr. Hogson never once ventured to show his face inside the castle walls, for he had a strong suspicion, though an unjust one, that pretty Mistress Margaret had something to do with his disappointment. For her credit, however, we are certain that she was innocent of any intentional falsehood. Joe suspected that Mr. Hogson would attempt to pump her, so, as we have seen the contents of a bucket of water thrown down a ship's pump to make it suck, Joe took care that the lieutenant should get something for his pains, by telling the young lady to answer, if she was asked, that she had heard him say that he intended landing at — Bay.

For the three following weeks Joe Rullock contrived to spend several days on shore in the society of Serjeant Ramrod's family, though the *Pretty Polly* during that time made several trips down Channel, and was very successful in falling in with some large East Indiamen, the pilotage money of which was considerable; and besides that she landed several rich passengers who paid well, so that Joe was rapidly becoming a wealthy man. He would have been wise to stick to his lawful and regular calling; but there was so much excitement in smuggling, and the profits of one trip were so much more than he could gain in several winters' hard toil, that he could not resist the temptation. Had he taken the trouble of comparing himself with others, he would, we suspect, have considered himself a more honest man than the railroad speculators of the present day.

It was again the last quarter of the moon, and the nights were getting dark, when the *Pretty Polly* once more left her moorings in Fairport harbour. Now it must not be supposed that she ran over at once to the coast of France, and taking in a cargo, returned as fast as she could to England. Joe was not so green as to do that. He, on the contrary, as before, cruised about the Channel till he had put two of his pilots on board different vessels, and, to disarm suspicion, they took very good care to present themselves at Fairport as soon after their return as possible; and even Mr. Hogson began to fear that there was very little prospect of making prize-money by capturing the *Pretty Polly*, or of wreaking his vengeance on Joe.

As soon as the last ship into which he had put a pilot was out of sight, Joe shaped his course for Cherbourg, where he found a cargo of tubs ready for him, but he this time did not take any silks in his venture. In a few hours he was again on his way across the Channel. The weather was very favourable. Now

some people would suppose that we mean to say there was a clear sky, a smooth sea, and a gentle breeze. Far from it. It blew so fresh that it might almost be called half a gale of wind; the clouds chased each other over the sky, and threatened to obscure even the stars, which might shed a tell-tale light on the world, and there was a heavy sea running; in truth, it gave every promise of being a dirty night. Nothing, however, in this sublunary world can be depended on except woman's love, and that is durable as adamant, true as the pole-star, and unequalled. The *Pretty Polly* was about fifteen miles from the land, and Joe and Tom Figgitt were congratulating themselves on the favourable state of the weather, when the breeze began to fall and veer about, and at last shifted round to about east-south-east. Gradually the sea went down, the clouds cleared off, and the sun shone forth from the blue sky bright and warm.

"Now this is what I call a do," exclaimed Tom Figgitt, in a tone of discontent. "Who'd have thought it? Here were we expecting the finest night Heaven ever made for a run at this time of the year, and now I shouldn't be surprised that there won't be a cloud in the sky just as we ought to be putting the things on shore."

"It can't be helped, Tom," answered Joe; "our good-luck has not done with us yet, depend on it."

"I wish I was sure of it," replied Tom, who was in a desponding mood; he had taken too much cogniac the night before. "Remember the story about the pitcher going too often to the well getting a cracked nose. Now, captain, if I was you, I'd just about ship and run back to Cherbourg till the weather thickens again. We should lay our course."

"Gammon, Tom. What's the matter with you?" exclaimed Joe. "One would suppose that you had been and borrowed one of your wife's petticoats, and was going to turn old woman."

"You know, captain, that I've very little of an old woman about me, and that it's for you I'm afeared more than for myself," replied Tom, in a reproachful tone. "A year in goal and the loss of a few pounds is the worst that could happen to me, while you would lose the vessel and cargo, and something else you lay more value on than either, I suspect."

"Well, well, old boy, we'll be guided by reason," said Joe. "We won't run any unnecessary risks, depend on it. I'll just take a squint round with the glass to make sure that no cruiser has crept up to us with this shift of wind."

Saying this, Joe carefully swept the horizon with his telescope, but for some time it rested on nothing but the dancing sea and the distant land. At last, however, his eye caught a glimpse of what, to him, appeared a very suspicious-looking sail dead to windward.

"What do you make her out to be?" he asked, handing the glass to Tom Figgitt, and pointing towards the sail, which appeared no bigger than a seagull's wing gleaming in the rays of the sun. Tom took a long look at her.

"She's a big cutter, and no mistake," he answered, still keeping his eye to the tube. "And what's more, she's standing this way, and coming up hand over hand with a fresh breeze. I don't like the cut of her jib."

"Let's have another squint at her," said Joe, taking the glass from the mate's hand, then letting it

come down suddenly, and giving a slap on his thigh, he exclaimed, "You are right Tom, by George; and what's more, if I don't mistake by the way her gaff top-sail stands, she's the *Ranger* cutter, which we gave the go-by in the winter, and they've vowed vengeance against us ever since."

Davis and Calloway then gave their opinion, which coincided with the rest, nor did there appear to be any doubt that the approaching vessel was the *Ranger*.

The wind, as we said, had fallen, but there was still a considerable swell, the effects of the past gale, which made the little vessel pitch and tumble about, and considerably retarded her progress. Joe now scanned his own sails thoroughly to see that they drew well, and then glanced his eye over the side of the cutter to judge how fast she was going through the water. He was far from satisfied with the result of his observations.

"It won't do," he remarked, "we must be up stick, and run for it, or she'll be overhauling us before dark. If we was blessed with the breeze she's got, we wouldn't mind her. Rig out the square-sail boom, bend on the square-sail. Come, bear a hand, my hearties, be quick about it. None of us have much fancy for a twelvemonth in Winchester goal, I suppose. That'll do; now hoist away."

And himself setting an example of activity, the helm being put up, the main-sheet was eased off, a large square-sail set, and the cutter dead before the wind, was running away from her supposed enemy. The square top-sail was next hoisted, and every stitch of canvass she could carry was clapped on, and under the influence of the returning breeze, the *Pretty Polly* danced merrily over the waters, though not at all approaching to the speed her impatient crew desired. Tom Figgitt shook his head.

"I thought it would be so," he muttered, "I knowed it when I seed the wind dropping. Well, if it weren't for Joe, and to see that b——d coast-guarder, Hogson, a grinning at us, and rubbing his paws with delight, I shouldn't care. If we might fight for it, it would be a different thing, but to be caught like mice by a cat, without a squeak for life, is very agrawating, every one must allow."

Tom had some reason for his melancholy forebodings, for the *Pretty Polly* most certainly appeared to be out of luck. Do all she could, the *Ranger*, bringing up a fresh breeze, gained rapidly on her. The people in the revenue cruiser had evidently seen her soon after she saw them, and suspecting her character, had been using every exertion to come up with her. They had, in fact, been long on the watch for her, and quickly recognised her as their old friend. The smugglers walked the deck, vainly whistling for a wind, but though they all whistled in concert, the partial breeze refused to swell their sails till it had filled those of their enemy. Nothing they could do, either wetting their sails, altering her trim, by shifting the cargo, would make the *Pretty Polly* go along faster. One great object was to retain a considerable distance from her till darkness covered the face of the deep, when they might hope more easily to make their escape.

As the sun went down the heavens grew most provokingly clear, and the stars shone forth from the pure sky, so that the smugglers both saw and were seen by the revenue cutter, and the character of the *Pretty*

Polly was too well known by every cruiser on the station to allow her to hope to escape unquestioned. Still Joe boldly held on his course. He never withdrew his eye from his pursuer in order to be ready to take advantage of the slightest change in her proceedings, but he soon saw that he must make the best use of his heels and his wits, or lose his cargo. Poor Joe, he thought of his charming Margaret, he thought of his good resolutions, he thought of Tom's evil prognostications, but he was not a fellow to be daunted at trifles and he still trusted that something in the chapter of accidents would turn up to enable him to escape.

The breeze at last came up with the *Pretty Polly*, but at the same time the *Ranger* drew still nearer. All their means of expediting her movements had been exhausted, every inch of canvass she could carry was spread aloft, and even below the main boom and square-sail boom, water sails had been extended, so that the craft looked like a large sea-bird with a small black body, skimming with outspread wings along the surface of the deep. The land at no great distance lay broad on their beam to starboard. With anger and vexation they saw that all their efforts to save their cargo would probably be fruitless.

"It can't be helped my lads," cried Joe; "better luck next time. In with all that light canvass. Be smart about it, stand by the square-sail halliards—lower away; hoist the fore-sail again; down with the helm, Bill, while we get a pull on the main sheet. We must run into shoal water and sink the tubs. It will come to that, I see."

As Joe said, there was no time to lose, for the revenue cruiser was now little more than a mile distant, looming large in the fast increasing obscurity of night. There promised, however, to be too much light during the night for them to hope to elude the sharp and practised eyes of her look-outs. While the smuggler, with the wind nearly a-beam, was running in for the land, her crew were busily employed in getting the tubs on deck and slinging them in long lines together, with heavy weights attached over the side, so as to be able, by cutting a single lanyard, to let them all sink at once. No sooner did they alter their course, than their pursuer did the same. They had, at all events, gained the important advantage of escaping being overhauled in daylight. They now stood steadily on till they got within a quarter of a mile of the land, the revenue cutter not having gained materially on them. By this time every tub was either on deck or over the side.

"Starboard the helm a little, Tom,—steady now," sung out Joe; "we'll have the marks on directly; I can just make out Pucknose Knoll and Farleigh Church steeple. Now mind, when I sing out cut, cut all of you."

It was not without some difficulty that the points he mentioned could be distinguished, and none but eyes long accustomed to peer through darkness could have seen objects on the shore at all. His aim was to bring certain marks on the shore in two lines to bisect each other, at which point the tubs were to be sunk, thus enabling him to find them again at a future day.

"Starboard, again, a little, Tom,—steady now—that will do—luff you may, luff—I have it. Cut now, my hearties, cut," he exclaimed, and the next moment a heavy splash told that all the tubs slung

outside had been cut away and sunk to the bottom. "Stand by to heave the rest overboard," he continued, and a minute afterwards, with fresh bearings, the remainder of the cargo was committed to the deep. "Now, let's haul up for Fairport, and get home to comfort our wives and sweethearts. Better luck next time."

With this philosophical observation, Joe buttoned up his pea-jacket, and twisted his red comforter round his neck, determined to make himself comfortable, and to bear his loss like a man. By the *Pretty Polly's* change of course, she soon drew near the *Ranger*, when a shot from one of the guns of the latter came flying over her mast-head. On this significant notice that the cruiser wished to speak her, Joe, not being anxious for a repetition of the message, let fly his jib-sheet, and his cutter coming round on the other tack, he kept his fore-sail to windward and his helm down, thus remaining almost stationary. A boat soon pulled alongside, with the mate of the cruiser, who, with his crew, each carrying a lantern, overhauled every part of the vessel's hold, but not even a drop of brandy was to be found, nor a quid of tobacco.

"Sorry, sir, you've taken all this trouble," said Joe, touching his hat to the officer. "I thought, sir, you know'd we was a temperance vessel."

It was diamond cut diamond. The officer looked at Joe, and burst out laughing, though disappointed at not making a seizure.

"Tell that to the marines, Mr. Rullock," he answered. "If you hadn't half an hour ago, enough spirits on board to make the whole ship's company of a line-of-battle ship as drunk as fiddlers, I'm a Dutchman."

"I can't help, sir, what you thinks," replied Joe, humbly; "but I suppose you wout detain us? We wants to get to Fairport to-night, to drink tea with our wives, and nurse our babies."

"You may go, my fine fellow, and we will bring in your tubs in the morning," answered the mate, as he stepped into his boat.

"Thank ye, sir," said Joe, making a polite bow, but looking very much inclined to expedite his departure with a kick, but discretion withheld him.

"Let draw," he sang out, in a voice which showed the true state of his feelings beneath his assumed composure; "now about with her."

In a short time after, the *Pretty Polly* was safely moored in Fairport river.

The next morning at daybreak, the *Ranger* was seen hovering in rather dangerous proximity to the spot where the tubs had been sunk. She was then observed to get her dredges out, and to be groping evidently for the hidden treasures. In the course of the day, Joe and his crew had the mortification to see her come into the harbour, with the greater part of their cargo on board. Of course they all looked as innocent as if none of them had ever before seen a tub, for there was nothing to betray them, though it was not pleasant to see their property in the hands of others. The revenue cutter, then hauling alongside the quay sent all the tubs she had on board up to the castle, where they were shut up securely while she went back to grope for more.

Joe watched all these proceedings with, apparently, calm indifference, walking up and down all the time on the quay, with a short pipe in his mouth and

his hands in his pockets. No sooner, however, had darkness set in, than he and his companions might have been seen consulting earnestly together, and going round to the most trustworthy of their acquaintance. What was the subject of their consultations may hereafter be guessed at. Their plans, whatever they were, were soon matured, and then Joe repaired to pay his accustomed visit to Serjeant Ramrod, and his grand-daughter.

Joe Rullock was, as I have hinted, not the only lover Margaret Ramrod possessed, which was, of course, no fault of hers. One of them, for there might have been half-a-dozen at least, was James Lawson, a coast-guard man, belonging to Fairport; and if he was aware that he was a rival of his superior officer it did not afflict him. As it happened, he was stationed at the castle to guard the tubs which had been captured in the morning. Having seen that everything was safe, he soon grew tired of watching on the top of the castle, for it was a dark, cold night, with a thick, driving rain, and a high wind, so he persuaded himself that there could be no harm looking into Serjeant Ramrod's snug room, lighted up by pretty Margaret's bright eyes, and warmed by a blazing fire. The serjeant welcomed him cordially, and Margaret mixed him a glass of hot brandy and water, while discussing which, a knock was heard at the castle gate, on which Mistress Margaret, throwing her apron over her head, ran out to admit the visitors. She was absent a minute or more; probably she had some difficulty in closing the gates on so windy a night: at last she returned, followed by no less a person than Joe Rullock, and his shadow, Tom Figgitt.

A smile stole over Margaret's pretty mouth as she watched Joe, who looked as fierce as he could at Lawson, and by Ramrod's invitation sat himself down directly opposite the revenue-man. Lawson was not to be stared out of countenance, so, notwithstanding Joe's angry glances, he firmly kept his post. Tom Figgitt quickly sipped his grog, eyeing Lawson all the time much in the way that a cat does a mouse she is going to devour, so that at last the revenue-man, feeling himself rather uncomfortable, he scarcely knew why, helped himself thoughtlessly to another stiff glass. Joe laughed and talked for all the party, and told several capital stories, contriving in the interval to whisper a word into Margaret's ear, at which she looked down and laughed slyly. She was soon afterwards seen filling up the coast-guard man's glass, only by mistake she poured in Hollands instead of water. The error was not discovered, and Lawson became not only very sagacious, but brave in the extreme. After some time he recollected that it was his duty to keep a look-out from the top of the castle, and accordingly rose to resume his post. Joe on this jumped up also, and wishing the old couple and their grand-daughter good-night, took his departure, followed by Tom; Serjeant Ramrod and Lawson closing the gates securely behind them.

No sooner were Joe and his mate outside the walls than they darted down a small alley which led to the water, and at a little sheltered slip they found a boat, with a coil of rope and some blocks stowed away in the stern sheets. Joe, giving a peculiarly low whistle, two other men appeared crawling from under a boat, which had been turned with the keel uppermost on the beach, and then all four jumping in, pulled round underneath the castle wall to a nook, where they

could not be observed from the quay even in the day time.

It was, as we have mentioned, blowing and raining, and as dark as pitch, so that our friends had no reason to complain of the weather. After feeling about for some time, Joe discovered a small double line, to which he fastened one of the stouter ropes, and hauling away on one end of it, brought it back again into the boat. Who had rove the small line we cannot say, but we fear that there was a little traitor in the garrison; perhaps Joe or Tom had contrived to do it before they entered the serjeant's sitting room.

"Hold on fast," Joe whispered to his comrades, "I'll be up in a moment." Saying this, he climbed up the rope, and soon had his face flush with the summit of the castle walls. Looking round cautiously, he observed no one, so he climbed over the parapet, and advanced across the platform to the top of a flight of steps which communicated with the lower part of the building. He looked over the railing, but his eyes could not pierce the gloom, so he descended the steps, and had the satisfaction to find Lawson fast asleep at the bottom of them, sheltered from the rain by one of the arches. "All's right: he won't give us much trouble, at all events," he muttered to himself; and returning to the parapet he summoned his companions. Two other boats had now joined the first, and, one after the other, twelve smugglers scaled the walls. Others were, it must be understood, watching at various points in the neighbourhood, to give the earliest notice of the approach of the coast-guard. Joe stationed two men by the side of Lawson, to bind and gag him if he awoke, which he was not likely to do, while the rest proceeded with their work.

They soon contrived to break open the door of the store opening from the platform, where the tubs had been deposited; then each man carrying one at a time, like ants at their work, they transported them to the parapet of the castle-wall. From thence, with

great rapidity, they were lowered into the boats, and then conveyed round to the foot of a garden belonging to an uninhabited house, which, of course, had the character of being haunted by spirits. Joe and his friends worked with a will, as much delighted with the thoughts of doing the revenue, as at recovering their property.

The greater number had been thus secured when the rain ceased, and the clouds driving away, the smugglers were afraid of being seen by their opponents. They therefore secured the door of the nearly empty store, and all descending, unrove the rope from the breach of the gun to which it had been fastened, so as to leave no trace of their proceedings.

The next morning Lawson, on recovering from his tipsy slumbers, seeing the door closed, reported that all was right. Mr. Hogson was the first person to make the discovery that all was wrong, and his astonishment and rage may be more easily imagined than described. Nearly every tub of the rich prize had disappeared, and the lieutenant swore he was certain that little wicked vixen, Margaret Ramrod, had something to do with it.

Neither Serjeant Ramrod nor Lawson could in any way account for it, and as it would have been a subject of mirth to all their brother officers, who would not have shared in the prize, the authorities of Fairport thought it wiser not to say much on the subject. Several persons were suspected of having had a hand in the transaction, but the smugglers were known to be too true to each other to afford the remotest chance of discovering the culprits.

Soon after this Joe Rullock married Margaret Ramrod, and, wonderful to relate, foreswore smuggling ever after. Whether her persuasions, or from finding it no longer profitable, had most influence, is not known; at all events, he is now one of the most successful and active pilots belonging to Fairport, and though he does not mention names, he is very fond, among other stories, of telling how a certain friend of his did the revenue.

AN ESCAPE.

(Translated from the French of Dumas.)

A SHORT time after the 18th Brumaire, there was a revolution in Brittany and La Vendée. The First Consul, anxious to obtain peace, employed the likeliest measures to procure tranquility; but he tried to quell the disturbances in the west in vain. At this period a cadet of the Maillé family was sent by the Chouans from Brittany to Saumur, in order to establish a chain of intelligence between certain individuals of that town and the leaders of the royalist insurrection. Informed of this enterprise, the police of Paris had dispatched agents to seize the young emissary on his arrival at Saumur; where he was, in truth, arrested on the very day he reached it, in the disguise of a mariner. Having, however, calculated the chances of his undertaking, his papers and passports were so thoroughly in form, that his captors

were afraid they had mistaken their man; and the Chevalier de Beauvais played his part so cunningly, that he was very nearly regaining his liberty; but the alguazils preferring to commit an arbitrary act to letting escape an individual to whose capture the minister seemed to attach such importance, imprisoned him until such time as superior authority had decided on what was to be done with him. He was therefore closely guarded, and transferred to the Château de l'Escarpe, whose name indicates its situation. This fortress, placed upon rocks of immense height, has precipices for ramparts, and chasms for moats: on every side the approach is by steep and abrupt passes, the rocks rising up like gigantic spikes in all quarters round it; whilst, like almost all castellated buildings, the principal entrance was by a drawbridge.

The commandant of the prison, delighted in having the charge of a man of rank of agreeable manners, who expressed himself well, and who was more than commonly accomplished, received his captive as a providential boon, sent to relieve his *ennui*. The prisoner was therefore put upon his parole. Now, though De Beauvais was an honourable fellow, he was also a very handsome one. In addition to a fine figure, a bold and resolute air, and a fascinating address, he possessed great muscular strength. Well set, agile, enterprising, and loving danger, he seemed formed to become the leader of a party.

The commandant assigned to him the most commodious apartment in the citadel—admitted him to his table—and at first did nothing but boast of his Vendean captive. But he was married and—a Corsican. His wife, young and beautiful, and (as De Beauvais, during his existence, continued to declare) pure and innocent, was watched with that intent jealousy which is so peculiarly the characteristic of a Corsican husband. This lady was pleased with De Beauvais—De Beauvais was pleased with the lady; their mutual satisfaction with each other did not decrease with the familiarity that sprang from their domesticating together like brother and sister; perhaps it increased in degree, for love grows rapidly in the soil of a prison. On the gentleman's side it assuredly did; but it has ever remained in obscurity whether he dared to reveal to the lady the nature of his affection. All that is known is, that the commandant's worst passions were aroused; he suddenly deemed it his duty to exercise rigorous treatment towards his erewhile favoured prisoner, who was then confined to a turret, put upon black bread and water, and all the other unpleasant accessories of captivity.

This turret, situated under the platform, was vaulted with stone, the walls being of desperate thickness, and it overlooked the steepest part of the precipice. When poor De Beauvais saw the impossibility of an evasion, he fell into those reveries, which are both the despair and the consolation of a prisoner. He occupied himself with those trifles that become to such as are similarly situated grand affairs; he counted the hours as well as the days; he began his apprenticeship to captivity, and with it learnt to appreciate liberty and the open air. At the end of fifteen days he was seized with that craving fever for escape which stimulates the captive to the most daring sublimities, whose wonderful results seem to us as inexplicable as they are real.

One morning his jailor, who had the care of bringing him food, instead of retiring as soon as he had placed the meagre allowance beside him, seemed to hesitate at the door, crossing his arms, and regarding him significantly. Hitherto the conversation between them had been brief, confining itself to few things, and never commenced by the custodian. The Chevalier was therefore much surprised to hear this man address him: "Monsieur," said he, "you have no doubt some reason for assuming the name of Citizen Lelue, but that is no affair of mine. It is all one to me whether you call yourself Peter or Paul. This I know"—winking his eye—"that you are the Chevalier De Beauvais, cousin of the Duchess de Maillé. Well?" And he looked triumphantly at the prisoner, who, seeing himself incarcerated beyond hope of release, did not think it would make things worse if he confessed his real name.

"Suppose I were the Chevalier De Beauvais," said he, "of what use is the knowledge of the fact to you?"

"Oh, of all the use in the world," replied the turnkey, in a low voice. "Listen! I have received money to facilitate your escape; but if I were to be suspected of the slightest thing of the sort, I should be shot without a moment's warning. However, to gain a little gold, I don't mind meddling in this matter. There, monsieur, is a little key" (taking a small file from his pouch); "with this you can saw through the iron bars of the window. By our lady, it is not very convenient," added he, looking at the narrow aperture which admitted light into the tower-chamber. It was a sort of bay-window, constructed above the parapet that ran round the outside of the turret, and among those large projecting stones which served both to support and ornament the battlements.—"Mind you saw away enough of the iron to admit of your passing through, monsieur."

"Never fear—I'll do so," said De Beauvais.

"But," added the man, "leave the highest bar untouched, in order that you may fix your rope to it."

"And the rope—where is it?"

"Here;" throwing him the desired article, knotted into steps to form a ladder: "it is made of linen, to lead them to suppose it your own fabrication; and it is exactly the right length. When you have got to the last step, drop down gently: the rest is your own affair. Perhaps you may find some of your friends in attendance to ensure your flight. I need not tell you that there is a sentinel to the right, so you had better choose a dark night, and watch your opportunity, by which you may escape a bullet."

"Very well, my friend," said the happy prisoner; "I shall not rot here, be assured."

"Ah! as well rot here as elsewhere," said the turnkey, with an idiotic smile.

De Beauvais took the remark as only one of those stupid comments which escape from the ignorant or the apathetic—the expectation of regaining his freedom making him so merry that he scarcely knew what he was about. He set to work on the instant, and at the close of day had sawn through the bars. Fearing a visit from the commandant, he concealed his work by covering over the cuttings with crumbs of bread, rubbed over with rust to give them the colour of iron. But he might have spared himself the trouble—the commandant came not. With that concentrated impatience and profound agitation which dramatize the life of a captive, he awaited for a favourable night; and at length, one dark autumnal evening, he cut through the remaining portions of the bars, fixed firmly the ladder of linen, and towards morning, when the sentinels were most likely to be sleepy, if not asleep—when the last sounds of the patrol had passed—and when the nearest watchman had gone out of reach of hearing—periods which a captive knows almost intuitively—he forced himself through the opening, and commenced his descent, step by step, between heaven and earth, holding the cords with the strength of a giant.

All went well: at the last step but one—he knew their number, and had counted them as he descended—a thought struck him as he was about to let himself drop down. He stretched out his foot to search for the ground, but did not reach it. His situation was rather an embarrassing one for a man perspiring

with fatigue, perplexed as to the distance that might remain for him to leap, and playing a game for life or death. However, the space from the ground could not be very great, and he was on the point of dropping down, when a frivolous cause prevented him. His cap fell off—he listened for the sound it would make when it touched the ground, for it was not light, but heavy—but he heard nothing. Vague fears and suspicions arose within him; what if the commandant had planned a snare for him? What if beneath him gaped some swallowing chasm, some perilous pit, destined to be his grave? A prey to uncertainty, he resolved on deferring his attempt till another night. His unusual strength enabled him to remount the ladder—a far greater labour than the descent—but when he once more rested on the stonework outside the window, it was nearly gone. Presently the feeble light of morning began to show the real state of affairs, and casting his eyes below, he saw that between the last step of the ladder and the jagged points of the rocks, *there was at least a distance of a hundred feet!*

"Thank you, commandant," said he, with constitutional coolness—"I owe you one!"

Reflecting on this dreadful and diabolical stratagem, he still judged it necessary to re-enter the tower. He left the ladder of linen dangling from the window, to make the jailer believe that their plot had succeeded; and crouching quietly behind the door, awaited his arrival, holding in his hand the largest and thickest bar he had sawn from the window. Nor was it long ere the turnkey came—earlier, indeed, than was his wont—doubtless in the persuasion that the vengeance of his employer had been accomplished. He entered, whistling; but no sooner had he taken a few steps into the room, than De Beauvais struck him so violent a blow on the head, that the traitor fell like a mass, without uttering a single cry. The Chevalier stripping him of his apparel, arrayed himself in it, and imitating the gait and manner of his jailer as near as he could, proceeded down stairs. Thanks to the early hour, he met nobody; and without any difficulty effected his exit from the chateau.

AN UNPLEASANT PREDICAMENT.

"Is it how I got this ugly limp you'd like to know?" asked Heff O'Hara, as we sat together one evening with a cooper of cool claret beside us in the Kildare Street Club; "then it's myself will be after telling you in as many words."

"Sure you must know that about twelve or a dozen years ago, when field-days were rather the fashion, we had a little whipper-snapper sort of a chap, an honorary member of this club; to which he had got admitted when serving as a full-pay ensign in one of our militia regiments, for the devil another way we'd ever have let him in. Well, sir, he was a cross-grained, consequential sort of a little chap, who was always talking of fighting, and horse-whipping, and exchanging cards, and all that sort of thing; which made some of us explain our notions on the subject; the which, however, he took in good part, and declared he would not quarrel with us for the world. As for myself, I never liked the Buckeen; for, you see, he had been bred in the north, or in England, or somewhere where they are accustomed to think it mighty grand to talk of the "Irish brogue," and "Irish bulls," and all that. So, you see, I never much took to him, more particularly as I heard he had a queer knack of being very rude to the ladies, and very civil to their brothers; although to hear him spake, the devil runaway with me but you'd think he'd swallow a rijment."

"Well, sir, you must know, in those days, in the street here beyond, there lived two gentlemen called O'Brien. They had houses next door to each other, and people said they were cousins. But anyhow, they were very different men; for Mickey, who came from Tipperary, had been out at least a dozen times, and killed his man more than once in gallant

style; while Roger, who came from Donegal, was one of the most arrant curs in Dublin. Well sir, it was just daybreak in the good old times, when we used to sit here till morning, I met Tommy Sharp (sure that's the name of the little fellow I was talking about,) coming round the corner of Nassau Street in the devil's own hurry.

"Where are you going, Tommy?" says I.

"Come along with me, Major," says he; and with that he catches hold of my arm. Now you see I would have got rid of the conceited little cur, but says he, 'Come along Major; I'm bail you'll be amused; I'm going to pull O'Brien's nose; a dirty blackguard. He's been trying to cut me out with Biddy Macgrath, and the deuce a one of me that will stand it.'

"Which of the O'Briens is it?" says I.

"O'Brien of Kildare Street," says he.

"What's his Christian name?—for, you see, I began to smell a rat."

"It's not myself that knows or cares," says he walking along as proud as a peacock.

"You'll catch a tartar," thought I; but I said no more till we came to the two houses. He knocked at the door at the first, where he saw the name of O'Brien on the brass plate.

"Is Mr. O'Brien at home?" says he.

"Sure, he's not up," says the maid who opened the door.

"Not up? not up?" said the little fellow, with the air of a Galway grenadier; "go then, if you please, and tell him to get up as soon as possible."

"Maybe," said the maid, "I'll be telling him who sent me."

"Of course," said Tommy; "and tell him to

make haste, too,' and he handed his finely-scented card to the girl, who went to call her master.

"'We'll have some fun here,' thinks I to myself; for I knew we were in the house of Mickey O'Brien, who wouldn't take this unusual disturbance very easily.

"Well presently we heard the steps of the gentleman descending with what I call 'a cross-grained walk'; and in another moment in came Mickey, dressed in his best dressing-gown, and looking for all the world as if he'd like to eat us all. He nodded to me, and seemed *rather* surprised that I should be there. Then, turning to Tommy, he asked him his business.

"Tommy began stammering, and hemming, and hawing, for he didn't like the looks of Mickey; but, in order to make sure of his man, 'You are Mr. O'Brien, I'm thinking?' says he.

"Mickey bowed, and Tommy began to grow courageous, for he had heard for certain that Mr. O'Brien (meaning the other) was a notorious coward. So up he walks to Mickey, and, says he, 'You have dared to interfere with my attentions to Miss Biddy Macgrath; and now you must altogether promise to forego all further acquaintance with her, or take the consequences,' and little Tommy nearly inflated himself to bursting. 'The storm's coming,' thought I; but sure I was mistaken, for says Mickey, in the mildest mode imaginable, 'Sure, I never saw Miss Macgrath in the whole course of my life, and so I'll give up with pleasure to you: but, having said so much, may I ask what the consequences were you were good enough to allude to?'

"Mickey's civility made the little man's courage rise to an ungovernable pitch; so says he, 'If you hadn't, I'd have *pulled your nose*; but, as it is, I wish you a good morning.'

"'Stop, my fine hop-o'-my-thumb,' suddenly roared Mickey, in a voice that made us both jump,—"stop!"

"'I don't see any occasion to do so,' says Sharp.

"'I'll be d—d, but I do,' says Mickey; so, without further shrift he catches a-hold of the militia man, and lugged him back into the middle of the room, and then says he, 'You miserable, little, undersized blackguard, is it to escape you think you're going so aisy? By dad! you don't know Mickey O'Brien at all at all, if you think so. Ye come, ye scum of the world, to a gentleman's house at seven o'clock in the morning,—make him rise from his bed,—address him in a tone which no Irish gentleman hears twice without a pistol-shot, and then conclude by talking of pulling the gentleman's nose. By the mother of Moses, my fine fat lad, you don't go till we understand each other. Mr. Sharp, you shall find Mickey O'Brien is no flat, good luck to him.'

"The little northern stood petrified, absolutely pale with fear, and his two knees knocking together. 'Sure,' says he, 'there's some mistake here.'

"'Divil a mistake,' says Mickey; 'It's quite otherwise. So, if you'll do me the favor to wait an instant, I'll run up and bring the irons. We can settle this job on the spot.'

"'On the spot! Good God! sir, what do you mean? In this room?'

"'Sure, why not?' says Mickey. 'By standing corner-ways, we have ten good paces; and Major O'Hara will see fair play on both sides.'

"'Sir,' chimed in Tommy, 'I'll not fight. It's a mistake; and, having said so much, I shall say no more. You have never injured me, nor was it my intention to injure you; so you see it would be ridiculous to risk our lives for nothing.'

"'So it would,' says O'Brien; 'so, as your blood wants a little warming this morning, take that.' And he boxed little Tommy's ears soundly.

"Well, sir, Sharp looked vey red and very angry, but deuce a word did he say. I was all the time dying with laughter, enjoying the fun; and so I believe was O'Brien, for by this time he had quite recovered his good humour.

"'Sir, you've insulted me,' says Sharp.

"'So I intended,' says the other.

"'We must meet.'

"'I'm ready.'

"'Not here,' says Tommy, 'but some other time. You shall hear from me.'

"'Your friend's a coward,' says Mickey to me.

"Flesh and blood couldn't stand that, you know; so says I, 'That's not the case. He'll be ready for you in the Phoenix at two o'clock this evening, and I'll be with him; so bring a friend, and we'll have it all over before luncheon.' For you see, though I despised the fellow, yet, as I had come along with him, I was forced to stand up for him; and with that I took his arm and quit the house.

"Well, sir, two o'clock came, and sure we were on the ground; but oh! such a coward as my man was, never was seen. He trembled like a great big girl, and began crying, when he talked of making his last wishes known, and all that sort of thing. But for my own credit, you see, I hushed all this up, determined to tell him my mind afterwards. But now I encouraged him as much as I could, and got him tolerably well up to the scratch, though he nearly spoiled all by calling out and telling me to step longer when I was measuring the distance, and in his agitation cocking his pistol before we began to give the signal. At last, however, we put him on the ground.

"The signal was to be—'one,' pistols cocked; 'two,' raise the arm; 'three,' fire. Well, sir, I kept my eye fixed on my man's adversary, and cried, 'One—Two,' when suddenly I heard a roar of laughter, a screech of 'Hark away,' 'Stole away,' and a deal more fun. I looked round. By the piper of Tralee! Tommy was off full gallop across the country, running as if the devil himself was after him. I shouted, I called; but deuce an inch he turned. I then sent a shot after him, but missed him, as he just popped through a hedge; since which time I never clapped eyes on the runaway little blackguard.

"Of course, as an Irish gentleman, I returned to the spot, and as it would have been improper to have brought poor Mickey to the ground for nothing, I took his shot for the little man, and he winged me right through the knee,—ever since which time, you see, I've been lame."

"Is this the Captain Michael O'Brien I sometimes see here that you are speaking of?"

"Faith it is," said Heff. "He's the greatest friend I have on earth. He's coming to sup with me here presently."

"What! after shooting you through the knee?"

"True for ye. If it hadn't been for that, I should niver married his sister."

THE HAUNTED MANOR-HOUSE OF PADDINGTON.

THE old manor-house was now a gloomy ruin. It was surrounded by an old-fashioned, spacious garden, overgrown with weeds; but, in the drowsy and half-veiled light of an April dawn, looking almost as beautiful as if it had been kept in trim order. The gravel-walks were green with moss and grass, and the fruit-trees, trained against the wall, shot out a plentiful overgrowth of wild branches which hung unprofitably over the borders. A rank crop of thistles, bind-weed and groundsel, choked the beds, over which the slimy trace of slugs and snails shone in the horizontal gleam of the uprising sun. The noble elms, which stood about the lawn in groups, were the only objects that did not bear the melancholy evidence of neglect. These 'giants of the wood' thrive best when not interfered with by man.

Scarcely a single window-pane was unbroken in the old house; the roof was untiled; the brick-work at the lower part of the building was without mortar, and seemed crumbling with damp; and many of the shutters, which in the dwellings of that date were fixed outside the windows, hung dangling upon one rusty hinge. The entrance-door, of which the lintel had either dropped from its socket or been forced away, was fastened to the side frame by a padlock.

All was silent, deserted, desolate; nor did the aspect of the tenement tend to dissipate, by any exhibition of beauty, either in outline, colour, or detached parts, the heavy, unimaginative melancholy which the view of it inspired. It was a square, red brick house, large enough indeed to contain many rooms, and were it in good repair, to accommodate even a wealthy family; but it was utterly destitute of external interest. It had no pointed roof, no fantastic gables, no grotesque projections, no pleasant porch, in the angles of which the rose and the honeysuckle could ascend, or the ivy cling, nor any twisted and spiral chimneys, like those which surmounted the truly English and picturesque homes built in the Elizabethan era, and which, together with the rich and glorious poetry of that time, gave way to the smooth neatness cultivated during the reign of William and Mary, to which epoch the Paddington Manor-House might be referred.

Two men stood, in the silence of an April morning, contemplating the deserted scene. One of them appeared to know something of its history, and, yielding to the entreaty of his companion, related the following story:

"Ten years ago," said he, "there dwelt in this house a man of high repute for virtue and piety. He had no wife nor children, but he lived with much liberality, and kept many servants. He was constant in his attendance at church, and gladdened the hearts of the neighbouring poor by the frequency of his almsgiving.

"His fame among his neighbours was increased by his great hospitality. Scarcely a day passed without his entertaining some of them with feasts at his house, when his conversation was admired, his judgment appealed to as something more than ordinarily wise, his decisions considered final, and his jokes received with hearty laughter; according to the time-hallowed and dutiful practice of guests at the tables of rich men.

"Nothing could exceed the costliness and rarity of this man's wines, the lavish profusion of his plate, nor the splendour of his rooms—*these very rooms!*—which were decorated with the richest furniture, the most costly specimens of the Italian and Flemish schools of painting, and resounded nightly with the harmony of dainty madrigals.

"One summer evening, after a sumptuous dinner had been enjoyed by himself and a numerous party, the weather being very sultry, a proposal was made by the host that the wine and dessert should be taken to the lawn, and that the revelry should be prolonged under the shade of the leafy elms which stood about the garden in groups, as now you see them. The company accordingly adjourned thither, and great was the merriment beneath the green boughs which hung over the table in heavy masses, and loud the songs in the sweet air of evening.

"Twilight came on; but still the happy revellers were loth to leave the spot, which seemed sacred to wine and music, and indolent enjoyment. The leaves which canopied them were motionless; even those which hung on the extreme point of the tenderest sprays, quivered not. One shining star, poised in the clear ether, seemed to look down with curious gaze on the jocund scene; and the soft west wind had breathed its last drowsy evening hymn. The calm, indeed, was so perfect that the master of the house ordered lights to be brought there where they sat, that the out-of-door carouse might be still enjoyed.

"'Hang care!' exclaimed he. 'This is a delicious evening; the wine has a finer relish here than in the house, and the song is more exciting and melodious under the tranquil sky than in the close room, where the sound is stifled. Come, let us have a bacchanalian chant—let us, with old Sir Toby, make the welkin dance and rouse the night-owl with a catch! I am right merry. Pass the bottle, and tune your voices—a catch, a catch! The lights will be here anon.'

"Thus he spoke; but his merriment seemed forced and unnatural. A grievous change awaited him.

"As one of the servants was proceeding from the house with a flambeau in his hand, to light the tapers already placed on the table, he saw in the walk leading from the outer gate, a matron of lofty bearing, in widow's weeds, whose skin, as the rays of the torch fell on it, looked white as the monumental effigy, and made a ghastly contrast with her black robe. Her face was like that of the grisly phantom, Death-in-life; it was rigid and sunken; but her eyes glanced about from their hollow sockets with a restless motion, and her brow was knit as if in anger. A corpse-like infant was in her arms; and she paced with proud and stately tread towards the spot where the master of the house, apparently

'Merry in heart and filled with swelling wine,'

was sitting among his jovial friends.

"The servant shuddered as he beheld the strange intruder; but he, too, had partaken of the good cheer, and felt bolder than usual. Mustering up his courage, he faced the awful woman, and demanded her errand.

"'I seek your master,' said she.

"'He is engaged, and cannot be interrupted,' re-

plied the man. 'Ugh! turn your face from me—I like not your looks. You are enough to freeze one's very blood.'

"'Fool!' returned the woman. 'Your master must see me.' And she pushed the servant aside.

"The menial shivered at the touch of her hand, which was heavy and cold, like marble. He felt as if rooted to the spot; he could not move to follow her as she walked on to the scene of the banquet.

"On arriving at the spot, she drew herself up beside the host, and stood there without uttering a word! He saw her, and shook in every joint. The song ceased; the guests were speechless with amazement, and sat like petrifications, bending their gaze one way towards the strange and solemn figure which confronted them.

"'Why comest thou here?' at length demanded the rich man, in low and gasping accents. 'Vanish! Who opened the vault to let thee forth? Thou shouldst be a hundred miles away. Sink again into the earth! Hence, horrible thing! Delusion of hell! Dead creature! Ghost! Hence! What seekest thou? What can I do to keep thee in the grave? I will resign thy lands: to whom shall they be given? Thy child is dead. Who is now thy heir? Speak, and be invisible!'

"The pale woman stooped with unseemly effort, as if an image of stone were to bend, and whispered something in the ear of her questioner, which made him tremble still more violently. Then beckoning him, she passed through the deepening twilight towards the house, while he, with bristling hair and faltering gait, followed her. The terror-stricken man, the gaunt woman, and white child, looked like three corpses moving in the heavy and uncertain shades of evening, against the order of nature.

"After waiting an hour for their friend's return, the guests, who had now recovered from their first panic, became impatient to solve the mystery, and determined to seek the owner of the house, and offer such comfort as his evident trepidation required. They accordingly directed their steps towards the room into which they were informed the woman and child, and their host, had entered.

"On approaching the door, piteous groans, and incoherent exclamations were heard; above which these words were plainly audible in a female voice: 'Remember what I have said! Think of my slaughtered husband! A more terrible intruder will some night come to thy house! Thou shalt perish here and hereafter!'

"Hearing these groans and these menaces, the party instantly burst into the room, followed by a servant with a light. The man, whose face was buried in his hands, was standing alone. But, as his friends gazed around in amazement, a shadow of the woman with the infant in her arms was seen to flicker on the wall, as if moved about uncouthly by a faint wind. By degrees it faded entirely away. No one knew how the stately widow herself had disappeared, nor by what means she had obtained admittance through the outer gate.

"To the earnest inquiries of his friends the host would give no answer; and the party left the place perplexed with fearful thoughts. From that time no feasts were given in the Manor House. The apartment where the secret interview took place, and which is, to this day, called 'THE ROOM OF THE SHADOW,'

was closed, and, it is said, has never since been opened. It is the chamber immediately above this, and is now the haunt of bats, and other night-birds.

"After having lived here several years in comparative solitude, a mortal sickness came upon the owner of the house. But, if his bodily sufferings were grievous to behold, the agony of his mind seemed tenfold greater, so that the friends who called to cheer him in his malady were amazed to see one of so pure a life (as they thought) given over to remorse. He felt that he must shortly appear before the Supreme Judge; and the anticipated terrors of the judgment were already upon his spirit. His countenance underwent many ghastly changes, and the sweat of dismal suffering poured in heavy beads from his face and breast.

"The throes of his conscience were too strong to be any longer endured and hidden; and, summoning one or two of his neighbours to his bedside, he confessed many sins of which he had been guilty in another part of England; he had, he said, enriched himself by the ruin of widows and orphans; and, he added, that the accursed lust for gold had made him a murderer.

"It was in vain that the pastor of the parish, who saw his bitter agony, strove to absolve him of his manifold crimes. He could not be comforted. His works, and alms, and all the good endeavours of the latter years of his life were of no avail. They were as chaff, and flew off from the weight of his transgressions. The vengeance of eternal fire haunted him while living, and he did not dare even to pray. 'Alas! my friends,' said he, to those who besought him to lift up his voice in supplication to the Most High, 'I have no heart to pray, for I am already condemned! Hell is even now in my soul, there to burn for ever. Resign me, I pray you, to my lost condition, and to the fiends hovering around to seize me.'

"The menace of the strange woman was now about to be fulfilled.

"On the last night of this person's miserable life, one of his neighbours, a benevolent and pious man, sat up with the expiring wretch by his bed-side. He had for some time fallen into a state of stupor, being afraid to look any human being in the face, or even to open his eyes. He slept, or seemed to sleep for a while; then suddenly arousing himself, he appeared to be in intolerable agitation of body and mind, and with an indescribable expression of countenance, shrieked out, 'Oh the intolerable horrors of damnation!'

"Midnight had now arrived. The servants were in bed, and no one was stirring in the house but the old nurse, and the friend who watched the last moments of the sufferer. All was in quiet profound as that of the sepulchre; when suddenly the sound of loud and impatient footsteps was heard in the room adjoining the forlorn man's bed-chamber.

"'What can that be?' said the nurse under her breath, and with an expression of ghastly alarm. 'Hark! the noise continues!'

"'Is any one up in the house?' inquired the friend.

"'No: besides, would a servant dare to tramp with such violence about the next room to that of his dying master?'

"The gentleman snatched up a lamp, and went forth into the next chamber. It was empty! but

still the footsteps sounded loudly as those of a person waiting in angry impatience.

"Bewildered and aghast, the friend returned to the bedside of the wretch, and could not find utterance to tell the nurse what had been the result of his examination of the adjoining room.

"For the love of heaven!" exclaimed the woman, 'speak! tell me what you have seen in the next chamber. Who is there? Why do you look so pale? What has made you dumb? Hark! The noise of the footsteps grows louder and louder. Oh! how I wish I had never entered this accursed house—this house abhorred of God and man!'

"Meanwhile, the sound of the horrid footsteps grew not only louder, but quicker and more impatient.

"The scene of their trampling was, after a time, changed. They approached the sick man's room, and were heard—plainly heard—close by the bedside of the dying wretch, whose nurse and friend stared with speechless terror upon the floor, which sounded and shook as the invisible foot-falls passed over it.

"Something is here—something terrible—in this very room, and close to us, though we cannot see it!" whispered the gentleman in panting accents to his companion. 'Go up stairs and call the servants, and let all in the house assemble here.'

"I dare not move," exclaimed the trembling woman. 'My brain—my brain! I am faint—I shall go mad! Let us fly from this place—the fiend is here. Help! Help! in the name of the Almighty.'

"Be composed, I beseech you," said the gentleman, in a voice scarcely audible. 'Recall your scattered senses. I too should be scared to death, did I not with a strong effort keep down the mad throbbings that torment me. Recollect our duty. We are Christians, and must not abandon the expiring man. God will protect us. Merciful Heaven!' he continued, with a frenzied glance into the shadowy recesses of the chamber, 'Listen! the noise is stronger than

ever—those iron footsteps!—and still we cannot discern the cause! Go and bring some companions—some human faces—our own are transformed!'

"The nurse, thus adjured, left the demon-haunted apartment with a visage white as snow; and the benevolent friend, whose spirits had been subdued by long watching in the chamber of death, and by witnessing the sick man's agony and remorse, became, now that he was left alone, wild and frantic. Assuming a courage from the very intensity of fear, he shrieked out in a voice which scarcely sounded like his own, 'What art thou, execrable thing! that comest at this dead hour? Speak, if thou canst; show thyself, if thou darest!'

"These cries roused the dying man from the miserable slumber into which he had fallen. He opened his glassy eyes—gasped for utterance, and seemed as though he would now have prayed—prayed in mortal anguish; but the words died in his throat. His lips quivered and seemed parched, as if by fire; they stood apart, and his clenched teeth grinned horribly. It was evident that he heard the footsteps; for an agony, fearful to behold, came over him. He arose in his bed—held out his arms, as if to keep off the approach of some hateful thing; and, having sat thus for a few moments, fell back, and with a dismal groan expired!

"From that very instant the sound of the footsteps was heard no more! Silence fell upon the room: when the nurse re-entered, followed by the servants, they found the sick man dead, with a face of horrible contortion—and his friend stretched on the floor in a swoon.

"The mortal part of the wretch was soon buried; and, after that time (the dismal story becoming generally known) no one would dare to inhabit the house, which gradually fell into decay, and got the fatal reputation of being haunted.'

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GIFTED.

"A poet could not sleep aright;
For his soul kept too much light
Under his eyelids for the night."

MANY years ago, in a green, quiet field, not far from Basingstoke, sat a poet with a book. Sometimes he looked upwards into the clear blue sky, or watched the cloud-shadows as they passed over the waving grass; and sometimes he looked down and read, or rather, seemed to read. He was about the middle size; of a pale complexion, with grey, dreamy-looking eyes, and a countenance of intense thoughtfulness. Presently a poor woman drew near, with a baby in her arms. The poet was struck with her wretched appearance, and instinctively felt for his purse, in order to relieve her; but forgetting his benevolent purpose even in the very act, he withdrew his hand and smiled, while the woman passed on with a disappointed air. But the smile was not one of mockery; just so he had smiled upon the birds and the flowers, and the little children as they stopped to

gaze on him; so that a casual observer might have supposed him to be what he was not—a happy man. All around him were lights, and forms, and tints, and sounds of beauty; among which he sat like one who has been born blind. They called forth no delight, and awoke no train of sweet association: the golden chords of memory and imagination were jarred and out of tune, and a dark shadow hung over the genius which had once reflected back the loveliness of nature as in a poetic mirror.

Evening came slowly on, with all those indications and accompaniments which he had immortalized in times past: but the poet still sat, with his head bowed down upon his bosom, like one who sleeps without dreaming, until aroused by a cheerful voice at his side. It was the Rector of Winslade, himself something of a poet, besides being a man of profound and

unquestionable learning and abilities. He had now come from his study and his Greek translations, in search of his guest; and even as he spoke he passed his hand over his thoughtful brow, as if to clear away some of the erudite perplexities which still haunted him. "It is getting late," said he, "and the dew begins to fall: let us return."

The poet arose, and followed him, without a word.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed the Rector, pointing to the rose-coloured clouds which still lingered in the far-west, and looked as though they were fringed with gold.

"Cloud-land!" murmured his companion, with the same wandering smile. "Yes, it is very beautiful!"

Pleasant looked the little sitting-room at the Rectory, with the crimson curtains drawn close, and sweeping the floor; and the fire—for it was now the middle of autumn, when fires begin to look comfortable—blazing cheerfully on the hearth, as the young Rector said, they wanted no other light to talk by: but he had a better reason, and remembered with thoughtful kindness how the eyes of his companion grew every day weaker and weaker, and seemed, to use his own words, as if thousands of bright stars were constantly dancing before them; and yet, when he shut them, they ached still more, while the pain appeared to penetrate into his very brain.

"Do you recollect, William," said the Rector, "the first verses that we ever wrote, and sent to the 'Gentleman's Magazine;' and how anxious we were until we heard that they were accepted; and how beautiful they looked to us in print?"

"Yes," replied his companion. "Fame, like heaven, seemed nearer then than it has ever done since!"

"I remember that yours was entitled 'Verses to a Lady weeping,' and that it was much praised at the time."

"How long ago it seems! Let me see, we were then at—"

"Winchester."

"Yes, Winchester; and, what's his name? I always forget names—wrote with us. But he died, I think?"

"Many years since," replied the Rector.

"Poor fellow! but then it was for the best—everything is for the best. I wish—"

"You wish that you could always remember to think thus; and so do I too, William, with all my heart; but it is not in human nature."

"What is human nature?" asked the poet.

There was no answer, and both fell into a reverie, during which it was strange to watch the strongly marked profiles of the two friends, dancing in the firelight on the opposite wainscoat. The Rector found it at all times difficult to maintain a connected conversation with his guest, whose thoughts were perpetually starting off, and wandering away to a thousand different things. Sometimes he paused suddenly in the middle of what he was saying, or mistaking names and places—lost himself, as it were, in a labyrinth of words: at others he seemed to be gifted with a strange eloquence, a meteor-like brilliancy, which went out all at once, and left him in mental darkness. He was continually losing the thread of their discourse; and even when the clue was restored to him, he did not always know how to use it. His conversation, if it could be termed such, was, generally speaking, rambling and unconnected, in which

he miscalled everything they spoke of, confounding names and dates; so that it was difficult to follow or understand him. But now and then the poet-spirit glimmered out like a star—a falling-star—bright, startling, and gone for ever! His disorder was supposed, by those who knew him best, to be not so much alienation of mind as feebleness of body—a deficiency rather of his vital than his intellectual powers. The little that he could utter connectedly had oftentimes a deep meaning; but he was soon exhausted; and even after he had left off speaking, the pale lips might be seen still moving restlessly. He was like a lamp that has been scorched and shattered, but is still illuminated from within with a fitful brilliancy—a lamp that has been suffered to burn out too rapidly, and so has exhausted and destroyed itself. Well might the poet ask dreamily, "What is human nature?" A divine illumination only can solve the enigma, and reveal to us at once its weakness and its strength.

It was beautiful to see how the countenance of the poet lighted up when the name of some favourite author, mentioned by his friend, the Rector, flashed across his memory, bringing back a whole host of associations that came and vanished like ghosts, or, as when a torch is thrown into an abyss, revealing for a moment far-off objects, and then going out suddenly in darkness. He began a quotation eagerly; but recollection soon failed, and, weary and dispirited, he leant back, and wept like a child. Just then the Rector's bride—for he had not been long married—came in to make tea for them, chiding her husband in a playful manner for sitting in the dark, and speaking and laughing so cheerfully, although without addressing herself in particular to her wayward guest, that he soon recovered his composure, and seemed well content to watch her as she moved about, or took advantage of that dim firelight to press a fond kiss on the weary brow of her husband. The poet was passionately fond of music, and after tea was over, she played and sang to him until it was time to retire. He never thought to thank her, and she needed it not: it was enough to feel that she had soothed that restless spirit for a few brief hours.

At the earnest entreaties of his young wife, the Rector had given up his midnight studies; but on that particular evening he lingered longer than usual, sitting all alone by the blazing fire, with his head resting on his hand, while his countenance wore an expression of deep thought. It may be that he mused thus:—"Poor William! How fearful it is to see the wreck of a fine mind! How little either of us dreamt of this years ago, when we were schoolfellows together! And what am I, that I should be spared and blessed, and he stricken?" Or he might have been still puzzling over his Greek translation. His wife, when she crept in a few hours afterwards, found him in a sound sleep. "Poor Collins!" murmured the Rector, starting at her light touch, and still dreaming of the poet—"Poor human nature!" And then opening his eyes upon the loving countenance which bent over him, he added hastily—"I really beg your pardon, my dear: I am afraid I have transgressed again."

His pale and weary face won him a ready forgiveness; and going softly past the door of the poet's chamber, they heard him moaning and complaining in his troubled sleep.

The Rector of Winslade was Joseph Warton, afterwards the celebrated Dr. Warton; and his guest the unfortunate William Collins. They had, as we have before mentioned, been schoolfellows together; and the invitation of the latter was given with the hope that quiet and country air might exert a soothing influence over the world-wearied mind and enfeebled frame of the poet, whose mental and bodily capacities seemed to be utterly exhausted; it was too late, however, for it to have any permanent effect.

The history of William Collins has yet to be written, and the task belongs only to one with talent enough to appreciate, and tenderness to pity—one who has felt and triumphed over the infirmities of genius, retaining sufficient recollection of its manifold trials and temptations to make him very gentle in his judgment of another. We learn, from the vague accounts preserved of him, that the poet was distinguished while at college both for genius and indolence, and that, tired of the confinement of an academical life, and fondly imagining that his superior abilities must command success, he launched out his little bark, somewhat abruptly, into the ocean of literature, and was shipwrecked, as many have been before and since, with the same, and even greater talents. His sudden departure from college has been quoted as indicative of that fatal malady to which he subsequently fell a victim; but, after all, his was a very common delusion; and if this was insanity, thousands have lived and died mad besides Collins.

Abstract poetry possesses few admirers. Men seldom like what they cannot readily understand; and some of the writings of Collins are in a style of sentiment as utterly unintelligible to common capacities as if the subject were treated in an unknown language; of too high an order to suit the general taste, they never became popular. Such poets resemble stars that sit apart and sing in a bright orbit of their own. Alas! for the poet, yearning for the breath of human applause! Alas! for the wandering star! Heart-sick and disappointed, Collins is said to have burnt many copies of his first work with his own hands.

His friend, Dr. Johnson, tells us "that he was a visionary, and loved fairies and giants and monsters; that he delighted to roam through the meadows of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, and repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens!" Collins was a visionary also in other senses of the term; he had his visions of greatness, in the which many glorious works were designed but never completed: his visions of goodness, when his thoughts were angels, and his life mocked at them: his visions of the beautiful—never to be realized on earth! He held a lamp to others, and sat meanwhile in darkness. He strove to erect a ladder which should reach heaven, but slumbered himself at the very foot. His ideal was pure and lofty, but his daily life fell immeasurably below that high standard. His imagination was brilliant, but he wanted judgment; his disposition ardent, but versatile; his affections warm, but suffered to run to waste. Professing to scorn the opinions of his fellow-men, he yet toiled and maddened for their applause. His existence was a contradiction!

How touching is Carlyle's description of the internal conflict perpetually raging in minds such as these: Collins himself might have sat for the picture, only that it is a general, not an individual portrait.

"The man of letters," he writes, "is not wholly

made up of spirit, but of clay and spirit mixed. Far from being the most enviable, his way of life is, perhaps, among the many modes by which an ardent mind endeavours to express its activity, the most thickly beset with suffering and degradation. Talent of any sort is generally accompanied with a peculiar fineness of sensibility; of genius this is the most essential constituent; and life in any shape has sorrows enough for hearts so formed. The employments of literature sharpen this natural tendency; the vexations that accompany them frequently exasperate it into morbid soreness. The cares and toils of literature are the business of life; its delights are too ethereal and two transient to furnish that perennial flow of satisfaction, coarse, but plentiful and substantial, of which happiness in this world of ours is made. So keen a temperament, with so little to restrain or satisfy, and so much to distress and tempt it, produces contradictions which few are adequate to reconcile. Hence the unhappiness of literary men; hence their faults and follies. Few spectacles are more afflicting than that of such a man, so gifted and so fated, so jostled and tossed to and fro in the rude bustle of life, the buffetings of which he is so little fitted to endure. Cherishing, it may be, the loftiest thoughts, and clogged with the meanest wants; of pure and holy purposes, yet ever driven from the straight path by the pressure of necessity, or the impulse of passion; thirsting for glory, and frequently in want of daily bread; hovering between the empyrean of his fancy and the squalid desert of reality; cramped and foiled in his most strenuous exertions; dissatisfied with his best performances, disgusted with his fortune, the man of letters too often spends his weary days in conflicts with obscure misery; harrassed, chagrined, debased or maddened; the victim at once of tragedy and farce; the last forlorn outpost in the war of Mind against Matter!"

The history of genius is not, however, always written in tears, but has its bright as well as its dark side. Where it is not so we may lament over the shadow that has fallen upon its greatness, but we must forbear to judge.

Collins soon grew weary of his quiet life at Winslade, and returned to town; but his restless spirit went with him. He was soon afterwards enabled, by the possession of a small legacy, to gratify its yearnings, fondly hoping that travelling, with change of scene, was all that he required. It was, however, too late. He again sank into a species of melancholy and intellectual weakness, and languished for many years under that depression of mind which enchains the faculties without destroying them, and leaves reason the knowledge of right without the power of pursuing it. In order to relieve this, he is said to have resorted to intoxication; but we willingly draw a veil over this portion of his life. If the sin was great, so also was the temptation, with perhaps but little capability of resistance. The consciousness of our own wanderings of heart, our own errors, should make us very gentle and loveful in our judgment of others, and teach us rather to leave all judgment to Him whose name is Love.

Collins died at Chichester, his native place, in his thirty-ninth year; and there, in that old cathedral, where his wild shrieks were wont to echo through the cloisters in a most appalling manner, is a monument by Flaxman to the memory of the poet. Truly

may it be said of him, "that God unloosed his weary star!"

In the, for the most part, melancholy history of William Collins there is one bright page—one golden leaf upon which we love to linger, and the perusal of which we have reserved until the last. The record is supplied by his friend, the celebrated Dr. Johnson, who everywhere speaks of him with the utmost tenderness and compassion. We learn from him that the poet, in all his wanderings, travelled with no companion but an English Testament; nay, he even gives his own language in reference to it:—

"'I have but one book,' said Collins, 'and that is the best!'"

To us there is not a sentence in all his writings so sweet as this; and we love to fancy him in his lucid intervals, "clothed and in his right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus."

We remember once seeing a picture of Collins in his study, or rather at his studies; for we fancy that the poet could have had no regular studio. The attenuated form; the grey, expressive eyes; the fixed, sedate aspect, which, from intense thought, had settled into an habitual frown, were all faithfully delineated. An hour-glass stood upon the table before him, with the sand nearly run out; while books and papers lay scattered carelessly around. An air of gloom hung over the whole picture, which was only relieved by one ray of light that penetrated through an opposite window, and glancing across the thoughtful brow of the poet, rested with a golden radiance like a glory upon an open volume by his side. We recollect pointing to it exultingly as "*the one book!*" and that the artist was pleased with the idea, although he had meant it not; and that he even talked of inscribing upon that open page a portion of the beautiful and appropriate language of Holy Writ. "Come unto

me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." But the artist died, and the picture was never altered.

We must not finish this our slight sketch, or rather our shadowy outline—which we would fain see filled up by some master hand—without some mention of the unquestionable genius of the poet. "The style of Collins," says one of his biographers, "is clear and strong, and his numbers harmonious. He was well acquainted with Æschylus and Euripides, and drew deep from their inspired fountains. His imagination had a certain wild grandeur, verging on the borders of the extravagant, and wonderfully poetical. His 'Ode to the Passions' must ever be ranked with the 'St. Cecilia' of Dryden, and the 'Bard' of Gray, as among the boldest and the brightest efforts of the lyric muse." Dr. Knox speaks of his genius as in some measure resembling that of Tickell: "Dignity, solemnity, and pathos," he writes, "are the striking features of his compositions. None but a true poet *could* have written his song over *Fidèle*, in Shakspeare's 'Cymbeline.'" A low, sad, and prophetic note runs through the music of all his poetry, which was sometimes strangely sweet, and full of a wild, figurative, and picturesque beauty; notwithstanding which, Collins will find but few readers, and fewer still admirers.

We had selected and arranged our flowers of sad thought, bringing, as Montaigne says, little of our own, save the thread that ties them; we had strung together our beads of memory, and were telling them over with tears. "Alas! for human nature!" we felt ready to exclaim, "Alas! for human genius!" And then the recollection of the book—*the one book*—that the poet so loved, fell sweetly and soothingly upon our heart.

NOVELS FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH OF OEHLenschLAeGER.

NO. I.—REICHMUTH.

In the year 1571, a very wealthy burgomaster of Cologne had the misfortune, after two years of perfect domestic happiness, to lose his wife, Reichmuth. As all the world knows, the principal church in Cologne is St. Peter's, the cathedral; and it is indeed the finest and most magnificent structure in Germany, whatever some architects may say of its want of finish. In a little chapel built in one of the vaults under the choir, was placed the coffin of Reichmuth. Those were days when the taste for splendour and pomp was extended beyond the grave, so that the poor deceased was clothed as a bride in richly embroidered silk, and adorned with fresh wreaths of flowers; even her cold and stiff fingers were loaded with costly and sparkling rings. There, then, lay the beauteous Reichmuth, the gorgeousness of whose apparel could be seen through the glazed pannels of her coffin, and there she was surrounded by the tombs of her ancestry.

The noble Adocht, her husband, had, with heavy heart accompanied the sad procession to the church,

and with sorrow were the deep tones of the bell ringing a mournful peal heard through the ancient city. The pious fathers had now performed with their greatest ceremony the solemn service for the dead; the chaunt was over, the vellum books on the massy desks were closed, the harmonious voices and deep toned instruments silent, the mourning assistants, who had with sad feelings sprinkled the coffin with holy water, gone; and cold in death, yet resplendent in attire, lay Reichmuth alone in her chapel. Nought now moved within the mighty pile save the monstrous clock; and awful was it to hear its regular tic-tac resound amidst the still graves and the antique effigies of the saints!

It was a wretched evening in November, on which poor Peter Bolt, the grave-digger of the cathedral, returned from the magnificent funeral of Reichmuth. At home he found that he had another child, and such was his poverty that he had hitherto but miserably supported his wife and daughter. His wife was very ill, and his daughter too young to be of much

use. Often in his time of need had he applied to the Jew, Isaac, who, on receiving pledges, helped him with a small sum. Now Peter had nothing more to pledge, but he trusted much to Isaac's compassion; but that was a daring trust indeed. Timidly he knocked at the usurer's door. Isaac heard his tale of suffering, broken as it was by tears and sighs; and told him jocosely in answer that he could not lend money on a new born child, and that tears and sighs were not any security on which a reasonable man could depend. So the unlucky Bolt had to go back towards his miserable home again. The wealthy prelates of the cathedral he had already appealed to, but they had dismissed him with trifling alms; so to them he could go no more.

It was a dark night; the half-thawed snow fell moistly on the pavement before the cathedral, and poor Peter could not find his way across the market-place, often as he had traversed it, so hazy was the weather, and so absorbed was he in reflecting on his misery. He stood on the steps leading to the portal of the cathedral, waiting for a clearing of the weather, and musing on his misfortunes. The clock had just struck a quarter to twelve, when a sudden thought flashed like lightning through Bolt's head. The poor man beheld, as in a dream, his wretched home, his unconscious little Mary playing with her doll, his sick wife and their new-born infant without the commonest necessities of life; then passed before him the chapel in the vault, and the gorgeous trappings of the coffin he had seen placed there in the day, and the garlands, silks, and jewels of Reichmuth. "What," mentally exclaimed he, "what can *she* want with them? What a splendid pledge for old Isaac would one of her rings be? Is it a sin to take from the dead to give to the living?"

With these thoughts he hastened towards his home, doubtfully revolving them over and over again in his mind; but the forced smile of misery with which his wife received him soon made him come to a resolution. He at once took his bunch of keys, his dark lantern, and turned back to the church.

It seemed as if the ground shook beneath his feet, and he quivered with fear; but a thought of what was passing at home drove him on. He trusted much to the dark and wretched weather, and the emptiness of the streets, and conceived himself safe from detection. He stood still for a moment on the steps undecided; but soon again taking heart, he put the keys in the old locks, turned them one after another as he was wont, and in a minute stood in the church, when he locked and barred the doors through which he had entered. His heart beat violently as he traversed the spacious aisles, and his hands shook so much that he was afraid every moment his light would fall or go out. He fancied that the polished oak cherubim on the screen would hold him back by his coat with their wings. "You need not be so frightened," said he to himself, in order to rouse up his courage. "It is altogether fancy that troubles and alarms you. Hundreds of times have you been here by night, and nothing ever hurt you." Alas! for Peter, his courage still was dormant.

Every time he passed an altar, with its lights and its holy images, it seemed to him that the effigies of the saints looked with threatening mien upon him; and especially was he alarmed at one painting, which represented the martyrdom of Saint Peter. When

Peter beheld the saint on the cross, with his head downwards and his silvery locks sweeping the earth, he fancied the mighty clock ticked more than usually loud, and he started back in affright from the altar. But he bethought himself of the great sin of Peter, and his mind reverted to the misery in his home, and he became bolder again. He passed the high altar, opened the choir, descended the stairs, passed through the long and narrow subterranean gallery, between rows of coffins, at length reached Reichmuth's chapel, and beheld her reposing in her gorgeous apparel, and decked with her dazzling ornaments; for the brilliants in her hair and the rings on her fingers sparkled even in the glimmering light of his lamp. He felt the cold damp of the vault, and his heart again misgave him; he tried to open the cover, but in awe desisted, for he fancied that Reichmuth frowned at him. "Had I time," thought he, "I would break open some other than this, and choose one where no trace of humanity was left." But anxiety not to remain long on the spot gave him a little courage. Reichmuth's coffin was the easiest, he supposed, to open; so he tried it with a crowbar, but without success, so strongly were the glass panes protected by iron wire; at length he managed—but not without fear and a cold clammy feeling—to break in the wooden panels. The crashing sound of the wood as it yielded made him feel more poignantly than all the rest he had done that he was in truth a sacrilegious robber. If before he had been alarmed by what was around him, he now in earnest feared what might happen to himself; indeed he would have given up his labours in the middle, had not the spring lock, which he was pressing with a quill, suddenly opened. Quickly he looked around, to discover if any one watched him: and seeing no one about, he fell on his knees, clasped his hands, and thus addressed the lifeless Reichmuth; "Holy deceased, forgive me! Thou needest not this splendour, or one single jewel which now decks thee, and even one would make a wretched living family happy." Reichmuth he fancied looked again more placid at these words, and he took her cold stiff hand, to slip one ring from off her finger. Who can portray his horror when he felt the cold clammy finger of the dead close upon his, and her hand grasp his own! Uttering a piercing cry, he dragged his hand away from that of Reichmuth, and, forgetting tools and lantern in his fright, he darted from the vault; terror gave him strength to fly, but not sense to find his way in the dark. Like a hare pursued by hounds, he dashed along the gallery, up the stairs, into the choir, and perhaps would have got out; but he ran against that great stone the people call the Teufelstein, and believe the Evil One himself cast through the arches, into the middle of the church. Against this, then, did the unlucky Peter run, just as the solemn hour of midnight pealed from the cathedral tower, and fell, like a dead man, on the ground. When he recovered he was still alone; but fear gave him wings, he rushed to the portal, opened it, passed out, crossed the market, and went straight to the burgo-master Adocht's house. The thought of his sin harassed him, and he felt that nothing but an open confession of it could save him, so he knocked loudly at Adocht's door.

All but one slept in Adocht's house; the wretched burgo-master himself was wakeful, reclining on the sofa where by his side had his beloved Reichmuth, so

often sat, resting his weary head on his hand, and gazing, with a sad expression of despair, on the portrait of his adored wife.

The violent knocks at the door aroused him, and he threw open the window to demand the meaning of the noise.

"Ah, noble master," cried Bolt, in answer to Adocht's inquiry, "it is I."

"What I?" asked the burgomaster.

"I, Peter Bolt, grave-digger of Saint Peter's. I have something of the utmost importance to reveal to you, noble burgomaster."

The varied thoughts of the funeral, Reichmuth, the vault where she now lay cold and lifeless, the grave-digger—all flashed across Adocht's mind, and he determined to hear what Peter had to reveal. So, taking his light, he descended and admitted him; and "Now," said he, "what have you to tell me?"

Peter threw himself at the burgomaster's feet, and confessed all that he had done; to which Adocht listened with surprise and consternation. His rage was mingled with pity; he ordered Bolt never to mention the matter to any, under the pain of being most severely punished; and in his own mind he determined at once to visit, himself, with the grave-digger, the vault where Reichmuth was buried: but Peter positively refused to enter it a second time.

"You will sooner," said Bolt, "get me to the gallows than induce me again to disturb the peace of the dead."

Adocht was most anxious to go—there was a glimmering ray of hope in his heart; yet he deeply felt for Bolt's condition, for the grave-digger trembled and sobbed, and told of his wife's state, and his newborn infant, and his wretched poverty, and he looked as pale as if he himself were an inhabitant of a churchyard. The burgomaster relieved his pressing need, told him to go home, and cautioned him again to keep silence on the events of that night.

Now did Adocht arouse his old servant. "Art thou afraid of the dead, Hans?" asked he.

"No, noble master," answered Hans; "they are not nearly so dangerous to deal with as the living."

"Wouldst thou, for instance, go into the cathedral at night?"

"Is it to go for a lawful purpose, master? for i'faith, I go not thither for curiosity. One must not make sport of sacred things."

"Dost believe in ghosts, Hans?"

"Yes, I do, noble burgomaster."

"And art afraid of them?"

"No, no, that I am not. I trust in heaven, and fear neither ghost nor goblin."

"Wilt thou follow me, now, into the cathedral? I have had a marvellous dream about my sainted wife. Methought she called to me, across the marketplace, from yonder tower. Come, then, Hans, take thy lantern and follow me, I command thee."

"That's enough! You are my master, and my magistrate, and I obey."

So Hans took up his lantern, and followed the burgomaster.

Adocht crossed with hurried steps, to the church. Hans was then obliged to go first with the light, and step very carefully, and observe the direction they had to take, so that they proceeded but slowly. Close by the entrance are the gilt rods, whereof one is placed

up every year the elector rules, that the length of his reign may be known.

"These rods are a good contrivance, master," said Hans; "one has only to look at them, and one at a glance can tell how long the pious lord elector has reigned over us sinful men."

The splendid marble monuments and the brass plates seemingly struck Hans; he asked his master to read the inscriptions, and bore himself much like a foreign traveller taking advantage of an opportunity to view the wonders of the church, though he had lived in Cologne all his sixty-four years, and had been many times every week in the cathedral.

Adocht understood his old servant's peculiarities; but as this behaviour did not advance, but delayed his purpose, he urged Hans on. At last they came to the high altar; but here all at once Hans stood still, and showed no disposition to go forward.

"Make haste, there," exclaimed the burgomaster, sharply, for he began to lose all patience, and his heart beat quickly in restless expectation of what might happen.

"All the good angels and saints support us!" muttered Hans between his chattering teeth; as he sought in his belt for his rosary.

"What sayest thou?" demanded Adocht.

"Do you not see who sits yonder, most noble burgomaster?" asked faintly the old Hans.

"Where?" inquired his master.

"Heaven forgive us, but there sits your sainted wife. See—by the altar, with a black cloth round her, and she drinks from the silver chalice." And saying this, Hans turned the light towards the vision, and it was actually visible. There she sat, clad in a long black cloth, holding to her pale lips, with her ghastly arm, the silver chalice.

Adocht's courage nearly failed him; but by a desperate effort, he cried out, "In heaven's name, Reichmuth, tell me, art thou real, or a vision only?"

"Ah!" answered a weak, trembling voice, "I am Reichmuth. You have buried me alive. I was in a swoon; but this drop of wine has brought me to life again. Come to me, dearest Adocht: I am not dead, but very faint; and, if I am not soon cared for, I must die."

Adocht rushed up to the altar and clasped the loved and now restored Reichmuth in his arms.

After Bolt's flight from the vault, Reichmuth, roused from her trance, awoke; but her first moments of consciousness were dreadful. In coming to herself she overturned by the motion of her arm, the light Bolt had laid on the coffin, and it went out. She looked around, but could not discover in the darkness where she was. She felt about her, but instead of warm bed clothes, her hands grasped thin silken attire. She touched her head, but gold ornaments and flowers met her touch. She knew not what to think; she was faint and timid, and it was pitch dark; still she considered, and felt with her hands about, and then, to her consternation, found that she lay enclosed in a small and narrow box. At this moment the snow-storm intermitted, and the clear bright moon shone brilliantly through the little window of the vault. Now Reichmuth saw where she was, and horror seized her. She sprang up, and the vaults resounded with her screams. The most horrible feeling that she was buried alive, and must die of hunger and thirst, all but maddened her; all the awful future was present to her mind. The

doors were locked; from the choir none could hear her cries; the windows were very high up, and outside them was a passage which few ever entered—days would elapse ere any one descended to the vaults, and in the meanwhile she must perish! All this flitted through her brain, and she dreaded the worst—she wrung her hands, and at the coffin and the dark cloth on it, and the vaults, she gazed and shivered with cold and fear. It was on the lid of her coffin she resolved to engrave, with her long nails, the history of her sufferings, as the only consolation for having endured them, and for the awful death which awaited her. Despair painted itself in her face; her blood froze in her veins from cold and fear. In this stress she sought around for something wherein to wrap herself, and found the black pall which lay beside her coffin. She covered her quivering frame with it, and the warmth she then felt gave her strength again. The moon still shone most brightly, and in her black garb poor Reichmuth knelt beneath the windows, and cried out, "Holy Lady! who watchest in the church above thine altar, I cannot now kneel before thine image, but thou art as present to me and as bright as that moonlight. Oh! help me! help me, and release me from this tomb!" After this prayer she directed her feeble steps to the door, and used all her strength in endeavouring to throw back the massy and rusty bolt. How great was her joy when she found that the door yielded to her efforts, and opened! She rushed, in a hurried pace, along, and soon got to the high altar; but her weakness was so great, that she feared lest she should faint again, when, luckily, she bethought herself that there was generally wine left at the back of the altar for the use of the priests at mass, and with a great effort she reached the spot, found a flask, and drank a little, which gave her more strength. None could with more faith and devotion than she

approach the holy sacrament in her hour of dire necessity, and life, indeed, did the wine restore to her. At that moment she beheld and heard her husband, and in an instant was clasped and warmed in his arms!

Adocht had his beloved wife taken home with so much precaution, that he effectually concealed the mode of her recovery. No words can tell how great was his joy when, on the next day, he found his Reichmuth restored to him in almost perfect health. The poor and wretched Bolt was not forgotten, but forgiven; for it was impossible not to feel moved by the misery which had driven him to the commission of that fault whereby Reichmuth was restored to her fond Adocht. Bolt judged himself with more severity than did the burgomaster, and he gave up his employment; for never again, deeming himself unworthy, would he be a servant of the holy church, and no power could induce him to remain in the cathedral after dusk.

Reichmuth took compassion on his wife, as Adocht did on him; they stood sponsors to the new-born infant, and holy indeed were their feelings when, of a clear sunlight morning, four days after her restoration to life, Reichmuth held in her arms over the font the little babe. The organ pealed, the chairs adorned with green bows, were resplendent with gold and silver, and the pews were filled with rejoicing citizens. The noble and now happy pair thanked God in heartfelt prayers, and resolved never to abandon the child whose miserable birth had been the cause of their present happiness. Thus did a mournful funeral end in a joyful baptism. The wealthy burgomaster spared not his old Rhenish on that day; casks and casks were rolled on to the market-place, started, and the wine quaffed by all comers to the long life, health, and happiness, of Adocht and Reichmuth.

BALLAD OF THE RHINE.

LAHNTHAL.

A DREAM come o'er me once, one sunny Sabbath afternoon,
In a winding glade of England, 'neath the leafy arch of June.
A hush of heat stilled everything, and sweet, sweet was the sleep
That made old Memory's honeyed tears rise from an urn so deep.
'Midst slumber's vista'd reach I saw a lone Bavarian maid
Come wandering with sad homeless smile up through the emerald shade.

She still looked back, as there was something that her young breast
Pined to leave;

And wept above the wild flowers, as 'twere sweet with them to
Grieve;

And with a garish fitfulness, like the last song of the swan,
She murmured of "Green willows leaning o'er the peaceful Lahn."

"Oh! buy my brooms, my merry maids, they are not half so fair
As the flaxen tendrils that the wind flings from your clouded hair;

But they were cut from willow-trees where home's sweet blessings
Twine,

And imaged with a loving truth from ringlets of the vine.
They will tell a pleasant tale, as none but fairy willows can,
For they breathed above my childhood—those old dwellers of the Lahn!

"How often hath the vesper hymn their drooping garlands
Thrilled,

When young and old beneath their shade the day's last tasks
Fulfilled;

And the river seemed to listen, as it gently stole away,
To the praise of Him who sceptereth mysterious night and day!

How often have we sat and sang till the low moon, faint and
wan,

Streamed o'er the dreaming willows—the old willows of the Lahn!

"How often hath their silvery sweep waved childish cares
away—

Their hushing whisper fallen like a nurse's roundelay;
And when at midnight's anxious watch we heard the old trunks
crack,

Have we looked around us to behold the reverend dead come
back!

For our fathers, and the men of old with whom our names began,
Reared their altars 'neath the willows—the grey willows of the Lahn!

"I hear the rustling welcome that at morning round us swept,
And the ever-sounding blessing that the moonlight slumber kept;
I see the soft and gem-like tears that dewy evening brought,
Hang glistening on the gossamer the pilgrim spider wrought.

My heart is wandering round them still—at night, at noon, at
dawn,

The patriarchal willows—the old willows of the Lahn!

"Two names were carved one summer eve on a dark half hidden
bough,

And a compact made—I can but weep, and wonder at it now;
For 'twas of shrined hearts, which now, alas! are far astray,
Where every embered spark of hope is wildly wept away;
And another symbol of the faith of thoughtless, thankless man,
Are our old ancestral willows—the dark willows of the Lahn!

"No love was left me to brood o'er in these sweet trailing
glooms,

So with heart within my knapsack I have come to sell my
brooms;

To sing ye the old German songs that float above the Rhine,
To remind ye that the Saxon was our father—thine and mine;

To think in every corner, till my weariest breath is drawn,
How I best may love, when far away, our willows by the Lahn!"

THE VALUE OF LIFE.

AN EPISODE IN THE MEMOIRS OF A BRETON GENTLEMAN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

At the moment Joseph opened the door, and announced that the carriage was ready. My mother and sister threw themselves into my arms. 'It is not yet too late,' said they; 'give up your journey—stay with us.'

'Mother, I am now a man—I am twenty. I must not waste my life in obscurity; I must make my way either in the army or at court.'

'But what is to become of me, Bernard, when you are gone?'

'You will be happy in the success of your son, and proud of him.'

'And if you should be killed in battle?'

'What matter? What is life? Who thinks about it at twenty, when fame is to be won? I will come back to you, mother, in a few years, colonel or field-marshal, or with some fine situation at Versailles.'

'Well, and what then?'

'Why, then, I shall be treated with respect and consideration, and every hat off as I pass along.'

'And what then?'

'Why, then, I will marry my cousin Henrietta, get good husbands for my sisters, and we will all live with you in our fair domains of Brittany, as tranquil and happy as the days are long.'

'And what prevents your beginning from this very moment? Has not your father bequeathed to you one of the finest properties in the country? Is there within ten miles of us a richer domain, a more lovely residence, than that of Roche-Bernard? Are you not respected, honoured by your vassals? Have you any lack of salutations as you pass through the village? Be entreated, my son; stay among your friends, with your sisters, with your aged mother, whom, it may be, you would not find here on your return. Waste not in vain glory, or shorten by care and disquiet of every kind, those days which even now pass swiftly on. Life is sweet, my son, and sunny are the skies of Brittany.'

As she spoke, she drew me to the window, and pointed to the broad glades of the park; to the old chestnut trees now in full foliage; the lilacs; the honey-suckles embalming the air and glistening in the sun. In the anteroom were waiting some of my dependants, whose sorrowful silence seemed also to say, 'Do not go, master; do not go.' Hortense, my elder sister, embraced me in an agony of tears, and my little sister, Amelia, clung to me with convulsive sobs. I tore myself from them: 'I am twenty—I must seek fame, glory—I must go!' and I darted into the hall. A female form stood on the staircase; it was Henrietta. She spoke not a word, shed not a tear, but she was as pale as death, and trembled till she could scarcely stand, while with her handkerchief she waved a last adieu, and then fell back senseless. I ran to her, I raised her, pressed her to my bosom, swore to her eternal love; but as soon as I was assured she had revived, I left her to the care of my mother and sister, and ran to the carriage, without venturing a second look. One glance more at Henrietta, and I could not have gone. A few moments,

and the carriage was rapidly pursuing its way along the high road.

For a long time I thought only of Henrietta, of my sisters, of my mother, and of all the happiness I was leaving behind me; but as the turrets of Roche-Bernard were lost to my sight, these ideas began gradually to fade away before the brilliant visions of glory and ambition that now presented themselves to my mind. How many plans did I form!—how many castles in the air did I build!—how many exploits did I perform in that one day's journey! Riches, honours, dignities, success of every kind—nothing was too high for me: I deserved everything, and I granted myself everything; and gradually rising in rank as I proceeded on my way, by the time I arrived at the inn where I was to stop that night, I was duke and peer, governor of the province, and Marshal of France. The voice of my servant, addressing me by the more humble title of 'sir,' roused me from my dream, and compelled me to abdicate my newly-acquired dignities.

The next day, and many following days, the same dreams, the same intoxication. I was going to Sedan, to the Duke de C——, an old friend of my father, and a patron of the family. He was to take me with him to Paris, about the end of the month, to introduce me at Versailles, and, by his interest, obtain for me a company of dragoons. It was dark when I arrived at Sedan, and knowing that at that hour I could not intrude upon my patron, I deferred my visit till the next day, and took up my abode in the smallest hotel of the town, but that which was the usual resort of the military; for Sedan is a garrison town—a fortified place; the streets have a warlike aspect, and the very citizens a martial air, that seems intended to give strangers to understand, 'We are the countrymen of the great Turenne.'

I supped at the table-d'hôte, and in the course of conversation inquired the distance of the residence of the Duke de C—— from the town. 'Three leagues,' was the answer, 'and any one will show you the way; it is well known in the country. It was there the great general, the illustrious Fabert, drew his last breath.' And then the conversation turned upon Marshal Fabert. This was quite natural among a set of young officers. His battles, his achievements, were discussed, and honourable mention was made of the modesty which induced him to decline the patent of nobility and the collars of the several orders offered him by Louis XIV. But more especially did they dwell upon the marvellous good fortune which had raised him from the private soldier to the rank of Marshal of France. Being at that time the only instance of such a wondrous elevation, popular report attributed it to supernatural agency. It was whispered, even during the lifetime of Fabert, that from his childhood he had dealt in magic, and had made a compact with the demon. And our landlord, who possessed no small share of Breton credulity, attested, in the gravest and most solemn way, that at the chateau of the Duke de C——, where Fabert had died,

a black man, whom no one knew, had been seen to enter the room of the dying man, and then disappear, carrying with him the soul of the marshal, which he had formerly bought; nay, more, that in the month of May, the very time of Fabert's death, the aforesaid black man appeared every night bearing a light. The time passed in laughing over this story till we separated for the night.

Early the next day I repaired to the abode of the Duke de C——, a large Gothic manor-house, that at any other time I should not have particularly remarked, but which I now looked at, I confess, with some little interest, as I remembered our landlord's story of the preceding evening.

The servant, in answer to my inquiry for the duke, said he would go and see if his lordship were at home, and left me in a kind of armoury filled with crosses, hunting implements, and family portraits. I waited some time: no one came. I grew somewhat impatient, and asked myself, 'Was my career of glory to begin by dancing attendance in an antechamber?' I had already reckoned three times over the family portraits, and every joint in the ceiling, when I heard a slight noise in the wainscoting. It was a door which the wind had half-opened, and which now gave to my view a very handsome boudoir, with two large windows and a glass door looking out upon a noble park. I was advancing into the apartment, when my steps were suddenly arrested by an object hitherto unperceived. It was a man lying on a couch, with his back to the door by which I had entered. He suddenly started up, and without perceiving me, ran towards the window. Tears coursed each other down his cheeks, and dark despair seemed stamped on every feature. He remained motionless for some time, with his head buried in his hands; then with hasty strides began to traverse the apartment, till he came close to me. He started as he perceived me; and shocked and confused at my intrusion, I stammered out a few words of apology.

'Who are you, and what do you want?' cried he in a loud tone, and seizing me by the arm.

'I am the Chevalier Bernard, of Roche-Bernard, and I am just arrived from Brittany.'

'I know, I know,' said he, throwing himself into my arms; then making me sit down beside him, spoke to me so warmly of my father, and my whole family, with whom he appeared to be so intimately acquainted, that I had no doubt I was speaking to the master of the house.

'You are Monsieur de C——, I presume?' said I.

He arose, and with a look of great agitation and excitement, he said, 'I was once—I am no longer—I am no longer.' Then, seeing my astonishment, he exclaimed, 'Not another word, young man; I must not be questioned.'

'I have been the involuntary witness, my lord, of your emotion, your sorrow: and if attachment, if friendship could be any solace to you, gladly would I offer it.'

'Yes, yes, you are right; not that you can in any way avert my fate, but at least you can be the depository of my last wishes: it is the only service I can ask at your hands.'

He carefully closed the door, then returned to sit beside me. Almost trembling with emotion, I waited for him to speak. When words came, they were grave and solemn. His countenance had an expres-

sion which I had never before seen in any human face. He was pale, ghastly pale, while his black eyes glared upon me at times with an unearthly fire, and his lips contracted into a bitter, I had almost said an infernal smile.

'What I am about to tell you,' said he, 'will bewilder, amaze you. You will doubt; you will disbelieve. Little marvel that you should, when there are moments when I, too, doubt. Oh how gladly would I always doubt! But the proofs are too strong, the facts too stubborn; and is there not in everything that surrounds us, in our very organization, many other mysteries which we are bound to acknowledge, even though, to our darkened minds, they are inexplicable?'

He stopped a moment, as if to collect his thoughts; then passing his hand over his forehead, went on. 'I was born in this château. I had two brothers, both elder than I, to whom would devolve the family estate, the family honours. I had nothing to expect but the gown and band of an abbé; and yet thoughts of glory, of renown, of ambition, fired my brain, and swelled my throbbing heart. Unhappy in my obscurity, panting for celebrity, I thought only of the means of acquiring it, and this one idea engrossed me, to the exclusion of every pleasure, every other object in life. The present was nothing to me; I existed only in the future, and that future presented itself to me under the darkest of colours. I was nearly thirty, and was yet nobody. At that time many were the brilliant literary reputations attained in the capital, and reaching us even in the provinces. How often did I say to myself, "If I could even make a name in the republic of letters, it would still be fame, and in it only is happiness." As the confidant of my cares, of my aspirations, I had an old negro servant, who had been in the château long before my birth; he certainly was the oldest person in the house, for no one could remember his having come into it. The people of the country went so far as to say he had known Marshal Fabert, and attended him on his deathbed.'

At this instant he paused on seeing my involuntary gesture of surprise, and asked what was the matter. 'Nothing; a sudden start,' I replied; but I could not help thinking of the black man of our landlord's tale.

M. de C—— continued: 'One day I was abandoning myself, in the presence of Yago—such was the negro's name—to paroxysms of despair, to lamentations over the inglorious obscurity in which I was condemned to waste existence, and I at length exclaimed, "I would cheerfully forfeit ten years of my life to be placed in the first rank of celebrity as an author." "Ten years," said Yago, coolly; "that is a great deal, and a dear purchase for a trifle of so little value. No matter; I accept your ten years. I take them. You must remember your promise; I will keep mine." I need not tell my surprise at his words; but taking for granted that age had disordered his faculties, I only shrugged my shoulders, and thought no more of his folly. A few days after, I left the château, for Paris. There I obtained admission into literary society; and incited by example, and encouraged by my first success, I gave to the world several works, which soon placed me on the pinnacle of fame. The journals lauded me till all Paris echoed with my name; nay, it was but yesterday, young man, that you paid it to the tribute of your admiration.'

Another gesture of surprise on my part interrupted this strange recital.

'You are not, then, the Duke de C——?' I exclaimed.

'I am not,' answered he, coldly.

'It must be,' said I to myself, 'some celebrated author. Can he be Marmontel, D'Alembert, or Voltaire?'

The stranger sighed; a smile of mingled disdain and regret just played upon his lips, and he resumed his recital.

'The literary reputation I had so coveted soon became insufficient for so ardent a disposition as mine. I aspired to noble triumphs, and I said to Yago, who had followed me to Paris, and was my constant attendant, "There is no real glory, no true fame, to be acquired save in the career of arms. What, after all, is the man of letters—the poet? A mere nothing. Give me the great captain, the great general; this is the destiny I covet; and for a high military renown, I would be content to part with ten of the years that yet remain to me." "I accept them," answered Yago. "I take them: they belong to me. Do not forget that they are mine."'

The unknown again paused, seeing the uneasy surprise, the hesitating doubts, which my every feature expressed.

'Did I not say it would be so, young man? You cannot believe me; it seems to you a dream, a wild illusion. So it does to me; and yet the rank, the honours I obtained, were no illusion. The soldiers I have led on to the fight, the citadels I have stormed, the victories with which France has resounded, all this was my work, all this glory was mine.'

While he paced the apartment with hasty step, and spoke with a vehemence, a passionate excitement, that seemed to shake his whole frame, I stood petrified with astonishment. 'Who, then, was this man? Coligny?—Richelieu?—Marshal Saxe?'

Deep depression now succeeded the excitement; and the unknown, again approaching me, said gloomily, 'Yago had dealt truly—he kept his promise; and when, later still, I turned in disgust from that vain shadow, military glory—tired of grasping at smoke, at a vapour—and asked of him to give me the only thing real and positive in the world—when I offered to barter for wealth, for gold, five or six years of my life, he acceded to my wish. Yes, young man, yes; I have seen fortune second surpass all my desires: lands, forests, castles; this very morning all these were mine; and if you doubt me, if you doubt Yago, only wait; he will soon be here, and you shall see for yourself, with your own eyes, that what is so bewildering to you and to me is unhappily but too sad a reality.'

The unknown went to the mantelpiece, and looking at the clock upon it, he started back in terror, and said in a faint whisper, 'This morning, at break of day, I felt so much exhausted, so weak, that I could scarcely get out of bed. I rang for my valet; Yago answered the bell. "What can be the matter with me?" I said. "Master, nothing but what is quite natural. The hour is come, the moment is at hand." "What hour?" I asked. "Cannot you guess? Heaven has destined for you sixty years of life; you were thirty when first I began to obey you." "Yago, you do but jest," I exclaimed in terror. "I jest not, master; in five years you had expended in fame twenty-

five years of existence. You gave them to me; they belong to me; and that portion of your life which you bartered away is now to be added to mine." "What is this the price of your services?" "Others have paid still dearer for them; you may be satisfied." "Silence—silence! I command you. It is not possible, it is not real." "Be it so. But prepare: you have but half an hour to live. "You are deceiving—mocking me!" "Not at all. You need only calculate yourself. Thirty-five years that you have actually lived, and twenty-five that you lost, makes a total of sixty. That was your number; every one has his own." And he was about to leave me. I felt my strength diminishing, my life escaping from me. "Yago, Yago!" I cried in agony, "give me but four hours—four little hours!" "No, no," answered he; "it would be to take them from myself, and I know better than you do the value of life. I would not give two hours of it for all that tempted you. Gold would not buy them." "Give me four hours, and I resign to you the wealth for which I have sacrificed so much. Only four hours, and I renounce my gold, my riches, my broad lands." "Well, you have been a good master, and I care not if I do something to please you. I consent." I felt my strength returning, and I cried, "Four hours! but four hours! After all, what are they? Yago, Yago! give me but four more, and I renounce my literary fame—those works which placed me on so high a pinnacle of glory." "Four hours for a puff of smoke!" said the negro, contemptuously. "It is too much to give you; but no matter, I will not refuse your last request." "Not the last! Oh, no, not the last, good Yago!" cried I, clasping my hands imploringly. "I conjure thee, give me till night—twelve hours—the whole day, and let my achievements, my victories, my military renown, pass for ever into oblivion—be for ever obliterated from the memory of man! This one day, Yago, this one whole day, and I shall deem myself too happy!" "You abuse my compassion," said he, "and I am making a fool's bargain. No matter, I will give you till sunset. Then you must ask no more. To-night I come for thee."

'And he left me,' pursued the unknown in a tone of agonized despair; 'and this is the last day of my life!' Then approaching the glass door, which opened on the park, he exclaimed, 'No more shall I behold that beautiful sky, the murmuring rivulet—no more breathe the balmy air of spring! Fool that I was! For twenty years longer I might have enjoyed those common blessings that God gives to all, those blessings to which I was insensible, and which now, when too late, I estimate at their full value. Look there, look there!' and he pointed to a group of peasantry who were crossing the park, and singing on their way to their work. 'What would I not give now to share their toils and their poverty! What would I not give, that the motive which impelled me to action had been the desire to be useful to others, not to gain vain-glory for myself! But I have now nothing more to give, nothing more to expect here below: nothing—not even misfortune!'

At this instant a sunbeam, a ray from the bright May sun, fell upon his wild and haggard countenance. He seized my arm in a kind of delirium, and said, 'Do you see yon bright sun? And I must leave it all! Then let me enjoy it at least for a while: let me taste the full beauty of this cool, calm day, which for me has no to-morrow!' Then darting from the room in-

to the park, he rushed down one of the avenues, and disappeared from my view before I had time to detain him, which, to say the truth, I should not have had the power to do. I had fallen upon the couch bewildered, overwhelmed, by what I had just seen and heard. I now arose; I shook myself; I walked about the room, to convince myself that I was awake, and not under the influence of a dream. At that moment the door of the boudoir was thrown open, and a servant announced the Duke de C—.

A man about sixty, with a striking expression of countenance, advanced towards me with extended hand, and apologised for having kept me waiting so long. 'I was not at home,' he said. 'I have but just returned from the next town, where I went to consult a physician about the state of my youngest brother, the Count de C—.'

'I trust there is nothing serious the matter with him, that you have no fears for his life.'

'Thank heaven his life is not in danger,' answered the duke; 'but in early youth ambitious hopes, aspirations after fame, after the bubble reputation, excited him to a degree that amounted to disease; and lately a severe fit of illness, which had nearly proved fatal, has left a kind of delirium and alienation of mind, the effect of which is to persuade him that he has but one day to live. This is his mania.'

Here was a full explanation.

'And now,' continued the duke, 'we must think of your affair, and see what can be done to promote your

object. We will go at the end of this month to Versailles; I will present you.'

'I am not the less grateful for your kindness, my lord, though I am under the necessity of declining to avail myself of it.'

'What! have you given up the court, and all the advantages awaiting you there?'

'Yes, my lord.'

'But bear in mind that, with the interest I can command, you would make rapid way; and with a little assiduity and a little patience, you might, in about ten years'—

'Ten years lost!' cried I.

'Well,' he resumed in some surprise, 'is not this a cheap purchase for fortune, honours, fame? Come, come, my dear young friend, we will start for Versailles.'

'Pardon me, my lord, I will start for Brittany; and I beg again to offer you warm thanks for myself and my family.'

'This is absolute folly!' exclaimed the duke.

But for my part I recollected what I had just seen and heard, and I said to myself, 'It is true wisdom.'

The next day saw me on my way home. With what delight did I see once more my fair domain of Roche-Bernard, the old trees of the park, the sunny skies of Brittany. I greeted once more my vassals, my sisters, my mother; and once again did I find happiness, never more to part with it, for the next week I was married to Henrietta.

A VENETIAN STORY.

A tale to catch
Credulous ears, and hold young hearts in chains,
Had only to begin, There lived in Venice!—ROGER'S *Italy*

IN the year 1820 there resided in Paris an Englishman of the name of Trafford. His family were once well known in Shropshire; Trafford's father, however, had been obliged to sell the property, and at his death but a small fortune was left to his only son Walter, who, having no great love for his native country, left it at the age of one-and-twenty, and, until the year I mention, had travelled about the Continent, living for intervals longer or shorter, as the fancy seized him, in Vienna, Venice, Florence, Rome, or Naples.

In the spring of 1820 he went to France, and for some months resided at Paris.

During the summer he attended one of the fêtes at Saint Cloud. It was a beautiful day in August; the fountains in the royal gardens were playing; the pleasure grounds were filled with gay crowds, and amongst the noise and confusion of the fair and the fête, Trafford walked on in silence and alone, knowing no one there,—feeling no especial interest in the scene around him, except the vague pleasure of passing the sultry hours of a long summer's evening where they promised to be less tedious than in his own small lodgings in the Rue Rivoli.

As the twilight fell, he found he had wandered to a considerable distance from the crowd and the confusion that still filled the grounds. The night was so lovely, the stillness of the star-lit terraces so delicious, that he continued to saunter carelessly on amongst

the statues and cascades that form the "deserted pride of sweet Saint Cloud."

He sat down at last in a secluded part of the gardens; the seat was shaded by thick orange trees; close by, from the shade of evergreens, glanced the white arms of a naiad's figure in marble; at her side fell the waters of one of the most beautiful fountains that adorn the palace grounds. Trafford sat in silence,—lost in the idle dreaming into which such a scene, and so still and sweet an hour, may easily beguile any one so listless.

Trafford had led a life of the vaguest description: he had all the luxurious tastes, the wild romance, the melancholy fancies, the ill-regulated passions, and morbid imagination of an idle, but highly gifted and poetical, mind. He had passed his days in every indulgence that his fancy craved, and, at the age of thirty, it was hardly possible to find a human being more strangely unhappy than he.

As he sat that evening in the gardens of Saint Cloud, his thoughts turned to the long track of years he had passed without ever meeting, ever beholding, an object sufficiently adorned with grace and beauty to fascinate and fix his wavering and inconstant heart. The figure of marble at his side appeared not to him more chill and passionless than his own heart, untouched as yet by the love which he persuaded himself must be entire idolatry, when truly aroused.

Lost in his own dreamy thoughts, he did not hear the sound of approaching footsteps until he saw, nearly opposite to him, the figure of a lady. She was dressed in white, a broad sash of black was round her waist; in one hand she held, by a silver chain, a small greyhound, black entirely from head to tail. She stopped opposite Trafford, and inquired in a hesitating voice in the Italian language, with which he was well acquainted—

"Signor! come si fa per uscir da quel giardino?"

"Ella vuol tornare a Parigi?" said Trafford, uncertain what entrance to mention as the one she wanted.

"Sì! è tardi!" Trafford felt he could show the way far better than he could describe it. He rose from his seat, and saying, "Si darà l'incomodo di Seguirmi?" he walked on, followed by his companion and the hound, whose light step tracked his own so closely, that he almost felt annoyance and fear, lest he should kick it unwillingly. He led his companion through the intricate walks, and at last they reached the vicinity of the lights and fireworks that illuminated the darkness of the night, amongst the crowds of the fair.

By a sudden burst of brilliant lamps from a booth they passed, Trafford saw the face of his companion. It was one of great beauty, of a southern cast; for the braids of hair, the eyes, the lashes, were of the glossiest black; and the raven hair was more remarkable on examining the marble pallour of the face and brow they illuminated and adorned.

The lady followed her guide without speaking, and as they reached the road towards Paris, she suddenly said, "Grazie tanto, ecco la mia carrozza," and she sprang forward into a chariot which waited at the entrance. There was within a female figure, and, by the carriage lights, Trafford distinguished the face for an instant only; it was also that of a young and beautiful woman. The lady he had guided so far on her way bowed, and entered the chariot, which quickly drove off.

The servants were in mourning liveries, the horses were pure white, the carriage of a dark colour; on the panel were emblazoned the arms of the possessor; but what these were, Trafford could not, of course, discern, as the equipage drove swiftly off in the direction of Paris. The only other word the stranger had let fall in Trafford's hearing was addressed to her hound.

"Angelo!" she said, and the creature sprang nimbly in after her, as she entered the carriage.

"Angelo," thought Trafford, as he stood beneath the trees alone; "a black one at least."

He went home; that night he dreamed of the stranger in the gardens; he dreamed he was sailing with her down a river, on whose star-lit breast grew water-lilies as white as the dress she had worn when they spoke together on the terrace of Saint Cloud. She told him in a voice of spiritual, supernatural beauty, to stoop and reach her one of the lilies. He did so; as he dipped his hand into the chill waters of the quiet river, they seemed to part and show him the face of another,—of a woman,—fair, but not so enchanting in her loveliness as the adorable creature at his side. A threatening smile flashed over the vindictive countenance. He withdrew in fear, and, turning round, found the stranger had vanished from

his side, whilst from the waves beneath a voice, in Italian, cried "Venezia."

Trafford woke up; he laughed at his own agitation, as many superstitious people do, in the vain hope of dispelling it. Yet one frenzy he could not efface from his heart and brain. A hand of fire—a grasp of iron—held both with fierce determination. The words, the voice, the face, the eyes, the form of the stranger haunted Trafford with a power, a pertinacity, that terrified, and yet enchanted him. To find her, to see her, to worship, to adore, was his thought by day, by night, except when he slept; then his fevered brain felt repose, and then only. Marvelously, mystically, was he bound by an invisible chain, that tightened as it lengthened. Every step of the terrace where he had seen the stranger, and stood alone with her, was so much sacred ground in his eyes. The words she had spoken dwelt in his brain, as if written there in characters of fire. The form, the head, the eye of any woman was only interesting, inasmuch as they recalled those of the unknown. Every crevice of that maddening heart was filled with one idea, which reigned sole idol, and sole sovereign, of every pulse that beat for her alone.

He tried to reason himself out of the folly; then he tried to divert himself; he tried to read; he tried to leave Paris at last; but this he never accomplished, at least not for the following six months.

One evening he was at the opera; the music was that of Rossini. He sat listening to the sounds, whose sweetness was so much incense offered to the one image enshrined in his soul, when, looking up at one of the boxes near, he saw gazing at him the face of a lady. She was looking steadily. He started; surely he *had* seen the face before. But it was not the one he sought.

A sense of extreme disappointment and mournfulness fell over his spirit; he felt acutely the folly and misery of chasing vainly after a shadow. The music was now too painful to please or soothe; he rose and left the theatre. At the entrance of the Italian Opera-house he saw a line of carriages. As he crossed the street on his way home he observed the chariot, which he remembered having seen at Saint Cloud, suddenly draw up at the end of the line. He sprang quickly to its side; it was the same! white horses, mourning liveries. He examined the panels; on them were the arms—a wounded lion, and the words, "A la mort."

"A qui appartient cette voiture?" he inquired.

One of the servants replied, "A la Comtesse de Fleuranges."

"Où demeure t'elle?"

"Que vous importe insolent," replied the man, angrily.

Trafford walked off, but for an hour he watched at the end of the street, and followed the equipage on its road home. It entered a *porte cochère* in the Faubourg St. Germain. Trafford watched these doors as the closing gates of Paradise; but soon to obtain entrance within them he was determined.

He called next day on a friend who knew most of the great people in Paris. He confided to him his wish to become acquainted with Madame de Fleuranges. He found she was a widow; an Italian—Venetian by birth. She was rich, beautiful, and courted by many.

Two evenings after, Trafford attended a ball given

by one of the ambassadors. The entertainment was held in a suite of magnificent saloons, hung with pictures, adorned with statues, and that night filled with a blaze of light, and a crowd of the fairest and noblest in Paris. Trafford had received the invitation through the kindness of a friend. It was now about Christmas time, and Paris was full and gay for the time of year. He entered the hall, and walked up the crowded stair, feeling within him an ill-defined sense,—partly of dread, partly of most intoxicating ecstasy. He felt as if standing on the edge of a discovery that was to make or mar his happiness to all eternity. Romantic, imaginative, and morbid in his love of excitement, his was the very spirit to rush madly to the end it imagined the only one calculated to bless his wearied and unsatisfied heart.

As he stood alone, soon after his entrance into the larger saloon, he saw suddenly enter from between folding-doors, thrown open to admit the crowd coming to and fro, a figure and face that made his heart quail within him, at the suddenness of the apparition.

It was Madame de Fleuranges! He was determined to speak to her; she approached leaning on the arm of a gentleman. Trafford looked eagerly at her, as if in her face he could hope to find some clue to the secret that weighed so heavily on his heart.

She saw him; and a conscious smile, he imagined, played on her beautiful countenance. She was dressed in black velvet; a diamond star on her breast; in her hand she held a sprig of myrtle. Trafford thought her lovely, but only lovely as a type—a shadow of another; lovely as one who watches for the moon will deem the evening star that foretells the coming of the more glorious light he looks for. She came and stood near. Trafford's heart beat with wild hope and fear. She let a large bracelet fall from her round white arm; he seized it,—for it fell at his foot. It was a golden serpent, with brilliants for eyes, and a tongue gemmed with rubies. She bowed when he laid it in her hand, and, with the ease and vivacity of an Italian, began to speak. A moment or two after, a friend of Trafford's introduced them in form. Trafford went into supper with her; they sat together, after which they rose, and went into a large conservatory, dimly lighted, and perfumed with the sweet scent of the orange-trees, then in flower. Trafford longed to ask the question that sat on his lips: but he did not dare. He felt so conscious of his weakness, that he could not frame these simple words, and the hours flew on and on; and at last the countess rose, and, followed by Trafford, left the dancing saloons, and he accompanied her to her carriage.

As she slowly descended the flower-wreathed stairs, she said,

"Monsieur Trafford me donnera le plaisir de le revoir?"

Trafford muttered thanks and promises, and inquired when he might come.

"Mais quand vous voudrez. Demain, dirai-je?"

"Je viendrai demain,—à deux heures, si cela convient à madame."

"Mais oui! certainement, au revoir."

She entered her carriage, and left Trafford on the stairs. He did not return to the ball-rooms, but went home.

With impatience he waited for the appointed hour, and as the clock struck two, he stood at the door of Madame de Fleuranges.

It was a handsome hôtel in the Faubourg St. Germain. He was introduced into a large, old-fashioned chamber, hung with old family portraits: several were evidently of ancient Italian origin, from the dress and costume they wore.

Madame de Fleuranges entered. If he had thought her handsome the preceding evening, he thought her much more so when he saw her again. She was wrapped in a long loose robe of rich blue velvet, girded with a sash and clasp of silver. She held out her hand to him; in her voice, in her face, in her manner, there was a softness that shewed an ardent desire to captivate and conquer the heart of the one she addressed. She led Trafford into other rooms, detained him for two hours, and it was not until a few instants before his departure that he summoned up courage to ask the dreaded question. He spoke of Saint Cloud,—of the evening he had spent there in the summer,—of the stranger on the lonely terrace,—of his anxiety to know who and what she was,—and the certainty he felt that he had seen her enter the chariot of Madame de Fleuranges, and drive off in the direction of Paris with her.

Madame de Fleuranges looked earnestly at him,—listened,—and then burst out laughing.

"Vous plaisantez, je parie. Vous m'avez vu à Saint Cloud! moi? Moi qui étais alors en province au fond de la Bourgogne, tout l'été dernier! J'y étais avec ma sœur. Vraiment à ce que vous dites, cet aventure dû être fort drôle, et même fort galante."

She laughed heartily.

Trafford felt all the confusion of a proud man keenly alive to the horror of making himself ridiculous. He tried to laugh too; totally failed in executing anything but a dismal pantomime of merriment, and soon after left Madame de Fleuranges.

Next day he received an invitation to dine with her and some intimate friends. The evening was past most agreeably; there was a fascination in Madame de Fleuranges that fettered and fixed the fancy of Trafford; although his heart was still as madly devoted as before to the image he began almost to look on as a dream of supernatural power and transcendent beauty.

Next night he was at the opera, in the box of the countess. He found, in ten days' time, he could never leave her side without making some engagement that would bring him back again in a few hours. He felt he was gradually falling the victim of an illusive passion, that was neither love, nor esteem, nor admiration. He could not break away, because, having no settled purpose of life, and no hope of realising the dream (to verify which he would have sacrificed all but his life,) he had no inducement strong enough to tear away his hand from the fair one that grasped his so kindly, but so firmly.

Thus Trafford remained in Paris. February had begun. He had often and often tried to renew the subject between the countess and himself concerning the stranger at Saint Cloud, but, beyond a few words, he never persevered. Still, still, every thought—every hope—every idea, had, but one centre, and that was the visionary expectation of again seeing, and at last seizing, the shape that had so long tantalised him as a shadow.

One evening (it was the 8th of February) he attended a masquerade. This was a species of amusement that Trafford enjoyed. The mystery shed by masking over the mere common-place of gaiety fasci-

nated his excitable mind. He put on a black mask and domino, and went to the house where it was held. Near the door sat Madame de Fleuranges. She was not masked, but, dressed in the eastern style, she looked the very image of the Cleopatra she wished to represent. Trafford drew near; he spoke low:—

"How glorious the gems on the breast and arms of her whose eyes outshine them all!"

She looked up, and gazed and listened earnestly at the same time. He went on in the same strain:—

"Priceless they may be, but not so precious as the rose-leaves scattered at the foot of their enslaving possessor. They retain the shape of the fingers that have pressed them so lately."

He stooped and picked up one of the white rose-leaves at his feet.

"Ah, mask unknown to me, you flatter! Of all you mention, gems or flowers, there is but one of the vain baubles I value much."

She laid her hand on her right arm, where glittered her golden serpent.

"Happy armlet!" said Trafford; "and why is that one more valued than the diamond chain at its side?"

The countess paused; then said, in a low voice, one full of tender meaning,—

"Because this was clasped on my arm once by —"

Trafford's vain heart told him her words pointed to himself; but he persisted:—

"By whom?"

The lady was silent, and played with her rings.

"By whom?" said Trafford, taking hold of her hand.

"By one I never can forget!"

"And who now speaks to you," said Trafford, in his own voice.

The countess gave a small scream, appropriate to the occasion; but Trafford offered her his arm, and they wandered together through the saloons, filled with every variety of masked and motley groups. Several times that night there blazed through Trafford's brain the wish to escape; but the arm within his was just as determined he should not. The heart of Madame de Fleuranges, or what was meant for such, was fixed on the handsome Englishman. She intended him to be her lover and her husband; and finding the primary arrangements were but slow in their progress, thought herself justified in quickening their progress by shewing Trafford that she herself, and all she had, were ready for his acceptance.

That night they were engaged; the countess drove home exulting in the fulfilment of a long-cherished scheme. Trafford went to his lonely lodgings, and long, long wore on the hours before he fell asleep. He dreamed again of the figure, the face, the voice of his vision—"Venezia" was again the word she muttered to him; and again he woke up terrified and agitated. The connexion of Venice with his unknown was perfectly natural, from the fact of the one he had believed her connected with having been an inhabitant and a native of that city.

Trafford woke up to remember that he was an engaged man; and the feeling was far from pleasurable. The idea of the countess was associated with none of the ecstatic happiness and bewildering tumult he felt might have fallen to his lot had he succeeded in

realizing the fairy dream that each one's youth has nursed, and middle age destroyed.

Still he was engaged; and he must now behave himself accordingly. So he rose, and dressed, and went at once to the Hôtel de Fleuranges. He stood before the gloomy portal, so soon to own him for a master, and was admitted into the boudoir of the mistress of the mansion.

She was there. In her eyes shone the light of successful love. She never looked handsomer or happier; but Trafford felt his heart sink into mournful and morbid apathy. He saw before him one who, for his sake, had given up every prospect held out by an alliance with wealth and rank; and yet he taxed himself with ingratitude and coldness for feeling so little the vast sacrifice she made on his account.

He tried in vain to rouse himself from his melancholy mood. He made every effort to appear as happy as so prosperous a lover should; but the vanity, and folly, and emptiness of his life, had never before struck him so painfully. The woman before him, then, was to be the end and final background of the indefinite future he had reserved to himself so long. The vague mist that had hung over the one he was at last to find, and to worship, had cleared off, and had left full in his view a handsome French widow, with *cinquante mille livres de rente*, certainly. But Trafford had no covetous love of money, and would rather have left unsatisfied his avarice than his romance.

The following evening he went late to the house of Madame de Fleuranges. He knew she was out. She had gone to see a friend at Chantilly; but he had left a book in the morning on the table, which he had intended to take away. He went into the boudoir where they had spent the morning together. The book (it was Scott's *Monastery*, then just published, 1820) he could not find. He looked on all the sofas, chairs, and couches. He thought it must have been put away by some of the servants. He would *not* leave the house without it. His fancy had been thoroughly fascinated by the hurried glance he had taken of the sayings and doings of that most successful of ghosts—the White Lady of Avenel. Without her company he would not spend a solitary evening in his lodgings. Through the airy lips of the spirit of Avenel spoke the voice of his own lost vision to his crazed imagination:—

What I am I must not shew,
What I am thou could'st not know;
Something betwixt heaven and hell—
Something that neither stood nor fell—
Something that through thy wit or will
May work thee good, may work thee ill!

He searched every corner, At last he left the boudoir, and went into another room. There were some books on the table he approached; a figure with a light in her hand entered at that moment. He turned. It was an old, dark-eyed woman, dressed in a somewhat primitive style. He looked at her steadily. She approached. It was a remarkable face, with the fire of an Italian eye, and white hair braided in grisly contrast to the smooth olive brow beneath.

"Cosa vuol ella," she said, letting the light fall on his face.

"Cerco, un libro," said Trafford. "Non lo trovo però." He went to a bookcase near, or what appeared such, and, opening its folding doors, observed some drawers. The old woman drew near, and opened one—there was nothing in it.

"Non v' incomodi, vi prego," said Trafford, carelessly.

"Oh! serva sua!" said the old Italian, and opened another.

Trafford looked in with vague curiosity. The light fell full on a small portrait. Trafford almost fainted when he recognised the face of his long-sought vision.

"Ma cosa ha signor!" cried the woman, amazed.

"Chi è! chi è!" gasped Trafford. "Per amor del Cielo ditimi—chi è!"

"Quella! oh! è la cugina della contessa!"

Trafford instantly asked her name, her residence, her position in life, and where he could find her soonest? He found the lady's name was Nina Manfroni; that she was a first cousin of Madame de Fleuranges; that they both had been in Paris for a week, during the time of the fête at Saint Cloud; that the woman herself remembered their going there; that they had then returned to Burgundy; and that the Signorina Manfroni was now in Venice with her friends, living in the Casa Manfroni, on the Canal Grande—if she were not married, that was to say.

"Married!" cried Trafford. "Was there any report of her marriage?"

"Sicuro!" said the Italian, who considered the question as expressing insult, or, rather the doubt of there being any lack of suitors for so beautiful a young lady as she described her to be. The family were very poor, very noble, and very proud. The marriage of the countess had given great satisfaction, as it had put her in a position to benefit the rest of her connexions.

"And does she often have the young Venetian with her?" said Trafford, anxiously.

"Yes, undoubtedly," replied the Italian. "They correspond frequently—at least they used to do so—but of late there has been a coolness. I know not why."

"Oh!" thought Trafford, as he hurried home, "she has not chained me yet."

He saw now the reasons of the untruths told by Madame de Fleuranges. She certainly loved him to distraction; and with the quick perception of an Italian, had seen the flame kindled by her young connexion. But now the spell was broken, and the next twelve hours should see him on his way to Venice. He almost felt as if he had broken an appointment there, however unwillingly.

He got his passport. He made all his arrangements hurriedly and secretly; and at daybreak he left Paris for Italy, with all the speed he could. For the countess he left a note:—

Je pars demain pour Venise. Jamais je ne reverrais celle qui m'a indignement trompé. Maintenant désabusé—je vous abandonne à jammis.

He reached Venice in an incredibly short space of time. He arrived at the hôtel on the great canal (Leon Bianco) late in the evening. He was overpowered with the fatigue and rapidity of his journey, and called for wine. He drank, and sat at the window half stupified, looking out on the lights glittering from the windows of the neighbouring palaces. He felt he might, perhaps, on the very morrow, meet, find, the one he sought so fiercely. He stayed up till the city was quiet; and watched, unable to sleep, till the gray dawn of the March morning broke over the still lagoon. Then, as soon as the sun rose, ordering a gondola, he went out on the canal.

His gondolier paused for directions. Then a sense of the wildness of the chase came over the frenzied heart of Trafford—of the idle desperation that had led him so far. He answered the man almost savagely, and by his own command was taken to Saint Mark's Place. For the whole day did Trafford wander about the bridges, alleys, and churches in Venice, in the excitement of vain hopes and expectations. He had, of course, inquired for the Casa Manfroni, and had indeed found it easily enough. But the house was empty; the inhabitants were gone on a visit for some weeks. In three they would return. The servant—the only attendant, it appeared—did not know where the family were; and so Trafford had only to wait.

He did. He spent hours opposite the house, until every stone, and every crevice of the gray front, was impressed and engraven deep on his memory. When he thought of the possibility of the stranger turning coldly from his love, he became almost deranged. He would die—he could die. Either for her he would willingly die, or without her he should as certainly die; and so days passed on, leading Trafford through all the wildest extravagances of the maddest illusion a maniac ever indulged himself with.

One evening late, he was watching at his window, for he had taken a lodging opposite the Palazzo Manfroni; a gondola flew up to the doors, and three persons disembarked and entered the house—a man and two women. Trafford looked as if his life depended on it. One was a young girl—at least the slight form told she was so: she was veiled according to the fashion of the city, and, as she left the gondola, her back was turned to Trafford, so that he could not see her face or profile.

The whole of that night Trafford watched the spot he now thought might contain the treasure he had so long sought in vain. The moonlight rested as cold as ever on the closed windows and carved balconies. Trafford felt the whole world was for him centered within those dim and dismal walls.

Early next day, very early, he sat in his gondola, beneath the windows. One was opened, a step was heard on the balcony above. The morning was fine and warm, and a figure in white leaned over the balcony balustrade, and looked out.

"Ha!" said Trafford, in a suppressed voice, clasping his hands convulsively. It was the one he had sought so long. Tears rushed into his eyes—the goal appeared to be won!

She looked down calmly. Her eyes fell like chill starlight on the mad and trembling creature at her feet. He was wrapped in a cloak, and did not dare even to rise. He felt perfectly abject with fear, awe, adoration, and despair. At a distance he had conjured up many, many words he could pour out in the hearing of his idol; but he was under the sway of that passion, whose chief peculiarities has been well described by one master hand: "Eloquent in absence, dumb in presence." So Trafford remained speechless, and the lady returned into her rooms.

He watched her into a gondola, and followed her to mass. He followed her to three different places; and, having seen her within her own doors again, he went back to the last shop she had entered. It was that of a man who sold pictures, trinkets, and every kind of thing to tempt extravagant strangers and tourists. He found, after making diligent though

well-managed inquiries, that the Manfroni Palace belonged to a noble family, greatly impoverished; that the Lady Nina was *devota assai*. She was living quite out of the world; no one ever saw her at masque, or ball, or opera; and that the father and mother were anxious to sell some of the valuable pictures, once heir-looms in one of the best families of Venice, but now to be disposed of to keep them from starving.

Trafford instantly got a note of introduction from the man he had spoken to. Furnished with this, he set forth at last fairly to besiege the doors. He was admitted. No devotee entering the inner sanctuary of his all-powerful idol ever felt the throb of fear that agitated the awe-struck Trafford as he went silently up the wide, chill, echoing stair, and then passed on into a suit of inner apartments.

The room he entered was a vast, dimly-lighted saloon, uncarpeted, unfurnished, save that on one wall hung a splendid picture of Titian—a "Holy Family" was the subject.

The Venetians rose at his entrance. Before him, at last, stood the young and lovely Nina. But it was not her beauty that enslaved his soul, for there was a spiritual loveliness in her eyes and on her brow that carried him far, far beyond the earthly feeling he called love. She was not speaking, but he drew near her at last. His voice failed, his frame shook, as he tried to speak unconcernedly,—

"Alfin son," he began.

She looked up, and a faint recollection seemed to come slowly over her as she looked in the face of Trafford. Her parents were talking together at the other end of the room.

Trafford spoke rapidly then,—of Saint Cloud—the evening he had met her—the vain hope with which he had chased through Paris after her. He made no mention of Madame de Fleuranges, but he found, to his great joy, he was listened to, at least, with patience, and, therefore, might still hope for the favour he longed to obtain.

He bought the picture at an extravagant price, but only to restore it to the daughter of the poor old nobleman who sold it. He never let a day pass without bringing to his Nina everything of richest and rarest he thought she would like best. If his search had begun vigorously, the prosecution of his desire afterwards was to the full as singular in its devotion and constancy.

The young Venetian looked on him more with pity than tenderness, but it was impossible that a heart so gentle could remain untouched with the despairing passion of one so madly in love as the Englishman.

A fortnight after he had first seen her, he implored of her, in the most extravagant language of idolatry, to become his wife. She told him she did not mean to marry.

"Do not tell me *that*!" cried Trafford. "Without you I will not, I cannot, live! What should I do? Where should I go to? Do not turn from me; for the hour I see there is, indeed, no hope of moving you, I will destroy myself!"

A cloud came over the face of the beautiful Venetian. She looked reprovingly at the wretched Trafford. He covered his face with his trembling hands, and burst into tears. She was touched, and laid her hand on his,—

"Caro mio, ascoltami!"

Trafford seized her hand in his own. He implored, he entreated, he raved; and that evening Nina promised to marry him.

She was a very devout Catholic; but Trafford readily promised that every one of the future family should be Catholics, or anything else she pleased. That she should be his was all he desired. To be her slave was all he believed he ever could be. He was to live in Venice to please her; he was to live in the Manfroni Palace, refurnished by himself: no will—no wish would he, could he have, but what originated in Nina.

They were married in June. They went to stay a fortnight at Como, and there, on the banks of the enchanting lake, Trafford spent the first days of his union with his Venetian love. They went on to Switzerland. They led for two months a solitary life amongst the loveliest and loneliest haunts of the mountain land.

Trafford felt there could never have existed a mortal so happy since the days of Eden and its single pair; and Nina was happy too, though she more submitted to his adoration than enjoyed it for her own satisfaction. There were moments when Trafford doubted her love, and, at such times, he would leave her to wander about alone in the morbid abstraction which she could never comprehend, and very much dreaded at every fresh return.

They returned to Venice. They had been married a year, and Trafford looked forward with fondest affection to the hope of having a child of Nina's in his arms in July. He found a woman had been engaged to attend her—recommended by her cousin, Madame de Fleuranges. It seemed the cousins still corresponded. Nina spoke of her with affection,—quite unconscious, evidently, of Trafford's previous engagement to her. He had been equally silent, of course; and thus Nina never imagined they had seen each other,—except, indeed, that evening driving quickly away from Saint Cloud. She and Madame de Fleuranges had left Paris next day for Burgundy, where she stayed a fortnight at the Château de Fleuranges, and from thence she had returned to Venice. She had, of course, written to Madame de Fleuranges, to announce her marriage to an Englishman of the name of Trafford. The latter lady had sent her a kind, short answer, and they had hardly exchanged letters since.

The life of Trafford and Nina passed on like a dream more than a reality. He possessed the one he had so long and so faithfully sought and worshipped.

He taught her to speak his own language, and even to sing some of the airs he loved best. The melancholy sweetness of her voice was one of her chiefest charms. In the long evenings she sat at his side, singing the music he loved to hear—that of the masters he preferred to all others, Haydn and Mozart. With infinite pains to please him, she learned some of the sweet canzonets of the former,—"*My Mother bids me bind my Hair*," "*She never told her Love*," and the matchless Spirit Song,—which, in after years, he mourned over in memory as a type of one deeply loved and early lost.

Nina was delivered of a son, stillborn: she was doing well herself.

Trafford sat at her side: it was near midnight. He looked at her as she lay. She was not sleeping;

her large, wakeful eyes were raised to his. Her hand was burning, but her pulse sinking,—

"Gualtier"—so she transformed his name into her own soft language,—"*Gualtier, dammi la tua cara mano!*"

Trafford laid his hand on her palm; she raised it to her lips. A sudden sense of agonizing fear shot through the heart of Trafford. He looked to the attendant who sat near; in the dim light he could not distinguish her face. Nina spoke, but in a voice so faint that he could hardly hear what she said.

"*Cielo, si muore!*" said the woman, in consternation.

"*Non moro, vado in cielo!*" murmured the dying Venetian. "*Gualtier, ti rivedrò—sì—ora pro me—*"

She died an instant after pronouncing the last words.

The woman crossed herself, cried, and said to Trafford, who stood like a stone, incapable of understanding, apparently, the full horror of his loss,—

"*E morta! Preghiamo per essa!*"

Trafford threw himself in distraction on the form of the object he loved so truly. His was the frenzied grief of one without hope, in this world or the next. So sudden, so awful, had been the wrench from all he prized on earth, that his mind—ill-regulated, impassioned to the verge of madness—gave way, and for six weeks he was quite deranged.

He woke up to reason and misery, to which his very insanity seemed preferable. Without a sun, without a star, how, oh! how was he, most miserable, to drag on the weary years of an existence stripped bare of every charm and every hope?

He continued to live in Venice. From the home of Nina he would not, he could not, depart. Every stone of the old palace was to him sacred, as having been once in the vicinity of Nina. Adored when with him, she was worshipped now that she was gone. Miserable in mind and body, every energy extinct, Trafford, many and many a time, determined to put an end to a life he could no longer endure. He would go to the grave of his lost love; there would he lay his noble head on the stone, and watch and weep, like a child more than a man, over the spot where slept the remains of his beloved Nina.

The people of the city, who knew him by sight, believed him to be mad; and few could have doubted it who saw the solitary figure, wrapped in a black cloak, glide regularly each morning from the landing-place, and spend his days in the cemetery, as if he there communed with the living and not with the dead.

"She dead! she dead!" would Trafford exclaim to himself, as he sat alone in the starlight nights near Nina's grave. 'She is not dead, but sleepeth.' Where are those words? Oh, my God! Had I but died! What had she done? Heaven! so young, so tender, so helpless! She dead! Why insult my grief with that word? My eyes no longer see—these arms no longer clasp, but yet from above can she descend like a dream to calm this wretched heart. With me! Still with me—still with me! Mine—mine, for ever, as once you were, dearest!—only star of the life so dark and dismal now! But here shall I take my rest by day, my dream by night! Space and Time may divide us, but, once mine here, eternity cannot tear asunder the chain that binds us still! No, no, Nina! My Nina, wherever in the vast unknown you may be, still you are the same Nina that loved me once!—

I the same wretch that now crouch in misery over your early grave!"

With tears—with groans—with cries, in the silent watches of the night, Trafford continued to mourn and wail over the one whose sun had set before its time. He would never leave Venice. Months and months rolled on, and still Trafford lamented wildly over his loss.

It was in the spring of 1824, two years—more—since the death of Nina, that Trafford was accosted one day in St. Mark's Place by an old English friend. Trevor was an agreeable companion, and a kind-hearted man. He compassionated the state of Trafford, and persevered in seeing a good deal of him. He visited him, and went one evening into his room to sit for an hour or two with him. He spoke, at last, of Trafford's loss.

Trafford sat, his hands clasped, his eyes streaming,—

"She was an angel—too much for me to keep! Oh, Heaven, to recall one hour of those days—one line, one look, of that face, is more than my heart can bear!"

"Have you any likeness?" said Trevor.

"No, no," said Trafford, mournfully, "I never thought of it! Oh, had I but one likeness, I could look at it now, perhaps! I have only this!"

He shewed wound round his wrist a thick braid of raven hair, clasped with gold. He held out his arm uncovered, then kissed the relic passionately, and then again hid it with the sleeve of his coat. He was perfectly insane still, Trevor thought, as he looked at him, moping and crouching gloomily over the fire they had lighted, for the evening was chill: it was the end of February.

In the course of conversation, Trevor spoke of some mesmeric experiments then being made by one of the doctors in the town. A Greek, of the name of Panarmo, was said to be endowed with wonderful powers of magnetising. Trafford's wild, excitable imagination was interested. That night, unknown to Trevor, he went. The entertainment—or what shall I call it?—was held in a large, deserted room, in one of the oldest palazzos, then for sale.

The Greek was mesmerising a young girl. The light was dim; a crowd of pale and dark anxious faces lined the room. Trafford sat in a corner unobserved. He listened: at last he rose, approached, and spoke to Panarmo.

The hand of Trafford was laid on the breast of the sleeper. She muttered, and at last said,—

"*Infelice, si muore.*"

"*Ma perchè?*" said Panarmo.

"*Di duolo,*" said the girl.

"*E il rimedio?*" inquired Panarmo.

"*Ah!*" the sleeper moaned. "*Ci son due.*"

"*Dite pure.*"

She was silent.

"*La pazzia o la morte, lo guarirà.*"

A shudder ran through the circle. Trafford went home.

Every night he attended the mesmeric lectures. He liked the mystery—the supernatural excitement of that dark chamber in the old palace.

On that dark and mystical subject, mesmerism, I cannot write beyond the facts that have come to my knowledge; but in this "world of wonders," it appears to me that the power thus imparted is not a

whit more wonderful than that which sends the words of one man flying to the ears of another from the north to the south of England in a few moments. True, one is explicable and the other is not; but the curtain, may be it is only as yet half raised from the scene where we can see but the most striking and evident of the marvels yet to be developed.

It has been said that man now stands on the threshold of discoveries known to and misused by the antediluvians; that the vast powers they held, aided by infernal agency, would have thrown down the barriers between the visible and invisible world; that for this very reason was it necessary to efface from the corrupt mind of man the knowledge—"the science of the abyss"—that gave him powers he only used to his eternal destruction. Now that the day-star of Christianity has arisen, as it shall "shine more and more unto the perfect day," so shall science unveil again her face, hidden awhile, and man once more possess the secrets of the mystical science of body and spirits, and eat "the angel's food" of the full perfection of knowledge.

The night Trafford went to Panarmo's lecture, it was the time of the Carnival. Venice was full of masques and gaiety. In that still room there was little sign, however, of the revelry without. In a corner sat the figure of a lady, wrapped in a long dark mantle. Her face Trafford could not see, yet was there something in her air that attracted him. Trafford rose and approached the sleeper whom Panarmo had mesmerised. Again his hand was laid on her breast. The sleeper moaned. Again the words,—

"Ci son due, due; la pazzia o la morte."

The figure in the corner listened, and rose as Trafford turned away. He lingered for one moment. He heard the words,—

"Non sperar, piange sempre," addressed to the lady.

That night, on going home, Trafford found a note on his table. It was in a hand he had never seen exactly, and yet — It was anonymous. He was told to be at the masquerade of the Fenice (the Opera House) the following night, at twelve. It was as a command: no inducement was given. Trafford went. He went, tempted by the very thing which would have made most men stay away. He put on a black mask and dark green domino. He wandered about in the pit, wearied, yet looking for some one he expected to see, he knew not why, or how, or when.

At last a mask tapped him lightly on the arm: he turned quickly. The figure was wrapped in a black domino; and, contrary to custom, wore a white satin mask. The arms were folded under its mantle. Trafford spoke; the figure waved its head, and said, "Gualtier!"

He almost screamed. It was the name Nina alone had used; none other had ever called him so. The voice made him almost faint. I shall translate the following:—

"It is long since we have met!"

She spoke low; it was a woman.

"Long!" said Trafford. "I knew not that we ever met before."

The mask sighed.

"Speak on!" said Trafford. "There is that in your voice that—that — Heaven! am I mad, indeed?"

He clenched his hands.

"That speaks of a summer night at Saint Cloud, Gualtier."

"Do not dare—do not dare, mask, to repeat that name!"

The mask laughed—that mocking laugh. Trafford sank on a seat.

"The nights are cold where I live, but you will not yet forsake me quite? Ora pro me!"

The holy words, sanctified by the awful meaning they had once conveyed to him, froze his blood. He moved away; the mask sped after him.

"What want you?" he cried, turning round.

"Love!" replied the mask.

Trafford shuddered.

"Mine lies low," he muttered. The mask shook its head. "You are enraging a desperate man with your foolery!"

The mask laughed, and laid its dull and hard fingers on his trembling hand. He drew back.

"You wear it still!" said the mask.

"What?" gasped Trafford.

The mask made a movement, as if to describe her own long hair.

"Fool! wretch!" cried Trafford, in a convulsion of rage and dismay.

"Hard names, Gualtierio mio!"

She laid her hand on his arm. He grasped it.

"This instant unmask!"

She replied calmly,—

"You were wont to be gentler."

Then she drew near, and, in a voice like that of the dying, she said,

"Dammi la tua cara mano!"

They were words engraven on the heart of the listener as the last of Nina.

"Unmask!" he gasped.

"You would not wish to see my face?"

"Unmask!" persisted Trafford.

"Here? No, the interview must be one of closed doors, between long parted lovers."

"Earth holds not my love now!" said Trafford.

The mask sang, in the peculiar English Nina had learned to use, from Haydn's Spirit Song,—

All pensive and alone I saw thee sit and weep,
Thy head upon the stone, where my cold ashes sleep!

"Follow me!" said Trafford, in the most dreadful state of agitation.

The mask did so. They went quickly through the crowd; they swiftly passed the lighted corridors, and went into a side-room, illuminated only by one lamp. On their way they met Trevor. He was unmasked, but did not recognise Trafford. At last they were alone. The figure stood motionless.

"Speak! speak! explain, or I will tear you limb from limb! How dare you thus insult a broken heart? Unmask!"

"Again I warn you, ask it not!"

"Unmask!" shouted Trafford, "or I will tear the accursed thing from your face!"

"Prepare, then!"

"I am ready."

"Gualtier!" sighed the mask,

"Heaven!" cried Trafford, every limb shaking, his heart vibrating, till he thought it would burst.

"You would not wish to see my face?"

"Idiot, unmask!"

The figure waved its hand, as if to quiet him, and slowly raised the white mask. Trafford started forward, looked, and, with a yell of anguish, fell on the floor in a faint!

When he came to himself, he found a crowd round him. Trevor held his head.

"What is it?—where am I? She! she!"

He tried to rise.

"My dear Trafford," said Mr. Trevor, "you must go home. You are in a brain fever, I verily believe. There's no one here."

"She!—search for her!—search for her!" shrieked Trafford. "She is in black! a white mask—a white mask!"

He stopped, and fell down again in a faint. The search was made; the white mask was traced; she had been seen to enter the gondola of a man known to one of the waiters of the *Hôtel de l'Europe*. The gondolier was called on. It was late, or rather early in the morning. The Opera House was deserted, the crowds of masquers departing, when Trevor found the man near the landing-place of the Opera House.

"You rowed away a mask?" said Trevor.

"Oh, many an one to-night," said the gondolier.

"One in a white mask?" said Trevor.

"Yes," said the gondolier.

"Now," said Trevor, "here are five ducats, if you'll tell me where she went to."

"Your excellenza will laugh at me."

"Not I. Tell me."

"Well, then, she ordered me to take her to the gate of the burial-ground: there she landed. I was in a fine fright, but I watched her. She laid this in my hand, and darted in among the grave-stones. By the light of the moon, it was behind the tablet of the Englishman's wife—that one with a cross, and an angel above the grave—that she sank down!"

The man crossed himself. Trevor gave him the money, and went home. The next day he went to see Trafford. He was quite deranged, and in that hopeless state he remained until he died, six years after, in an asylum near London.

A year after his miserable death, a priest was summoned one night to the side of a dying woman. She was in the last agonies, and her recital was broken and unconnected; but this he gathered:—

She had loved an Englishman, she said, as few could have guessed her capable of loving. In him her whole affections were bound. She had discovered early in their acquaintance that another, a young connexion, had made a deeper impression than herself on a romantic and half-crazed imagination. The union with this Englishman had been broken off by his discovering her falsehood with respect to the one he really adored. He went to Venice, married her rival, and thus left her deprived of all hope but that of revenge. Yet had she kept up, through an unsuspected channel—a servant—a most perfect acquaintance with every circumstance of Trafford's married life. The wife had herself written accurate descriptions of their proceedings,—what he liked, what she did to please him; in fact, all the small details interesting to a friend, such as the Englishman's wife believed she had in the penitent, now confessing her former sins.

The last hours, the last words, of the dying wife, had been faithfully described, and as faithfully remembered, by the deserted woman whom the perfidy of her lover had driven nearly to distraction. Yet—yet she loved him; and, after his wife's death, went to Venice, lived there unseen by him, and sought, by every means, to find out if he still mourned the dead as deeply as ever. By means that she hardly dared to confess, she ascertained his heart was, indeed, still buried in the grave of Nina. Then came the hour of revenge.

She went to the Theatre, masked; beneath she wore her own face and head, encased in that of a skull. In the Opera House she way-laid Trafford, used the terms of ghastly endearment that had so horrified him; and, at last, by unveiling, had secured, indeed, the revenge she desired, by making the man she loved a raving maniac for the rest of his days.

COLOGNE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

To the shrine of old St. Cunibert, that structure gaunt and lone,
The ancient 'midst the aged of the sainted walls of Köln,
The pilgrim tribes of olden days oft hied to bend the knee
For those who fought the holy fight by Paynim Galilee.
Some swelled the hymn of lofty pride, some pleaded tender fears;
And some brought bright and golden gifts, some only prayers and tears.

A lonely pilgrim cometh still to that dark altar stone;
A weary one, that only there doth make her wonted moan;
And many a rugged league hath known her parched and bleeding feet,
And many a kindly heart hath blessed her greeting mild and sweet.

For still she murmured mournfully, "To Köln I come to pray
For my father and my brethren, who are fighting far away."

She struggles on, through storm and shine, though wearisome and faint;

None know how the shorn lamb hath fared—to none she makes complaint.

Their aims she smilingly rejects, and shows, with placid look,
The acorns and the cresses she hath gathered by the brook.
And still she murmurs mournfully, "To Köln I come to pray
For my father and my brethren, who are fighting far away."

There's not a child in all the town but knoweth her sweet face:

The gleeful quell their merriment, the sullen yield her place;
The churchman foldeth his broad stole, and bends with stately smile,

As drooping, like the Magdalen, she totters down the aisle;
For she bears her burthen of the Cross, and comes "To Köln to pray"

For her father and her brethren, who are fighting far away."

She knows not that the mountain Cross is reared above their bones,

On a lone barrance of Biscay—those dear lamented ones;
That the clarion of triumphant fields hath perished from the ear;

That the old familiar sounds of home they never more may hear;
For still she says, the simple one, "To Köln I come to pray
For my father and my brethren, who are fighting far away."

A noble vessel is the heart that floats amidst its tears,
And braves the chill of pale suspense, and cold besieging fears.
The intellect, with all its towers, may crumble and decay;
The mind, with all its mysteries, may darkly fade away;
But still the poor heart meekly comes to holy Köln to pray
For the faithful sons of Germany low sleeping far away.

INTRODUCTION.

THESE sketches, the author hopes, though possessing faults, will be received with that clemency which has always been extended to papers of a similar nature from his pen. The reader will perceive that he has a difficult task before him to *please all*, and more particularly, as a *living biography* can very rarely be written up satisfactorily.

The series, before conclusion, will embrace the names of every distinguished American Divine now living, prepared with great care, and of every persuasion and denomination. Owing to unforeseen circumstances, the author has been unable to obtain the material for more than the present sketch in this number, but hereafter three, at least, will appear in each number. Though they may be imperfect, he will endeavour to do his best to render them pleasing and popular—angels can do no more!

PULPIT PORTRAITS;

OR, SKETCHES OF EMINENT AMERICAN LIVING DIVINES.

NO. 1.

REV. GEORGE POTTS.

GENIUS belongs to no age, nation, sect or party. It breathes in the lowliest dwelling, and rises with its own strength and grandeur to an elevation which commands the admiration, and holds the world in awe. But it is not with the quickness of magic that genius sheds its holy light upon the earth, illumining and making bright and beautiful the darkest picture of the human mind, and gathering together its worshippers into one universal brotherhood of love and harmony. No, no; though born with the primary elements of success and greatness, man cannot reach the pinnacle in a day, nor without toil and struggles, and *patient energy*.

If we only had before us the *heart book* of the great men who have risen to fame and distinction by the grandeur of their genius, and could read from its pages the heart-burnings they have experienced, the moments and hours of misery they have passed through, how different would be our feelings and sensations, produced by their towering glory in after years, when the golden gate had been reached, and the crown of immortality rested upon their brows. Then, and not till then, are we willing to award to them the meed of praise, and then, not till then, does the world's sympathy flow in upon their souls.

Genius, god-like, heaven-inspired Genius, is lord of the world. Whether it springs from the snowy plains of Poland, among the classic Islands of Greece, or from under the sunny skies of Italy, or from among the vine-clad hills of France, or the green valleys of Ireland, or the forest wilds of America, it is the same, god-like, heaven-inspired Genius.

Hope whispers to the student, with hollow cheek and sunken eye, as he sits by the flickering "midnight taper," that the sunshine will enter, and the lonely hours he passes with his books will bring him months and years of happiness. His journey is no more a mockery now than it was in the epic days of old, for with hope, sweet, smiling *Hope*, labour has no toil, failure no disappointment. "Men labour at the foundation of society, while he, like the lowly lark, unseen and little prized, sits hard by in his nest on the earth, gathering strength to bear his song up to the sun. Slowly rise basement and monumental aisle, column and architrave, dome and lofty tower; and when the cloud-piercing spire is burnished with gold,

and the fabric stands perfect and wonderful, up springs the forgotten lark, with airy wing, to the pinnacle, and standing poised and unwondering on his giddy perch, he pours out his celestial music until his bright footing trembles with harmony. And when the song is done, and mounting thence, he soars away to fill his exhausted heart at the fountain of the sun; the dwellers in the town below look up to the giddy spire and shout not to the burnished shaft but to the lark, lost from it to the sky."

And as with the lark, how many are there toiling among us, unseen and uncared for, but who, like him, are gathering strength to bear them away high up among the clouds, in the azure depths of space. We jostle such in our walks every day, they pass us by unheeded, and we go dreaming on, not thinking of our neglect, until a sound of music breaks upon our ear,—a sound not as from a human voice, but as from an angel choir, discoursing most delicious melody.

There are those who have arrived to greatness, whose figures are so majestic as to exclude from the canvass all living companionship, while they derive no grandeur by calling up revered ancestral shadows from long-forgotten graves to fill the background. The infinite has degrees; whenever the world sees in any human spirit, the fire of Everlasting, it bows with equal awe, whether that fire is displayed by preacher, poet, author, or artist. It is known by its own true light, though it only may be brought forward by an occasional flash.

In the world of letters, we know of none who has to encounter more difficulties, and overcome greater obstacles, than the preacher. Yet with all, his is a happy task, for

"Good is as hundreds, evil as one;
"Round about goeth the golden sun."

In his pilgrimage there is "an incentive to turn the wearied citizen aside to the calm contemplation of philosophy; to the leafy path loved by the poet; to the evening bell and evening sky, of the musing anchorite; to the sweet influences of Pleiades, and the bands of Orion. Here there may be something reflected from the grace of childhood; something of the beauty of woman; something of the countenance of nature; something of the thoughts and influences of a great city; something of the free breath of the re-

public; some firmly wedded link, 'tenth or tenthousandth' in the great chain which binds the harmony of the world."

In the foremost rank of American living Divines, stands the individual whose name heads this paper. The distinction with which the name of Dr. Potts is now associated, in a permanent connection with the clergy, is admitted and known, but there are many who can hardly appreciate the extent to which they are indebted to his animated exertions, his varied talents, and generosity of conduct, during a period of twenty-five years. He commenced his struggle with the world manfully and bravely; and, despite the many obstacles that thronged his path, he succeeded at last in reaching that niche in the temple of merit in which we find him now. From him many a young clergyman has received valuable assistance in his efforts to become an honour to his profession, for, with a quick, true eye to discern in the modesty of the young student the future promises of power hardly yet conscious of itself, he has always endeavoured to facilitate its advancement.

Besides these particulars of past effort, which ought to make his countrymen love the reputation of the subject of this notice, we regret that our limits prevent us speaking as we would like of the more intimate qualities of personal value which adorn his character.

Dr. Potts was born in Philadelphia, March 15, 1802, where he resided some length of time. His parents were of Scotch and Irish origin, and very respectably connected. His mother was born in this country, we believe, and his father* in Clontibret, County Monaghan, 1775.

He graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, in 1819; and was a student at Princeton Theological Seminary, 1820 to 1823; receiving his licensure in the meanwhile (October 16, 1822,) from the Presbytery of Philadelphia, then in session at Doylestown. His ordination took place at Philadelphia, September 9, 1823; and accepting a call from the Presbyterian Church at Natchez, Mississippi, he was installed as pastor, December 5, 1823. On the 26th of April of the next year, he married Matilda R. Postlethwaite, of that place, then in her eighteenth year.

At Natchez, Dr. Potts was beloved and respected by all who knew him, and he continued in the pastoral charge of the church there for a period of twelve years. On his retiring from it, in 1836, the communicants numbered 135; and it may be recorded as a signal proof of the ability and liberality of the congregation, that in the same year its benefactions to reli-

* His parents were respectable and pious, of the Presbyterian persuasion; and by them he was early set apart for the ministry. His education was prosecuted and completed at the University of Glasgow; and he was licensed by the Presbytery of Monaghan to preach the Gospel. About this time his country was making her memorable struggle for freedom. Into this cause he entered with characteristic ardour, joined the Society of United Irishmen, and in 1795, visited Paris as the bearer of an important communication to the French National Convention. While on this embassy he extended his travels to Switzerland. But Ireland could not escape her iron bonds, and Irish patriots could not safely remain upon their own soil. In July, 1797, he arrived in the United States, and after preaching for some time in various vacant churches in Pennsylvania and Delaware, he chose Philadelphia as the field of his permanent labours. He was ordained in that city in June, 1800, and installed Pastor of the Fourth Church, which, from a small beginning, grew to a large and well established congregation. After a service of thirty-nine years, his infirmities rendered it necessary to resign his charge. For three years preceding his death, he was an invalid. He died on Sabbath evening, September 23d, 1838, in his sixty-fourth year."

gious objects amounted to fourteen thousand dollars. The reason of his leaving Natchez, was to take the Pastorship of the Duane Street Church, New York, which had been offered him by that congregation. His installation there occurred in May, 1836. As in Natchez, he soon obtained a strong hold of the affections of his congregation, and was, in a short time, one of the most popular clergymen in the city.

During his connection with this church, he was taken with that affection of the throat, which has in so many instances suddenly interrupted the labours of ministers. By the advice of his friends, he made a voyage to Europe. A course of travel there, which detained him abroad a little over a year, was the means of restoring him to health, and the exercise of his office. He returned home greatly refreshed both in body and mind, and was warmly welcomed back to his "native land." In 1838, he received the honorary degree of D. D.

He resigned the charge of the Duane Street Church in 1845, and on the 26th of November, of the same year, was installed as pastor in University-Place Church, New York, where he continues.

Since his arrival in this city, he has maintained a course which has won him many warm and sincere friends, and by his talents and strenuous efforts in the cause of morality, he has obtained a name which the world will "not willingly let die."

His style of preaching is forcible and eloquent to a degree. The clear conception, the high purpose, the firm resolve, speaking on the tongue and beaming from the eye, carry an irresistible influence to the hearts of his hearers, and none listen to his sublime and noble reasoning without being deeply impressed with his genius and depth of thought. His words are well chosen, and his ideas are always clothed in beautiful language. There are few, we are sure, who have not heard of his celebrated controversy with Dr. Wainwright, of the Episcopal Church, a few years since, on the occasion of the discussion of the "Bishop" question. His letters at the time were highly spoken of by the press, generally, and won for him many handsome encomiums. Like his preaching, they were direct and to the point, and carried with them a vast deal of persuasive argument.

Dr. Potts is one of those men who have been the architects of their own fortunes. To be sure, he has had opportunities, but without the firm resolve, the steadfast struggle, he would never have reached his present eminence and distinction, but on the contrary, would have been perishing in poverty, obscurity, and wretchedness. The best schools and colleges can but open their portals of learning, and without exertion and labour, no excellence can be achieved. It is, after all, the capacity for high and long-continued exertion that can

"—Pluck bright honour from the pale faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And drag up drowned honour by the locks."

In person, Dr. Potts is commanding, being tall and extremely well made. His features are regular and striking, and when speaking, are lit up with a very pleasing expression, though at times his countenance bears a thoughtful aspect. He is yet young, being but forty-six years of age. He has had six children, five of whom are living.

New-York, February 15th, 1848.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

London, February 1, 1848.

PUNCH was expected to have appeared in mourning last week for the capture—the real capture, by the French, of his old and ubiquitous friend, Abd-el-Kader. Instead of this, however, he has given us a foretaste of what is to be expected from the occupation of London by a French invading army, and the narrative reads so exceedingly pleasant, that if the event don't take place we may look for a huge augmentation of indigestion among city milliners, who are calculating on balls with our captivating conquerors that are-to-be. The bankruptcy of the pictorial papers will also be inevitable, as the proprietors will doubtless incur annihilating expense in drawings of impossible battles, and engravings of *fac-similes* of everything, totally unlike everything else, as is the fashion with these variegated broad sheets on momentous occasions. It is really wonderful what a Roman spirit has seized upon the Cockneys in these un-Roman times. They have not the least notion of being frightened out of their wits by beat of foreign drum, and instead of being terrified at the dangers of foreign invasion, so vividly depicted in the Duke of Wellington's letter on the national defences, they are wringing their hands at the forlorn aspect of the quarters revenue. If any one would tell them how to make up the deficiency of £175,000, in the matter of stamps, it would make a much more lively impression than the talk of Chatham requiring more sappers and miners. The road to their hearts is not through the Channel of Islands, as the warlike Duke seems to suppose, but through chests of tea, hogsheds of sugar, and gallons of rum, so as to increase the excise returns, and give us a chance of getting a penny on the pound off the income tax. They don't care a rush about the steam frigates of the Prince de Joinville—on paper. They know that whoever has got the frigates, or wherever they are, the steam is only to be found in Lombard street, and that unless the pot of war is made to boil in that locality, the vapour produced elsewhere is all smoke.

Well they remember the wholesome though homely philosophy of the late Sydney Smith:—"The warlike power of every country depends on their Three-per-Cents. If Cæsar were to return upon earth, Wettenhall's List would be more important than his Commentaries; Rothschild would open and shut the Temple of Janus; Baring or Bates would probably command the Tenth Legion; and the soldiers would march to battle with loud cries of Scrip and Omnium Reduced, Consols, and Cæsar!" This being the case, and every reasonable individual within the Bills of Mortality knowing that it is so, the terrible Jeremiad of the Victor of Waterloo over the approaching extirpation of England has neither effected the funds nor the spirits of the public, unless perhaps in the instance of two or three dyspeptic editors and their attendant imps, who being always in black, don't create any very marked sensation now they are in the "blues." The letter of the Duke, in fact, has utterly failed to awaken the nation to the sense of alarm which appears to haunt him in his old age, notwithstanding the potency of his dictum with us. But taking for granted all his Grace says, as to the practicability of large masses of troops being thrown on our coast, and of their virtually unopposed march upon and occupation of the capital, it entirely passes comprehension how the invading forces are to establish any communication whatever with France after the first six hours the first hostile vessel is seen off an English port. Why it is self-evident that the mere *vis inertia*, if one may use so untechnical a phrase, of the mercantile steam navy that would be drawn together within a single day, would alone defeat any such communication, saying nothing of the armed steam navy, nothing of the regular fleets of England, sufficient to destroy the whole marine of France, commercial and warlike, throughout the world, within nine months, even more effectually than in 1805-6,

No French soldier in his senses could hope to put his foot on English soil and return to France afterwards, except as a liberated prisoner, no matter what the preliminary success of the invasion. The retreat from Moscow would be security and quiet compared with the chances of escape—the passage of the Beresina would be a tranquil promenade beside the passage of the Channel, on which one ton of French timber could not possibly float a month after the firing of the first shot in anger; and if, within that month, even London were taken, the destruction of at least half the arsenals on the French seaboard would tolerably well dispose the French Government to precipitate the inevitable capitulation of the invading army—putting out of consideration the influences of the anti-Gallic movement on the part of the other European powers. The fears of the old Field Marshal that London would be captured, prove that he has read the History of England to little purpose. The undisciplined masses of our countrymen would oppose a formidable impediment to an army of 50,000 men in the highest state of discipline, and abounding in all the munitions of war. The early and overwhelming successes of the Young Pretenders, raw recruits against veteran troops, is an evidence of what a national spirit once awakened is capable of, in the open field, face to face with educated soldiers, and with an inferiority of everything—weapons, ammunitions, numbers—save indomitable courage. Our great and irreparable deficiency is in artillery—in the knowledge of the use of it. Pitched battles, therefore, would be mere massacres of Englishmen; but it is only in pitched battles and in sieges, that this destructive and irresistible agency could be employed with full effect. Seeing the way the country is interlaced with rail-ways—virtually quintupling our defensive land resources—and that literally hundreds of thousands of well-armed and well-mounted Englishmen could be brought on any one point within twenty-four hours—it is not too much to say that it is only by the incessant employment of cannon the French could hope to advance one mile, and that every inch of the road they left behind them would be instantly and hopelessly closed up. But enough of this. If I have occupied too much of your space on the subject, the importance it now occupies in the public mind here, must be my excuse.

"Who ever heard of a country unable to defend itself, having allies," is the question put by the Duke, and accordingly before the fact gets wind that we are utterly prostrate, Lord John Russell is seeking new means of resistance, and is about contracting for a regular supply of the thunders of the Vatican. One of the first ministerial moves will be a proposition for the regular political recognition by England, of the "Seventh Vial," or the "Scarlet Lady," or whatever is the appropriate designation for his Holiness, the Pope. Wonderful to relate, too, this astounding innovation has already elicited the emphatic sanction and advocacy of the leading mouthpiece of superorthodox Protestantism. The "Quarterly Review" that has just appeared, urges the adoption of the very course Government is said to have resolved upon, and asks:—"On what plea can we pretend to exclude the Sovereigns of Rome from the Congress of European powers? We were ready to battle for him against Bonaparte, and we had no small share in restoring him to the throne of which the King of Rome had dispossessed him; and yet we will not hold diplomatic intercourse with him!" This is just what all reasonable people have been saying any time this twenty years back; but the Inglishes and the Newdegates would not hear of it; and it is to be presumed they will plug their ears with additional wood, that they may not hear it now.

But there is comfort in store for them they wot not of. The Pope has been creating Bishops of Birmingham, and Archbishops of Westminster, and the deuce knows what else besides of the same kind lately, contrary to law, and in open violation of

the constitution, says the reviewer, whose remedy is—what do you think? The beheading of the dignitaries using the titles so conferred? War with the Pope for conferring them? Nothing of the sort; but to make reprisals on the Pontiff in kind—bishop for bishop, parson for parson; and if it come to archbishops, why there's Dr. Merewether will dean to take anything that's going, at home or abroad, provided only it have the genuine smack of any sort of episcopacy about it. "How would the Pope like," asks the reviewer, "if, by way of reciprocity, the Queen of England, as supreme head of the Anglican Church, should, of her own mere motion, erect a Protestant Bishopric of Rome, and instead of paying him a visit of civility by her Lord Privy Seal, should send some suffragan of the province of Canterbury to exhibit in Rome itself, in a cathedral dedicated to St. Paul or St. Peter, all the severe state and sober grandeur of our Anglican worship?"

And yet it is amazing how long people take to see a palpable self-evident proof. It is quite hurtful to the writer's vanity to remember how many years ago it is since the witty author quoted, last harped on the very views that are now broached with as much parade as though they were revelations of the most sparkling originality, as well as the profoundest wisdom. Hear the late Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's—London, not Rome, mind:—"It turns out that there is no law to prevent entering into diplomatic arrangements with the Pope. The sooner we become acquainted with a gentleman who has so much to say to eight millions of our subjects, the better. Can anything be so childish and absurd as a horror of communicating with the Pope, and all the hobgoblins we have imagined of premonitions and outlawries for this contraband trade in piety. Our ancestors (strange to say, wiser than ourselves,) have left us to do what we pleased, and the sooner Government do what they can do legally the better. A thousand opportunities of doing good in Irish affairs have been lost, from our having no avowed and dignified agent at the Court of Rome. If it depended on me, I would send the Duke of Devonshire there to-morrow, with nine chaplains and several tons of Protestant theology. I have no love of Popery; but the Pope at all events is better than the idol of Juggernaut, whose chaplains I believe we pay, and whose chariot I dare say is made in Long Acre. We pay £10,000 a year to our Ambassador in Constantinople, and are startled at the idea of communicating diplomatically with Rome, deeming the Sultan a better Christian than the Pope!"

Several of our commercial reformers are organising an agitation, having for its object the repeal of the duties upon tea. About eighteen months ago the subject assumed a degree of importance from the formation of an association in Liverpool, having for its object a reduction of the arbitrary duties on tea. The views of the economists were strengthened by the masterly report of the parliamentary committee on our commercial relations with China, which recommended this policy as one calculated to benefit the revenue directly, and promote our exports to that country.

The scarcity of food, a revenue insufficient for the exigencies of the requirements, and a commercial panic, effectually stopped the progress of the agitation. It has been commenced again under favourable auspices. No important topic pre-occupies the public mind. The reform sought interferes with no vested interests, and cannot therefore offend the prejudices or excite the interested opposition of any class; it has for its immediate object a boon to the consumer, and especially the poor consumer; and an ulterior one of promoting the interests of manufacturing England.

One of the celebrities of the week has been Lord Dufferin, who made an exceedingly witty and sensible speech, (as you will have seen,) at a rent dinner on his estates in the County Down. The wit of the speech would be remarkable under any circumstances, or coming from any one; but it is doubly so, as showing a continuation of that extraordinary heritage of genius en-

joyed by the Sheridan family for so many generations. Of course you know that his lordship—only just of age—is a Sheridan on the side of his mother—daughter of the "all-accomplished Tom"—grand-daughter of the immortal Richard Brinsley. She was better known as the Honourable Mrs. Blackwood, her husband having died on board the *Reindeer* steamer, from an overdose of morphine, soon after he succeeded to the title, and she has since lived comparatively as secluded as her sister, Mrs. Norton. One can never mention the names of any members of this singularly gifted race without recalling the surprising fortune that has befallen the three surviving female representatives of the great mental dynasty. Lady Dufferin, as we have seen, has been the wife, and is mother of a peer. Lord Grantley is an old man now, and his heir being his brother, Mr. Norton, the "Sorrows of Rosalie" are certain to be soon gilded by a coronet, and the "Undying One" will be the parent of a long line of peers. His Grace of Somerset is considerably upwards of seventy, consequently, the day cannot be very far distant when the brow of the Queen of Beauty, (Lady Seymour,) will be encircled by the strawberry leaves inherited from the Great Protector Somerset, and she will be the maternal head of some of the most powerful and highly connected families in the empire. Each of these ladies, it is old news to tell, is as distinguished for intellectual endowments, as for personal charms that have become proverbial. Each of their three dead brothers had the leading Sheridan characteristics, and so, in a large degree, has their surviving brother, the member for Shaftesbury, who is a genial country gentleman in the best sense of the term, as well as a humourist of the genuine old *School for Scandal* stamp. It is now some two hundred years since two of the Sheridans, (one of them Bishop of Kil-dare,) distinguished themselves by their abilities and learning. We find another Sheridan, Bishop of Dromore, a confidant of Swift's, and a translator of the "Satires of Persius." His third son was the author of "The Dictionary;" married the authoress of several comedies and other works of great repute in their time, some being read to this day; and became the father of the Sheridan, of whom Byron said that he was "focus alone of all the rays of fame." And now we have the great grandson, young Dufferin, giving evidence of the vitality of mind which seems an inalienable birthright of all in whose veins the charmed blood of the Sheridans flow.

Yet of this family a muddled and mandering London Coroner lately said that their inheritance was a vitiated taste, stunted mind, and decrepid body; and all because he had read somewhere that the famous wit was not calculated to figure as the Father Mathew of his epoch. Had not the sapient crowner been bitterly rebuked on the instant for his assinine impertinence, his folly, after awhile, would have passed for the inspiration of an oracle. The next biographer of any member of the Sheridan family would probably have adopted it unhesitatingly; of course it would be adopted by still later biographers; and so the story would go down to posterity—buoyant on the empty twaddle of one Mr. Baker. Such is the value of contemporary evidence, and of such materials are the most authentic memoirs made up! Well might Bolingbroke, when he called for his volumes of history, exclaim, "Bring me my liars!"

There is nothing new, of importance, in the literary world. Wm. Howitt has published a work called "The Hall and the Hamlet." Two volumes of sketches of court and country life, forming a pleasant melange of humour and pathos; a simple but faithful portraiture of English customs in hall and hamlet.

Dickens' sixteenth part of *Dombey and Son* goes far to retrieve the sinking fame of the author, and has given universal satisfaction even to those who were decrying the work.

The "Vanity Fair," of Thackeray, increases in popularity with every number; of other new works, there are none requiring notice.

HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

History of the Girondists, by Alphonse de Lamartine. Vol. 2. New York, Harper & Brothers. 1848.

The French Revolution is an inexhaustible subject. Every great and little author tries his hand upon it, from Sir Walter Scott down to Rev. Mr. Headley, which is going very far down indeed. With Frenchmen of genius it appears to be a point of honour to make an essay upon the great historical period of their national annals. Great as was the quantity of blood shed from the commencement to the close of that tremendous episode in the history of the world, we believe that it would not equal the quantity of ink which has been used in recording its events. The history of the Girondists, by the Poet Lamartine, although containing nothing essentially new, but the style and reflections of the author, has been as eagerly read, and as anxiously anticipated, as though every circumstance connected with the subject were not already as familiarly known as the exploits of Charlemagne or Alexander.

The second volume of Lamartine's history commences with the growing popularity and power of the bold and profligate Danton, and the declining power of the always just, merciful, and good Lafayette. Some of the most stirring and exciting events of the Revolution are herein described in a style rarely equalled. The attack on the Tuilleries, which has been so many thousand times described, and all its exciting and blood chilling details, given with a terrible minuteness, is here once more depicted; the conduct of the poor weak King, the best man, but the worst monarch of his race, is sketched with admirable skill, but the proud and beautiful Queen has been more happily described. There was more room for the imagination of the poet to expand itself in describing her conduct. The following extract is all that we can afford to give our readers from this most excellent work:

"MARIE ANTOINETTE.—The Queen, who followed the King step by step, gave emphasis to his language, by her noble appearance, by the proud, yet gracious, carriage of her head, and her dignified look. She would fain have inspired him, but only allowed her reddened cheek and acute emotions to speak for her those feelings of the Queen, the wife, and the mother, whose expression her sex compelled her to repress. It was evident that she was most deeply affected, but that courage and indignation dried her tears almost before they flowed. Her breathing was short, strong, and, as it were, impeded; her bosom heaved distressedly. Her features, haggard and pale from sleeplessness, but acted upon by her mind and inspired by her courage; her eyes, which darted lightning at all who gazed upon her; her look, which penetrated, implored, dared at the same time, just as she encountered cold looks or friendly greetings; the anxiety with which she sought, in various countenances, the impression made by the King's words; her elevated, tremulous lip; her aquiline nose, with the nostrils expanded by emotion; the attitude of her head, elevated by danger; her dignified step; her arms hanging listless by her side; her proud carriage; the remains still most beautiful of that loveliness which began to pale under the finger of time, as did her fortune beneath her sufferings; the recollection of the adoration she had inspired in these very apartments, where she now vainly implored a few arms to defend her; the rays of the morning sun penetrating into her apartments, and playing in her hair, like a crown wavering over her brow; the various arms, the crowd, the clamours, the silence, in the midst of which she advanced—all impressed upon her person the majesty of courage, dignity, sorrow, which in the eyes of the spectators equalled the solemnity of the scene, and the importance of the moment. It was the Niobe of monarchy; the statue of royalty dethroned, but which had not suffered soil or degradation in its fall. Never did she reign more than on that day!"

Midsummer Eve; A Fairy Tale of Love; by Mrs. S. C. Hall. C. S. Francis & Co. New York. 1848.

The original publication of this beautiful love story, is one of the prettiest illustrated books that we have ever seen. It is not one of those calico-looking gimmeracks, so fashionable at the present

day among fancy booksellers, filled with gold leaf and chintz patterns, but a true work of art. The illustrations are engraved on wood, and are designed by the first artists in England. Among them are Maclise, Stanfield, Creswick, Frost, and J. Noel Paton. The American edition is divested of the plates, but the sweet writing of the authoress is given; the following extract shows the style in which the story is composed:

"We must be astir, my fair sister, for danger threatens her this day—not her heart! not her mind!—they will be firm, amid all trials, all perils, all temptations; firmer than the crumple that has stood for ages in Dunloe, which a touch can move, but an earthquake cannot shake from the base that props it. Knowing Eva, as you do," continued the Air-Queen, "I am astonished you could so completely misunderstand her nature, as to suppose her capable of change. I saw the renewal of her faith, as the grass grew green over her mother's grave, for though Sidney came not, yet there was no wavering in her love—no changing in her faith; that faith is her happiness; she values what you value, as I do—as nought. Honeybell, you are not listening."

"I am, indeed; only tell me something new," replied the heedless Fairy.

"Am I not telling you—here, beneath the moonbeams—of mortal constancy?" quoth Nightstar. "Now do attend my story for a moment. One who is good as well as great, suddenly sent Sidney to where, long ago, we flourished, till driven thence by superstition and its train of crimes—to fair and fervent Italy—to catch still more the painter's inspiration; a most noble art—for so men call it; lauding thus, the nature, in which we move; for Art is only perfect when it copies Nature most."

Account of a New Anæsthetic Agent, as a Substitute for Sulphuric Ether in Surgery and Midwifery, by J. Y. Simpson, M. D. New York: re-published by Rushton, Clark, & Co. 1848.

In this little work, which has been re-published by Rushton, Clark & Co., at a very opportune time, will be found many useful hints respecting the use of Chloroform. The following are some of the advantages which the new remedy for pain possesses over Ether:

Chloroform was first discovered and described at nearly the same time by Soubeiran (1831), and Liebig (1832); its composition was first accurately ascertained by the distinguished French chemist, Dumas, in 1835.—See the *Annales de Chimie et de Physique*, vols. xlviii. xlix. and lviii. It has been used by some practitioners internally; Guillot prescribed it as an anti-spasmodic in asthma, exhibiting it in small doses, and diluted 100 times—(See Boucheret's *Annuaire Therapeutique* for 1844, p. 35.) But no person, so far as I am aware, has used it by inhalation, or discovered its remarkable anæsthetic properties till the date of my own experiments.

It is a dense, limpid, colorless liquid, readily evaporating, and possessing an agreeable, fragrant, fruit-like odor, and a saccharine pleasant taste.

As an inhaled anæsthetic agent, it possesses over sulphuric ether the following advantages:—

1. A greatly less quantity of Chloroform than of Ether is requisite to produce the anæsthetic effect; usually from a hundred to twenty drops of Chloroform only being sufficient; and with some patients much less. I have seen a strong person rendered completely insensible by six or seven inspirations of thirty drops of the liquid.

2. Its action is much more rapid and complete, and generally more persistent. I have almost always seen from ten to twenty full inspirations suffice. Hence the time of the surgeon is saved; and that preliminary stage of excitement, which pertains to all narcotizing agents, being curtailed, or indeed practically abolished, the patient has not the same degree of tendency to exhilaration and talking.

3. Most of those who know from previous experience the sensations produced by Ether inhalation, and who have subsequently breathed the Chloroform, have strongly declared the inhalation and influence of Chloroform to be far more agreeable and pleasant than that of Ether.

4. I believe, that considering the small quantity requisite, as compared with Ether, the use of Chloroform will be less expensive than that of Ether; more especially, as there is every prospect that the means of forming it may be simplified and cheapened.

5. Its perfume is not unpleasant, but the reverse; and the odor of it does not remain, for any length of time, obstinately attached to the clothes of the attendant,—or exhaling in a disagreeable form from the lungs of the patient, as so generally happens with Sulphuric Ether.

6. Being required in much less quantity, it is much more portable and transmissible than Sulphuric Ether.

7. No special kind of inhaler or instrument is necessary for its exhibition. A little of the liquid diffused upon the interior of a hollow-shaped sponge, or a pocket-handkerchief, or a piece of linen or paper, and held over the mouth and nostrils, so as to be fully inhaled, generally suffices in about a minute or two to produce the desired effect.

The Family Joe Miller.

We have had "family Shakespeares," "family Bibles," and other expurgated editions of old books for family use, and now we have a "family Joe Miller." It was a most excellent idea to publish an edition of the Josephus of fun, which should contain no jokes too broad to be admitted into a family circle. This book is one of those that have not been re-published in this country, but as it is for sale at the principal Broadway book stores, it is worth noticing in our Review, and a specimen joke or two will not come amiss to our readers. The book is illustrated with a portrait quite as much like the illustrious Joe, we dare say, as the majority of portraits in books are like their reputed originals, and the biography is no doubt equally correct. This *Liber veritatis* will serve one very good purpose. Whenever a joker is accused of uttering an "old Joe," he has only to turn to this volume, and if it be not found therein, he may claim his joke as his own. The following appear rather like revamps of old versions absolutely than absolutely new jokes:

"A STAGE STORM.—There was a terrific stage storm in one of the Easter pieces brought out by the illustrious Elliston at Drury-lane. As machines for making artificial oceans had not then been invented, the turbulent element was imitated by little boys, who kicked about on the stage under a cloth, painted sea-green. Several young gentlemen were engaged for this purpose at one shilling per night; but when the run of the piece was slackened, this handsome independence was reduced one-half. The wave immediately called a meeting, and resolved that the entire sea should strike. Accordingly, that night, although the peas and sieves pattered away like hail, the powdered rosin flashed forth its direst lightning, and the sheet iron rolled out terrific thunder, the sea, to the horror of the prompter, was as calm as a new carpet. He raged louder than the half-made storm, lifted a margin of the ocean, and enjoined the boys to toss about with energy. Upon this an urchin popped out his head from the 'briny deep,' and inquired, 'Sixpenny waves, or shilling ones?' The prompter had no alternative, and replied, 'Shilling ones.' Forthwith the sea was agitated as fiercely and suddenly as if a real squall had sprung up."

"A PLEASANT VALEDICTION.—Before the Bishop of New Zealand departed, Sidney Smith, in taking leave, affected to impress upon his friend the dangers of his mission. 'You will find,' he said, 'in preaching to cannibals, that their attention, instead of being occupied by the spirit, will be concentrated on the flesh; for I am told that they never breakfast without a cold missionary on the sideboard.' In shaking hands with the new prelate as he was leaving the house, the reverend wit added, 'Good-b'ye. We shall never meet again; but let us hope that you may thoroughly disagree with the savage who eats you.'"

"THE ART OF BALANCING.—An exceedingly 'fast' young gentleman, after running through a fortune, was induced to become a clerk in a public office. The dull routine of his duties, however, interfered too much with the allurements of society to be long agreeable, and the salary was small. He had made up his mind to resign, when the chief of the department to which he belonged took occasion to task him severely for his general negligence, and contempt for all the rules of the office. The supercilious clerk was indignant. He did not care a rap for the paltry berth—the salary scarcely found him in cigars and gloves. 'Very well,' said the precise principal, 'it will be my painful duty to supersede you. As soon, therefore, as you have balanced your books—'

"'Balance be hanged!' was the interruption. 'I never learnt conjuring. If you want the books balanced, send for Ramo Samee, he'll balance them for you—on his chin, if you ask him.'"

The Life of the Chevalier Bayard, by W. Gilmore Simms.—New York, Harper & Brothers, 1847. pp. 401.

The publishers have done their part to preserve the character of the Chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*. They have done him up in fair white paper, clear type, and handsome embossed muslin covers. The engravings might have been better, indeed it would have been much better to have had none than such as these; but bad as they are, they are entirely too good for the text. Mr. Simms was just the last person in the whole world who should have made an attempt upon the life of the Chevalier Bayard, because he has performed his self-imposed task in a more wretched, unskilful, and beggarly manner than we had supposed possible in these days of universal education. We will give the first sentence of the book as a specimen of the author's style, and having got through with the longest period that ever was strung together by any writer pretending to sanity of mind, we are very sure that our readers will have no desire to know more of this most remarkably bad book. Mr. Simms does actually commence his life of the Chevalier Bayard with this curiously constructed and most incomprehensible sentence, which is not unique, by-the-by, in Mr. Simms' volume:

"It was at a time when chivalry was at its lowest condition in Christian Europe; when the fine affections of the order, erring always on the side of generosity and virtue—its strained courtesies, its overwrought delicacies, its extravagant and reckless valour—every thing, in short, of that grace and magnanimity which had constituted its essential spirit, and made of it a peculiar institution—had given way to less imposing and less worthy characteristics; when, ceasing to be the distinguishing boast of courtliness and noble blood, it had yielded, on every hand, in Spain, in France, England, Italy, and Germany, to a growth of the grossest passions, a disregard of the point of honour, and of those pledges of faith which it had been the great end of chivalry to maintain, at every hazard, as the first tests of courtesy and manhood,—it was even at such a time that the now decaying institution was destined to furnish to the world the happiest illustration, in a single great example, of its ancient pride and character, and of those virtues which had made it fruitful of good to humanity, in spite of many curious anomalies."

The remainder of the volume is worthy of such a beginning. As a curious specimen of muddle-headed and incomprehensible rigmarole, we thought this worth presenting to our readers; but we will not trespass upon their good nature by making any further extracts from this worst of all books that has yet been produced by the American press.

The Chevalier Bayard makes a very indifferent figure in the hands of Mr. Simms; he appears as the Apollo Belvidere might after being dressed at a cheap slop-shop. In spite of the innate heroism and nobility of the Chevalier, Mr. Simms contrives to give him the air of a snob and a paltroon. Mr. Simms' waggeries and attempts at humour, are really the most melancholy examples of dismal writing that it has ever been our lot to encounter; and his elaborate and serious apologies for the "good knight's" deeds of arms are curiosities in this kind of historical writing.

The Children at the Phalanstery; A Familiar Dialogue on Education; By F. Cantague. Translated by Francis George Shaw. New York, William H. Graham, 1848.

Mr. Shaw is an admirable translator. He renders his author in pure idiomatic English, so that his translations appear like original productions, and yet they perfectly contain the literal sense of the author. This is the highest praise that can be bestowed upon a translator. As to the original work, we cannot discuss the merit of it here, because it must be taken in connection with the whole system of Fourier, of which it is but a figment. It contains a good many highly valuable hints on the education of children, which have a value of themselves, apart from the theory of Fourier; while the nonsense of the book is so very non-

sensical that there is little danger of its doing any harm. We do not know much about Fourier, but the little that we do know does not incline us to seek for more extended knowledge in respect to his social system. But we know a good many of his disciples for whom we have a high respect, and are not insensible to their merits, while we cannot but regard their social science as a pure delusion, and at the same time a very harmless one, excepting that it blinds their perceptions to the true principles of social progress.

We would commend the following extract to those anti-hirsute philosophers, who think that God made a great mistake when he endowed man with a beard :

"A few days since, I was at a friend's house ; his son, five or six years old, was there, near us, silent. We looked at him ; his eye was fixed, his eyelids lowered ; and by the intellectual labour that was going on in that little brain you would have said the head would burst. 'What are you thinking of, my little Jules ?' asked his father. 'What am I thinking of ?' replied the child ; 'I am thinking how I shall support you, when I am great and you are little.'"

THE MOTHER. "Poor little thing ! How I should have kissed him."

X. "That is what the father did not fail to do."

THE MOTHER. "Well ! sir, mine sometimes make such reflections ; really, I assure you, they often make me ponder on many things."

X. "I believe it, madame ; children—I mean quite young children, those whose precocious intellects there has as yet been no opportunity to falsify, have a great deal more good sense than their parents and teachers. Those teachers have published volumes of proverbs which are called *The Wisdom of Nations* ; they would have done much better to have collected the reflections, the repartees of their pupils, and composed of them a book entitled *The Wisdom of Children*, or rather, *The Wisdom of Nature*.

"Allow me to mention to you yet another of those sayings, great in naïveté, in simplicity. Last evening I was in a public place where two gentlemen were discussing an important question, viz : 'That it would be very desirable to invent a machine for shaving, which would relieve the bearded sex from the ennui of lather and the barber.' 'But, papa,' said a child, who was following the conversation with great blue eyes wide open and very intelligent, 'suppose people should not shave themselves at all ? 'What is that you are saying ? 'Why !' added the child, 'since people have beards, they are not made to be shaved off.' 'Is the child a fool ? ' 'Not so much of a fool, either,' ventured the other speaker, 'the fact is that a beard gives to a man's physiognomy a character which it would otherwise want.' 'Oh, said the father, laughing, 'but if I did not shave, my wife would think my beard too hard—' and there the conversation ended. 'Yes,' said I, jestingly, to a friend who was listening with me, 'she would think it too hard for a fortnight, but try to keep it three months—'"

The following is a most charming description of one of those public nurseries in Paris, called a "Hall of Asylum."

"The Halls of Asylum are already numerous in Paris, where the first was founded in 1828. Visit a Hall of Asylum, if you are not yet acquainted with those good and pious establishments ; there is no sight in Paris which will give you a better or a sweeter emotion. The object of the Hall of Asylum is to receive the children of the surrounding quarter during the day. The establishment is composed of a court-yard planted with trees and provided with a spacious shed. In fine weather the children play in the yard, in the sun ; they gather under the shed when it rains. From seven in the morning, the mothers or the large sisters bring the children to the Asylum, where they remain until seven in the evening ; they are received from the age of twenty-two months up to six years.

"Now, you will see in the court three hundred little children, full of gaiety and activity, playing, leaping, jumping rope, and rolling upon the sand in the sun—and for these three hundred children one single superintendent !—I have seen in the Hall of Asylum of the Rue Saint Hippolyte, a little miniature garden dazzling with flowers, and in the middle of the flowers a dwarf cherry-tree, no higher than the children of three or four years old, who were playing close beside it ; that cherry-tree was covered with beautiful red cherries, which each of the children could have gathered by simply stretching out a hand. Well ! not one of those pretty cherries was touched, all those pretty flowers were respected ! and note, if you please, that these little children are very free, for frequently the director is out of sight, and remains whole half-hours without showing himself. Better still ! when new children arrive at the Asylum, as soon as they approach the little garden, it is the others who inform them that it is *not to be*

touched, and no one does touch it. There has never been a scolding to give, a punishment to inflict on this account ; yet the temptation is great. It is the influence of the tone which prevails there, the influence of the unitary tone.

"But what follows is pretty. When all these little children are amusing themselves in their court, where they amuse themselves so much, that *at least half of them*, as the good director told us, *would forget to eat, and leave their little baskets full of food without touching them, if he did not take care* ; when they are amusing themselves so much, I said, the master gives a whistle. At this whistle, little girls and little boys suddenly quit their play, and come to place themselves in file, each in his rank : three hundred children, and among them twenty-two months' old babies ! and there is perfect silence ! 'Attention, my children !' says the master ; and at the second whistle, all cross their hands behind their backs. At the third whistle, the master beating time with a wooden staff, the two regiments of little girls and little boys begin to march, marking the step and singing to the air of Marlborough :

"Nous nous mettons en marche,
Miron-ton, ton, ton, miron-taine ;
Nous nous mettons en marche,
Pour aller travailler ;
Car il faut s'occuper
Pour ne pas s'ennuyer,
Pour ne pas s'ennuyer."

"And there they are marching in measure in two files, always singing in measure, and singing to one air at first, then to another, then to a third, all the movements which they make, all the evolutions which they execute while going in good order, to take their accustomed places upon the benches of the school. The master gives a whistle, everything stops, march and song. There is a perfect silence, you could hear the buzzing of a fly. When the measure is resumed, the march and song is resumed.—It is wonderful."

But, after all, such a sight as one of these Halls of Asylum offered, must be more sad than pleasant. It is like a cage full of canaries ; birds are not created for cages, nor children for Phalansteries. Our faith in the isolated household remains unchanged. We believe with Jean Jacques, that the child ought to be nursed by its own mother, and clothed and fed by its own father. But if it be not ? Why, then the Phalanstery is an improvement upon the Alms House, and the House of Refuge, of course.

Pictorial History of England. Harper & Brothers.

The publication of this admirable work is still going steadily on, and in a few more numbers will be completed. As a history for general reading, it is worth all the histories of England ever published. Being written by many authors, each taking the part he was best qualified to write, renders it a better work than if it were written by one author, yet it lacks for that reason the singleness of purpose, the individuality of character which distinguish the histories of Smollet, Hume, Lingard, &c. The pictures are generally valuable as representing real objects, but the publisher has shown a lamentable want of judgment in mixing up with the actual illustrations, fancy historical sketches which have not even the merit of good execution, or an elevated style to recommend them. This is a trifling matter, it is true, but it interferes with the dignity of the work.

Our Street ; By Mr. M. A. Titmarsh. London, 1848.

Here's another perfect gem of a book, which none of our publishers have thought worth re-publishing ; yet we are quite sure it would sell well if any body thought it worth while to steal it. Mr. Titmarsh is the most original, after Dickens, of living English humourists ; he has not the invention, the copiousness, the pathos, and breadth of descriptive power which characterize the writings of Boz, but there is generally a deeper and more serious aim in his satirical sketches than in those by the author of Pickwick.

But Mr. Titmarsh (whose real name is W. M. Thackeray,) is an artist with his pencil as well as his pen, and has the advantage of illustrating his own writings. His sketches are something better than caricatures, they are fine characterizations ; many of

them in "Our Street" are equal to Cruikshank's happiest efforts, and are truly Hogarthian in feeling and execution. Mr. Titmarsh is the author of the *Snob Papers in Peach*; of *Jeames' Diary*, *Travels About Town*, and some of the funniest sketches in that always funny and hearty paper. He is the author of the best book of *Travels* written about Ireland, and of the *Journey from Cornhill to Cairo*; of "*Miss Shum's Husband*," and of some of the best criticisms on modern art which have appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*.

He was originally intended for a lawyer—by his friends, we mean,—but nature intended him for the profession which he has since adopted, that of a Magazine writer, and a satirist of fashionable vices. He attempted to be an artist, but at last took to the pen, which he uses with as much skill as he does the pencil. He is about thirty-eight years of age, a good natured, rather stout, well educated, and most gentlemanly fellow; he is just exactly the kind of genius which we need in this country, but we fear it will be a long time before such a one makes his appearance among us. There are no elements in our society calculated to produce such a phenomenon, nor no appreciation of such an one if he should appear.

The last number of the *Edinburgh Review* contains an article on Thackeray's writings, which renders but slender justice to his rare merits. The subject of the review is mainly "*Vanity Fair*," which is now publishing in numbers, and not being completed, can hardly be considered as a proper subject for criticism. Mr. Titmarsh is one of those persons who cannot endure a humbug; he falls afool of such characters as a cat does a mouse, and seems to take great delight in tormenting them to death. Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, or Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, as he now writes his name, was for many years the butt of Mr. Titmarsh's cutting ridicule. We do not mean to say that Bulwer is a humbug, but Mr. Titmarsh evidently thinks him one, and it cannot be denied that the famous novelist has a good many humbugous ways with him, as almost every man of mark has, for that matter. The work in which Mr. Titmarsh used to show up Bulwer with the finest effect, was the "*Yellow Plush Correspondence*," which was first published in *Fraser's Magazine*.

One of the earliest of his publications, which has not been republished in this country, was the "*Parisian Sketch Book*." He is also the author of "*Punch's Prize novelists*," a series of burlesques on the popular novelists of the day, among whom *D'Israeli* appears to be his pet butt. His papers in *Punch* generally are signed, from the "*Fat Contributor*," and most of his designs are designated by a pair of spectacles in the corner of the cut. "*Our Street*" is on the plan of "*Mrs. Perkins' Ball*," which was published last year; and, like that inimitable work, is a gallery of striking portraits, all having a strong family likeness, and yet all distinct individuals. His "*Irish Sketch Book*" gave great offence to the Irish, which was a pretty good evidence that he had told the truth about them; but he did it in such a good humoured, jolly manner that we cannot understand why they should have been displeased with him. But have we not been equally displeased with Dickens for writing his *American Notes*?

We heard an Irish author, of some celebrity, say that he felt sufficiently revenged on Mr. Titmarsh for what he had written about Ireland, after reading the first parts of "*Vanity Fair*." His anger could not have been of a very dangerous type, nor his critical acumen very keen, for "*Vanity Fair*," according to the *Edinburgh Review*, is one of the finest satires of modern times.

The Architect; By W. H. Ranlett. Nos. 1 to 8. Published by W. H. Graham. New York. 1847.

America has produced but few architectural works, indeed, we are not sure but the one before us is the only genuine work on architecture that can be called original. The publications of

Mr. Downing are mere adoptions of Loudon's *Cottage Architecture*. Mr. Ranlett's work is not designed as an elementary treatise on architecture, but as a practical work on Villa and Cottage buildings. The designs, of which there are some twenty odd, are all original, and many of them display a very high order of talent. The directions for builders, the estimates and descriptions are full, clear, exact, and reliable. The designs are admirably lithographed and tinted, and the paper and letter-press are of the very best description. The introductory remarks on different styles of architecture, are too brief to be particularly instructive, but they are generally well written, and manifest considerable cultivation in the author. It is a work which will be found eminently serviceable in a new country like ours, where towns and cities are rapidly springing up in the wilderness, and displacing the den of the wild beast, and the wigwam of the savage. In addition to the purely architectural part of the work, it contains a good many valuable hints on landscape gardening, and much useful information in regard to laying out grounds and improving rural property.

Mr. Ranlett has also issued the first number of the second volume of the *Architect*; it is fully equal to the preceding number in all respects so far as the beauty of the designs and the mechanical execution go, and greatly improved in the literary department. The architectural aphorisms which it contains are in some respects novel, but we believe profoundly true; they are certainly enunciated with sufficient boldness, and the remarks under the head *Sites and Styles* are delightfully written and eminently entitled to the consideration of the public. Mr. Ranlett is evidently a man of cultivated talents and with a most praiseworthy enthusiasm for his serviceable profession. His designs are admirably adapted to the requirements of our soil and climate, and the effects of his elegant and much needed work cannot but prove in the highest degree beneficial to the public.

Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains, by George F. Ruxton. New York, Harper & Brothers. 1848.

This is a very readable book. The author pretends to nothing more than making a rough record of a very rough journey to the outskirts of the civilized world; but his style of narrative is far from being unpleasant, and he narrates many circumstances and gives a variety of facts, concerning a country which is at this time a region of particular interest to Americans. What his object was in visiting Mexico and the Rocky Mountains, he does not reveal. He landed in Vera Cruz two months before General Scott bombarded the city, an act which Mr. Ruxton regards as unnecessary and cruel, as he thinks that a regiment of Missouri volunteers could easily have taken possession of the city. Having spent a winter in the Rocky Mountains, he crossed the lakes, came down to New York, and sailed for Liverpool in August, 1847. Since then his book has been published in England, and is now re-published here. Rather quick work. But these are the days for working quickly. He speaks in the highest terms of us United-States, but his contempt for the Mexicans is immeasurable. He declares that they do not possess one redeeming quality. They are indolent, treacherous, imbecile, and cowardly. He compliments the Mexican women, however, upon their beauty and kind disposition, and hopes that the men have some redeeming virtues, although he never discerned any in them. The following extracts, which will not be without interest for our readers, give a good idea of the authors style:

"*Santa Anna*.—Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna is a hale-looking man, between fifty and sixty, with an Old Bailey countenance and a very well-built wooden leg. His countenance completely betrays his character; indeed, I never saw a physiognomy in which the evil passions, which he notoriously possesses, were more strongly marked. Oily duplicity, treachery, avarice and sensuality are depicted in every feature, and his well-known

character bears out the truth of the impress his vices have stamped upon his face. In person he is graceful, and not devoid of a certain well-bred bearing, which win for him golden opinions from the surface-seeing fair sex, to whom he ever pays the most courtly attention. If half the anecdotes are true which I have heard narrated by his most intimate friends, any office or appointment in his gift can always be obtained on application of a female interceder; and on such an occasion he first saw his present wife, then a girl of fifteen, whom her mother brought to the President, to win the bestowal upon her of a pension for former services, and Santa Anna became so enamoured of the artless beauty that he soon signified his gracious intention of honouring her with his august hand, after a vain attempt to secure the young lady in a less honourable manner, which the politic mamma, however, took care to frustrate.

"*The City of Mexico.*—On entering the town, one is struck with the regularity of the streets, the chaste architecture of the buildings, the miserable appearance of the population, the downcast look of the men, the absence of ostentatious display of wealth, and the prevalence of filth which everywhere meet the eye. On every side the passenger is importuned for charity. Disgusting lepers whine for alms;—maimed and mutilated wretches, mounted on the backs of porters, thrust out their distorted limbs and expose their sores, urging their human steeds to increase their pace as their victim increases his to avoid them. Rows of cripples are brought into the street the first thing in the morning, and deposited against a wall, whence their infernal whine is heard the live-long day. * * * Mexico is the head quarters of dirt. The streets are dirty, the houses are dirty, the men are dirty, and the women dirtier; and everything you eat and drink is dirty. * * * Observe every countenance: with hardly an exception a physiognomist will detect the expression of vice and crime, and conscious guilt in each. No one looks you in the face, but all slouch past with downcast eyes and hang-dog look, intent upon thoughts that will not bear the light. The shops are poor and ill-supplied, the markets filthy in the extreme. Let no fastidious stomach look into the shops where pastry is made."

Scenes at Washington; A Story of the Last Generation; By a Citizen of Baltimore. New York, Harper & Brothers. 1848.

We do not know who the citizen may be to whom we are indebted for this well meaning book, but we suspect him to be some retired Methodist parson. What the book means we have been unable to discern from reading it; as for the story, the author was certainly in the plight of the weary knife grinder, he has none to tell, sir; and as for the *Scenes at Washington*, in which any of the last generation had a part, it may well be believed that for their intense dullness, they are "bad to beat."

The Princess; A Medley; By Alfred Tennyson. Boston, William D. Ticknor & Co. 1848.

This delicious poem, which has all the colloquial simplicity of childhood about it, and seems to have been written just as its pure-hearted author talks, with the most elevated thoughts and serene beauty, reached us at so late a day, that we are debarred the privilege of dilating upon its merits at such length as we would gladly indulge in. We can but select a few passages as a scent of the flower, which our readers shall behold in full bloom hereafter. Here is a description of a tourney, and of the scene just after it was ended:

"——— It was the point of noon:
The lists were ready. Empanoplied and plumed
We enter'd in, and waited, fifty there
To fifty, till the terrible trumpet blazed
At the barrier—yet a moment, and once more
The trumpet, and again: at which the storm
Of galloping hoofs bare on the ridge of spears
And riders front to front, until they closed
In the middle with the crash of shivering points,
And thunder. On his haunches rose the steed,
And into fiery splinters leapt the lance,
And out of stricken helmets sprang the fire.
Part sat like rocks: part reel'd but kept their seats:
Part roll'd on the earth and rose again and drew:
Part stumbled, mixt with floundering horses. Down
From these two bulks at Arac's side, and down
From Arac's arm, as from a giant's flail,
The large blows rain'd, as here and everywhere

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He rode the mallow, lord of the ringing lists,
And all the plain, brand, mace, and shaft, and shield
Shock'd, like an iron-clanging anvil bang'd
With hammers; till I thought, can this be he
From Gama's dwarfish loins? If this be so,
The mother makes us most—and thinking thus
I glanced to the left, and saw the palace-front
Alive with fluttering scarfs and ladies' eyes,
And highest among the statues, statuelike,
Between a cymbal'd Miriam and a Jael,
With Psyche's babe, was Ida watching us,
A single band of gold about her hair,
Like a Saint's glory up in heaven; but she
No saint—inexorable—no tenderness—
Too hard, too cruel: yet she sees me fight,
Yea, let her see me die. With that I drove
Among the thickest, and bore down a Prince,
And Cyril, one; but that large-moulded man
Made at me thro' the press, and staggering back
With stroke on stroke the horse and horseman came
As comes a pillar of electric cloud,
Flaying off the roofs and sucking up the drains,
And shadowing down the champain till it strikes
On a wood, and takes, and breaks, and cracks, and splits,
And twists the grain with such a roar, that the Earth
Reels and the herdsmen cry, for everything
Gave way before him: only Florian, he
That loved me closer than his own right eye,
Thrust in between; but Arac rode him down:
And Cyril seeing it, pushed against the Prince,
With Psyche's colors round his helmet, tough,
Strong, supple, sinew-corded, apt at arms;
But tougher, suppler, stronger, he that smote
And threw him. Last I spurred; I felt my veins
Stretch with fierce heat; a moment hand to hand,
And sword to sword, and horse to horse we hung,
Till I struck out and shouted; the blade glanced;
I did but shear a feather, and life and love
Flow'd from me; darkness closed me; and I fell."

"Anon
Thro' the open field into the lists they wound
Timorously; and as the leader of the herd
That holds a stately fretwork to the Sun,
And followed up by a hundred airy does,
Steps with a tender foot, light as on air,
The lovely, lordly creature floated on
To where her wounded brethren lay; there stay'd;
Knelt on one knee,—the child on one,—and prest
Their hands, and called them dear deliverers,
And happy warriors, and immortal names,
And said, 'You shall not lie in the tents, but here.
And nursed by those for whom you fought, and served
With female hands and hospitality.'"

"Not peace, she looked, the Head: but rising up
Robed in the long night of her deep hair, so
To the open window moved, remaining there
Fixt like a beacon tower above the waves
Of tempest, when the crimson rolling eye
Glazes ruin, and the wild sea-birds on the light
Dash themselves dead. She stretched her arms and called
Across the tumult and the tumult fell!"

How deliciously pure and sweet, how redolent of country life, is the following description of boys at play in a park:

"A herd of boys with clamour bowled
At the stump wicket; babies rolled about
Like tumbled fruit in grass; and men and maids
Arranged a country dance, and flew thro' light
And shadow, while the twangling violin
Struck up the Soldier-laddie, and overhead
The broad, ambrosial aisles of lofty lime
Made noise with bees and breeze from end to end."

James The Second, or the Revolution of 1688; An Historical Romance; By W. Harrison Ainsworth; Complete in 1 Vol. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart. 1848.

Ainsworth is both a better and a worse writer than James, of whom he is a sort of follower. He has a livelier imagination, a more picturesque style, and a more dramatic arrangement of plot; but he is less exact, not so well informed, and more loose in his morals than James. But neither of these too-popular English authors possess, in any eminent degree, the first great requisite for a novelist, which is, the power of characterization.

The Conquest of California and New Mexico, by the Forces of the United States, in the Years 1846 and 1847; by James Madison Cutts. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart. 1847.

General Kearney and Colonel Fremont, the two heroes of the conquest of California, stare each other in the face here, in two remarkably expressive portraits, and seem to be trying to look each other out of countenance, as they did recently in Washington on the famous Court Martial.

California can hardly be regarded in the light of a conquered country; we merely took possession of it, as the French did of Tahiti, because there was nobody to hinder us.

The work before us is deeply interesting, and contains a vast amount of curious statistical information, which will be exceedingly profitable to the historian, who will, by-and-bye, avail himself of the labours of such authors as Mr. Cutts.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

DEAR READER,—

The month which has just flown over our heads—but it has not flown over our heads, we wish it had; it has taken us off our feet and borne us onward four weeks nearer to our graves than we were when we last took up our pen to address you; yes, Time has swept on, and swept away like dust an entire calendar month, and here we are in the third number of our Magazine. But, as we were saying, or rather going to say, the month which is gone, was distinguished for nothing so much as its Valentines. The number of painted letters, of silken missives, of bleeding hearts, of cupids caught in spider's webs, of roses with babies nestled in their perfumed leaves, of shocking bad rhymes, of tender acrostics, (we wrote one ourself), of grotesques in the shape of old maids and old bachelors, that passed through the Post Office, was, to say the least, immense. Our country readers can form but a faint idea of what a lover's holiday Saint Valentine's is in New York.

The quires of paper used in sending Valentines are beyond all accounting for, and the amount of money expended upon such trifles would frighten a political economist. When there is a good deal of money spent, a good deal must be received by somebody, so that trade has been all the better for Valentine's Day. Some witless people take advantage of Saint Valentine's day to send spiteful letters to sensitive ladies and gentlemen against whom they have a grudge; a year ago one of these stupid missives of malice caused a young gentleman to commit suicide. The person who sent the letter was a murderer, and he will have to bear about with him until his dying day the reflection that he caused a fellow creature's death, which will not be the less difficult to bear because it was done in sport. The practice of sending comical love letters on Saint Valentine's Day is a very ancient one, and the origin of it is involved in some obscurity. Indeed, we have never seen any satisfactory elucidation of the matter. There are a good many old superstitions connected with the day, and we remember hearing an old crone say when we were very young, that if you got up before sunrise on the fourteenth of February, and on looking out of the window, saw a male and a female together, it was a sign you would be married before the end of the year. And we remember trying it, too, but it was many a year before it came to pass. But, then, we didn't happen to be of a marriageable age, when we first tried the experiment, which may account for its failure. Saint Valentine's is the last of the holidays; with it all fun ceases, and business commences, and there is no let up until the fourth of July. May day has long since ceased to be a holiday in New York; instead of dancing round a pole, or going into the country to gather pond lillies, dandelions, violets, and anemones, every body is engaged in the hurly burly, the toil and trouble, the fret and confusion of moving. What a day it is, to be sure, in New York! Happy, then, is the man who lives in his own house. May day in New York should be called dis-may day.

The chief topic of the month has been Mrs. Gaines' suit, and the recovery of her property; from being simply Mrs. Gaines, she has become, by the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, a seven-millionaire and a *lionne*. No sooner was the decision of the Judge known in Washington, than the great men of the Nation began to call upon her and claim her acquaintance. What a sudden revolution in one's affairs! From being nobody, to become all at once somebody. People who before passed her without looking at her, when they heard that she had gained a suit that made her worth seven millions of dollars, gazed after her as though she were "an angel just kimmed down from the skeies," or some rare piece of mechanism. Such is the influence of money! It is said that Mrs. Gaines has purchased the palatial residence of Mr. Penniman in Union Square, and will hereafter make New York her home, which shows that she is a lady of good taste, for there cannot be a better place for spending money in, than New York. As this affair has made a good deal of talk in the world, and every body may not know all about it, perhaps a brief history of the case will not be without interest for our readers.

A case that has occupied the Supreme Court of the United States nearly ten years in unravelling, cannot be very easily compressed into the limits which we have allotted to us in this department, and we shall have to defer, until next month, a full and clear statement of this most remarkable and most romantic of law suits. It has in it all the elements of a romantic story, and in fact surpasses in interest the majority of romantic tales that have been constructed for the amusement of idle readers. It is quite as wonderful as the story of the Wandering Jew, excepting only the superhuman incidents of that wild and overwrought romance.

Mrs. Gaines, who is now living among us, a little quiet woman, the wife of a veteran soldier, is the heroine of this strange eventful history. She is about forty-two or three years of age; a woman of great intelligence, who has seen much of the world, and a few years since made herself somewhat conspicuous by lecturing in company with her distinguished husband, on the subject of war; she depicting with the liveliness of a warm and imaginative woman, the horrors of warfare, and he lecturing on the best method of protecting the country against the encroachments of an enemy. The plan of the old General was something like that which has recently been made public by the Duke of Wellington, and, like the Duke's, caused more laughter than alarm among the people.

The father of Mrs. Gaines was an Irishman, by the name of Daniel Clark, who was one of the chief instruments in the negotiations for the purchase of Louisiana by our government. He was a merchant in New Orleans, a vast speculator in wild lands, and a most accomplished gentleman. He enjoyed great popularity among the native population of Louisiana, and it was supposed that he would have been appointed the Governor of the

territory when it was first acquired by Mr. Jefferson. He was many years a member of Congress from that State, and played an important part in the political drama of the times. In 1803, being in Philadelphia, he was privately married to a young and beautiful girl who had been basely deceived by a Frenchman, named De Grainges, who had married and deserted her, when it was proved that he had another wife living in France. This young lady was a native of Louisiana; she was but fourteen years of age when she was married to the villain, De Grainges, and her name was Zulime Carriere.

At the time of Clark's marriage to her, there being some formalities incomplete, relating to her divorce from De Grainges, caused her marriage to be kept private, her lawful husband revealing the fact only to his intimate friends, by whom she was received as an honourably married woman. She was taken to New Orleans by Clark, and there her only child, Myra, the present Mrs. Gaines, was born. Clark had two partners, or confidential clerks, with whom he left his extensive business while he was in Philadelphia and Washington, and these men, Relfe and Chew, with the hope of creating a difficulty between their benefactor and his wife, so that in the event of his death they might get possession of his great wealth, contrived to spread reports discreditable to the fair fame of the doubly unfortunate Zulime Carriere, and the result was that her marriage with Daniel Clark was not publicly proclaimed, and on his death, his only child and heir was deprived of her legal inheritance, and her legitimacy has but now been established, and her property placed within her reach.

The number of suits necessary to be brought to recover all that she is fairly entitled to, amount to nearly a hundred; but the recent decision in Washington, by the Supreme Court, affects but two lots only. The whole amount of property which will come into the possession of this fortunate lady, it is said will be equal to seven millions of dollars. It is not to be wondered at that such a sudden wind-fall should cause so much talk, and the subject of it become a prominent topic of the month.

We closed up our Magazine last month with some remarks on the architectural aspects of New York; and the month of February has produced more changes in our street fronts. The large and rather gloomy-looking granite building on the corner of Broadway and Chambers street, has been purchased for the purpose of being turned into a monster hotel, very nearly the size of the Astor House. The plan is to add two stories to the present building, and extend it along Broadway to Reade street, and down Chambers street, so as to include the two adjoining houses. On the opposite side, Stewart's beautiful white marble store, is to be extended to Chambers street with a front on Chambers street. These two improvements, when completed, will prove a grand and imposing aspect to that part of Broadway. What the new hotel is to be called we have not heard, but it is to be under the superintendence of the Messrs. Howards, who made a fortune in conducting Howard's Hotel, on the corner of Broadway and Maiden Lane. These gentlemen appear to have a passion for this kind of business; it runs in the family; their father has for many years kept a capital house in Burlington, Vermont, which we have a pleasant recollection of, from having eaten there some of the finest pickered that we ever tasted. Another new hotel has just been opened in Broadway, by Mr. George E. Watriss, who has for many years been connected with the Astor House, and is probably as well known to the travelling public as any other gentleman in the Union. Mr. Watriss has taken the old Athenæum, on the corner of Leonard street, and turned it into one of the most elegant and convenient houses in the city; for some inscrutable reason or other he has chosen to call it "the St. Charles." What can he mean by it? We had the honour of receiving a polite invitation to be present at the opening of this beautiful hotel, and as we never refuse invitations of the kind, when we can con-

veniently attend to them, we dropped in upon the Saint, at the specified hour, and had the gratification of seeing a large table, which had just been completely cleared of every thing eatable and imbibable, by a hungry irruption of men about town. Mr. Kendall, of the Picayune, stood looking in blank astonishment at the ruins of the splendid spread-out, and we heard the liberal proprietor whisper in his ear, that they had emptied ten dozen of champagne. But what a street of hotels Broadway has become! There is not another in the world that can show half the number, of such truly magnificent caravanseries.

Let us enumerate the largest of them between Bowling Green and Union Square. There is the ATLANTIC, to begin with, a large and elegant house, chiefly frequented by Eastern travellers; then follows DELMONICO's, which should be called the Hotel des Princes; the MANSION HOUSE; JUDSON'S HOTEL; the GLOBE; the NEW ENGLAND HOUSE; TREMONT HOUSE, a temperance hotel; the CITY HOTEL, the oldest of all; CROTON HOTEL, another temperance house; RATHBUN'S; HOWARD'S; FRANKLIN HOUSE; LORILLARD HOUSE; ASTOR HOUSE; AMERICAN HOTEL; the new HOTEL; CARLETON HOUSE; ST. CHARLES, FLORENCE'S, and the NEW YORK HOTEL; besides these, there are many very large and admirably kept private hotels, such as Mrs. Gates', Mrs. Townsend's, Mrs. Plumer's, and the Bond Street House; besides an infinite number of private boarding houses. Broadway is, in truth, a street of Hotels, Churches, Club Houses, Theatres, and fancy stores, and in a very few years there will not be a private dwelling house, from one end to the other, of this great artery of the commercial metropolis of the New World. Churches have not multiplied in Broadway as rapidly as they have of late years in the new Squares and Avenues, where, in fact, they appear more appropriately placed; for a sober Gothic church, with its pyramidal tower pointing upward to the skies, always seemed out of harmony in the midst of a crowded street, surrounded by warehouses and temples devoted to mammon. But when a church is built in a business street, it should be surrounded by an open ground like Trinity, and Saint Paul's, in Broadway, that seem to be apart from the trading work-day world. We hear a good deal said, and no doubt with great truth, of the wickedness of this city, and the religious destitution of a part of the inhabitants, but surely there is no city in the world where the means of religious instruction are more free, where the churches are more numerous, or where the inhabitants pay greater attention to the spiritual need of those who pay no attention to their souls. Yet there is no city in the world whose inhabitants contribute more largely in proportion to their means, to the noble enterprises for distributing saving truths to the nations that sit in darkness. The munificence and prosperity of the people are shown as plainly in the increased splendour of the houses of worship, with which the city abounds, as in the palatial dwellings, the magnificent warehouses, the sumptuous hotels, and places of amusement. Brooklyn is called, *par eminence*, the City of Churches, and certainly the name has not been misapplied. The churches there are both numerous and magnificent. The Church of the Holy Trinity, which was erected by the munificence of a single individual, may be favourably compared with the costly and magnificent Trinity of New York. A new church is near completion, to be called Grace Church, on Brooklyn Heights, in which Mr. Vinton is to preach. It is a very neat Gothic structure, built of brown stone, by Mr. Upjohn, the architect of Trinity Church. Mr. Vinton is a brother of Major Vinton, who was killed at the bombardment of Vera Cruz; he was once in the army himself. How men change their occupation. General Quitman was once a clergyman, and is now a soldier, while Mr. Vinton was once a soldier, and is now a clergyman. They have both found their true places. General Quitman has passed through a good many professions in finding the one for which nature seems to have designed him. He is a native of Dutchess County, in this State, and the son of a clergyman. He removed to

Mississippi nearly thirty years ago, and has returned to his native State for the first time, while on leave of absence from the army in Mexico. He is a truly gallant looking man, and would doubtless have won distinction in almost any profession. He began life as a clergyman; he afterwards studied medicine; then became a lawyer, rose high in legal station, and has since won himself a name by his bravery in Mexico. He is about fifty years of age, apparently of a robust constitution, and will doubtless rise to some high political station. He was once a Whig, afterwards a Jackson man, and is now a Democrat. He is evidently not one of those men who borrow their opinions from others, and think because they have professed a particular political faith, that they must never change it. General Quitman, like the majority of our officers in Mexico, wears his beard as nature intended, and his grizzly moustache gives a noble heroic expression to his manly countenance. General Quitman, after having shaken everybody in the city by the hand, went up the river to Albany, to visit his sister, Mrs. Quackenboss, who lives in that city, and whom he had not seen in thirty years.

The public mind seems to be strongly turned to military achievements at this time, and men who have distinguished themselves by their gallantry are the pets of the public. Reminiscences of Indian warfare, and revolutionary legends, are becoming the favourite reading of the people, and pictures and dramatic pieces representing the early struggle of our forefathers, who "fought and bled for Freedom's cause," are the surest cards for attracting public sympathy. Mr. Lewis, who was for many years employed by our Government as an Indian Agent, has taken advantage of this tide in popular feeling, and has brought out duplicates of the Indian Portrait Gallery, painted by him in Washington, which he is exhibiting in Broadway. Mr. Lewis spent many years among the Indians of the far-west, long before Catlin undertook his great work, and made all his sketches from original subjects. Among his collection of portraits is one of Black Hawk, said to be the only one for which the chief ever sat. Mr. Lewis' portraits have no great claims to public attention as mere works of art, but as authentic delineations of the costume and general appearance of the fast diminishing aborigines of our continent, they may fairly claim a portion of the time and money which our wonder-loving people bestow upon every show that is brought to their doors.

A JAR OF HONEY FROM MOUNT HYBLA.—What a delicious title this is for a book, and what a delicious book it should be to deserve such a title. Leigh Hunt has thus quaintly and bravely denominated his last publication, may it not long be his last, from which we give a small "specimen brick," to show its pure and humane character:

"A certain bishop, who lived some hundred years ago, and who was very unlike what is reported of Her Majesty's new almoner; also, very unlike the Christian bishops of old, before titles were invented for them; very unlike Fenelon, too, who, nevertheless, had plenty of titles; very unlike St. Francis de Sales, who was for talking nothing but 'roses'; very unlike St. Vincent de Paul, who founded the Sisterhood of Charity; very unlike Rundle, who 'had a heart,' and Berkeley, who had 'every virtue under heaven,' and that other exquisite Bishop (we blush to have forgotten his name), who was grieved to find that he had a hundred pounds at his bankers, when the season had been so bad for the poor;—this highly unressembling bishop, who, nevertheless, was like too many of his brethren,—that is to say, in times past (for there is no bishop now, at least in any quarter of England, who is not remarkable for meekness, and does not make a point of turning his right cheek to be smitten, the moment you have smitten his left); this unepiscopal and yet not impossible bishop, we say, was once accosted, during a severe Christmas, by a parson-Adams kind of inferior clergyman, and told a long story of the wants of certain poor people, of whose cases his lordship was unaware. What the dialogue was, which led to the remark we are about to mention, the reporters of the circumstance do not appear to have ascertained; but it seems that the representations growing stronger and stronger on one side, and the determination to pay no attention to them acquiring proportionate vigour on the other, the clergyman was moved to tell the bishop, that his lordship did not understand his 'eleven commandments.'

"'Eleven commandments!' cried the bishop; 'why, fellow, you are drunk. Who ever heard of an eleventh commandment? Depart, or you shall be put in the stocks.'

"'Put thine own drunken pride and cruelty in the stocks,' retorted the good priest, angered beyond his Christian patience, and preparing to return to the sufferers for whom he had pleaded in vain. 'I say there are eleven commandments, not ten, and that it were well for such flocks as you govern, if it were added, as it ought to be, to the others over the tables in church. Does your lordship remember—do you, in fact, know anything at all of Him who came on earth to do good to the poor and woful, and who said, 'Behold I give unto you a new commandment, LOVE ONE ANOTHER.'"

We have rarely been more forcibly impressed by an instance of fidelity to the eleventh commandment, than by a visit to the Coloured Orphan Asylum, of this city, which is conducted and supported by an association of benevolent ladies in this city. The eleventh annual report of this benevolent association contains some touching but modest appeals to the hearts of those who have it in their power to give. Surely the loveliness of the female character never appears half so lovely as when the affluent, the refined, and the educated, devote their time and their means to rescuing the poor outcasts of society from suffering and degradation. No class of human beings are less cared for than these little ebony images of God, whom the benevolent ladies that manage the affairs of the Coloured Orphan Asylum provide with a comfortable home, and instruct in the way of life. The following extract from their last report illustrates, with touching simplicity, the truly humane feelings by which these benevolent ladies are guided in their labor of love:

"The Managers had been in the habit of admitting scrofulous children, not labouring under any immediately threatening symptoms. But late in December last, they were forced, out of regard to the lives of their unfortunate beneficiaries, to adopt one of two alternatives: either to refuse children with scrofulous taint, or to provide hospitable arrangements to such an extent as might protect such children from the almost certain doom to which they would be exposed, should there be a recurrence of any endemic or epidemic malady.

The first alternative—the refusal of admission to scrofulous children, the Managers have tried, but can try no longer. At any time a painful duty, to refuse admission to a child bereft of its parents; it is doubly painful to deny an entrance to those afflicted with disease. This course has occasioned heartfelt regrets on the part of the Committee on whom this unwelcome duty devolves—nay, more than regrets, deep and solemn questions have forced themselves on their attention: If it be a duty to take in and care for the coloured orphan who is in health, is it not a higher duty to take in and care for the coloured orphan who is sick? If the strong and healthy of this class offer a case of necessity which has so largely and so generously excited the public mind, do not the weak and diseased of the same class constitute as great, if not a greater case of necessity?

To these, and similar questions, the Managers feel that there can be but one answer, and that they ought not to turn away applicants simply because they are afflicted with disease. To this conclusion they come with perfect unanimity."

There is so much of the sweetness of humanity and the loveliness of the womanly character in this modest report, that if it were to fall into the hands of Leigh Hunt, he would be tempted to empty it entire into his Jar of Honey, for we are sure it would add to the flavour of his store of sweets from Mount Hybla. The Asylum for Coloured Orphans is a very handsome building, in the aristocratic Fifth Avenue, between Forty-third and Forty-fourth streets, at a considerable remove from the palatial residences of our merchant princes, who nidificate in that tremendously genteel quarter of the city. It may happen that some of our readers would, at some time, desire to know more of this most excellent institution, and for their directions we append a list of the officers and directors, with their residences:

OFFICERS:

Anicatha Miller, *First Directress*, 29 Clinton Place.
 Sarah C. Hawxburst, *Second Directress*.
 Anna H. Shotwell, *Secretary*, 105 Third Avenue.
 Mary Murray, *Treasurer*, 96 East Fourteenth street.

MANAGERS :

Elizabeth Bowne, 51 Bond street.
 Meta Brevoort, Fifth Avenue, cor. Ninth street.
 Mary Day, 52 Henry street.
 Katharine Dunbar, 46 West Washington Place.
 Mary Few, 239 Ninth street.
 Anna H. Ferris, Throg's Neck.
 Mary J. Gelston, 7 Le Roy Place.
 Charlotte Gardner, 122 Allen street.
 Mary Howland, 12 Washington Square.
 Ann Jay, 30 Bond street.
 Allison Johnson, Jersey City.
 Jane R. McLaughlin, 11 Vandam street.
 Jane H. Lawrence, 177 East Broadway.
 Heloise Meyer, 264 Fourth street.
 Margaret Roosevelt, Broadway, cor. Fourteenth street.
 Harriet Skidmore, 466 Houston street.
 Caroline Stokes, Thirty-first street, near East River.
 Matilda Titus, 30 Market street.
 Sarah F. Underhill, 199 Henry street.
 M. A. Varick, 824 Broadway, near Twelfth street.
 Mary Wheeler, 322 Broome street.
 Caroline Wood, 181 East Broadway.

EDITORIAL ROMANCE.—We have often seen the following story going about, but know not what degree of truth there may be in it. It is worth telling, however, for editors, who put in circulation a greater number of romances than any other class of people, rarely act a romance themselves. This little editorial romance probably grew out of the marriage of Miss Reid, the accomplished daughter of Captain S. C. Reid, who, some time since, edited a pretty little monthly called *The Passion Flower*. She married a young gentleman of Kentucky, who became attached to her from reading her little periodical; but whether the marriage occurred as related, we know not.

"A remarkable affair lately happened in New York, and which is related as follows:—A gentleman residing in a Southern State, was a regular correspondent of a certain periodical in New York, which periodical was chiefly edited by the daughter of the proprietor. In process of time the gentleman and lady alluded to became pretty well acquainted with each other, and corresponded in a friendly manner. The former, to make a long story short, fell in love with the as yet unseen lady, and offered her his hand in marriage. After mature deliberation, the lover was accepted. His next step was to visit New York, where he kept himself out of the way of his intended wife, though both parties were making arrangements for their union. The day was fixed, also the hour, and the friends of the lady were assembled in her father's mansion, and she was ready to become a bride. At this stage of the proceedings a gentleman made his appearance, heralded by his card. He was recognized as the future son-in-law and husband, and was warmly welcomed by all present, the lady in the meanwhile standing among her friends completely veiled. The clergyman now stepped forward, and the marriage ceremony was performed; then it was that the husband first fixed his eyes upon the eyes and countenance of his wife."

THE PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS OF THE CITY.—January is almost an entire holiday month in New York; work is, of necessity, suspended by our merchants and their clerks, when the rivers and canals are closed; some of the jobbers send off a clerk or an agent to the South or West, to look after old customers and drum up new ones, but the majority of our mercantile men in New York have little else to do during the long month of January but to sit round their hot stoves and talk over public affairs in the day time, and go to balls, parties, plays, concerts, and lectures, in the evening. But by the time that month draws to a close there are movements made towards business again, and arrangements begin for the spring trade. Amusements are comparatively neglected, and the lecture room is but slenderly filled; parties begin to wear off, and auction rooms are filled with purchasers.

But still there is at all times a great multitude of amusement-

seekers in this city, and there is no lack of alluring places for them where time and money may both be spent. This winter has introduced two quite new and popular species of amusements. Dr. Collyer's Model Artists have produced a host of imitators, and almost every street in the city has its corps of Living Statues and Living Pictures. Under the name of classicality, a great deal of indecent rascality is practised by some of the exhibitors. We have but little knowledge from personal observation in regard to these novel shows, but judging from the reports of others, a species of refined immorality has found its way among us that can hardly be surpassed by licentious Paris. The evil of these classical exhibitions is greatly heightened by the fact that they are mostly frequented by the idle and dissolute part of the inhabitants of the city. The negro-minstrelsy of the Christy's is of quite a different order of amusements; the success of these "darkies so gay" is unparalleled by any popular exhibition that has ever been offered in New York, and it should be a lesson to all similar caterers for popular favour, that the great success of the Christy's is owing as much to the fact, that their exhibitions are free from the slightest indecorum of speech and behaviour, as to the intrinsic excellence of their performances. The tendency of modern society is towards purity of conduct and refinement of manners. This is the inevitable result of the spread of education, and the breaking down of the artificial barriers of society, which have so long kept people of kindred tastes asunder.

A practice has recently been introduced among the fashionables of New York, which is becoming more and more extended, of dancing by day light, or rather, of having what is called, in fashionable life, a *matinee dansante*,—a morning dance. Dancing by day light is unquestionably a much healthier practice than dancing by gas light. Weddings, too, are now given in the day time. Some of the most elegant wedding parties that have been given this winter, took place at noon. It is certainly much better to dance all the day and go home at night, and go quietly to bed like a sober Christian, than to

Dance all night
 Until broad day light.

Fashion is not the capricious goddess that she is generally deemed. What we call caprices are in reality the glimmerings of good sense, and it will generally be found that when a fashionable folly is analyzed, it has a basis of good sense. The ideal of a gentleman is always the man *sans peur et sans reproche*, and the true gentleman is always a man of fashion. We have rarely seen a better definition of what is meant by the term gentleman than that given by the poet Bishop of the Episcopal Church of New Jersey, in a prospectus of the ends and objects of Barlington College. Bishop Doane says:—"When you have found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change a Cairn-gorm or a Cape May crystal to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman till you have first a man. To be a gentleman, it will not be sufficient to have had a grandfather."

'What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
 Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards!'

"To be a gentleman does not depend upon the tailor, or the toilet. The proof of gentlemen is not to do no work. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not good habits. The Prince Lee Booc concluded that the hog, in England, was the only gentleman, as being the only thing that did not labour. A gentleman is just a gentle-man; no more, no less; a diamond polished, that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is generous. A gentleman is slow to take offence, as being one that never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one that never thinks it. A gentleman goes armed, only in consciousness of right. A gentleman subjects his appetites. A gen-

tleman refines his tastes. A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman deems every other better than himself. Sir Philip Sidney was never so much a gentleman—mirror, though he was, of England's knighthood—as when, upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draft of cool spring water that was brought to quench his mortal thirst, in favor of a dying soldier. St. Paul described a gentleman when he exhorted the Philippian Christians, 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.' And Dr. Isaac Barrow, in his admirable sermon on the calling of a gentleman, pointedly says, 'he should labor and study to be a leader unto virtue and a notable promoter thereof; directing and exciting men thereto, by his exemplary conversation; encouraging them by his countenance and authority; rewarding the goodness of manner people, by his bounty and favor; he should be such a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness, by his words and by his works, before a profane world.'

"When you have found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman." This is admirably said; and now that we have seen what is the Bishop's bean ideal of a gentleman, let us see what is his ideal of a man, the material whereof the gentleman is composed:

"We are told that the Parian marble, before the sculptor's eye had fallen upon it, or his hand had touched it, contained, in the perfection of its beauty, the Apollo Belvidere. He only found it, and exposed it to the gaze of an admiring world. And old Prometheus, as we read, kindled, with fire from heaven, the clay-cold statue into life, and loveliness, and love. But, tell me, what are these but allegories, to set forth the beauty and the power of CHRISTIAN EDUCATION? And, what are these results but faint and far-off shadows, to their triumph, who by patient love and faithful prayer, develop, through the agency of the transforming Spirit, from the dull and sluggish and corrupted mass of our poor fallen nature, a gracious child, a glorious youth, a god-like man? The manliness of love, the manliness of truth, the manliness of piety! The manliness that wears the spirit on the brow; purer than purest crystal, more transparent, and more precious. The manliness that bears the heart out in the hand; no plan, no purpose, no pursuit, no palpitation, that it shrinks to show. The manliness that fears to sin, but knows no other fear. The manliness that knows to die, but not to lie. The manliness that never boasts. The manliness that never domineers. The manliness that never swears. The manliness that never drinks. The manliness that bows, in meek compliance, with the shadow of a parent's wish. The manliness that sees in every woman the sex to which we owe our mothers. The manliness to look all danger in the face and seize it by the horns. The manliness to bear all hardships without grudging; and to render every honest service without shame. The manliness to reverence the poor. The manliness to make concessions to the weak. The manliness to feel. The manliness to pity. And the manliness to pray. This is the manliness we ask from God for these dear children. Such are the men we strive, through grace, to form at Burlington College."

We willingly confess to entire faith in the orthodoxy of the Bishop's opinion of manliness, let us think as we may of his theology. We have recently been looking over a little booklet, bearing evidences of great sincerity of feeling and purity of thought, written by Silas Jones, and bearing this rather startling title: "Eras of the New Jerusalem Church, being a few remarks on the present state of the Church, and showing the necessity of open intercourse with angels for its future advancement." Bishop Doane and Mr. Jones are probably not very far asunder in their theology, although they do not belong to the same Church. The Bishop certainly believes in the necessity of open intercourse with angels, for the gentleman, as described by him, may fairly be reckoned among that order of existences. Mr. Jones says of open intercourse with angels, in the possibility of which he has entire faith:

"Those who have orderly open intercourse, are principled in doing us according to their degree and circumstances. This is the marriage of good and truth, and the works they do are its fruits.

But the magical give themselves up to their familiar spirits, and the works they do are from the adulterous union of the evil and false. These know nothing of conjugal love, but burn with the vile love of adultery, and often make their magical arts all tend to the separation of married pairs, and an adulterous union with the one they have succeeded in separating. The abominations of Matthias are not yet forgotten. And a recently published case at Williamsburg, N. Y., was one tending to the same result.

"Those who have orderly open intercourse, do not seek to learn from angels how they shall conduct ordinary temporal matters, any further than they bear upon living a life according to the commandments. But the magical occupy themselves with wild dreams of worldly riches and pre-eminence over others. They search for the philosopher's stone, and the elixir of life. They know not that the Word is that stone, and a life according to the commandments is the genuine Elixir Vitæ which heals all diseases, and gives long life, even life eternal.

"Those who have orderly open intercourse may have, and often do experience, artful assaults from evil spirits. Evil spirits often come in the guise of angels of light. But these do not seduce, because those who are in truths are cautioned not to speak with any strange spirit without introduction by an angel, and without the presence of Swedenborg. But those who are disorderly neither know nor think it important to know who comes to them. Hence their intercourse is with those who from fantasy can induce the appearance of angels of light; but are in fact satans. While in the life of the body they were hypocrites.

"We will repeat what has already been shown, viz: That those who have orderly open intercourse are illustrated when they read the Word. They read in the spiritual affection of truth, and they have the lamp of true doctrine to guide their understanding. They regard all they receive as essentially contained in the Word, and received through it. Many are daily and hourly taught by and through the Word, by having brought vividly to recollection some passage containing the instruction needed. These are the gentle suggestions of our heavenly monitors.

"Those who have orderly open intercourse are greatly humbled thereby. They are humbled, by being more plainly than others made to see their evils in the most loathsome and repulsive forms. When evil spirits are seen by heavenly light they appear as monsters. They come into this important truth, that it is all one whether we say "shun evil," or "shun evil spirits and the hells." One of the great personal uses of open intercourse is, that we may be able, by light from heaven, to detect and shun evil spirits, by repentance and amendment of life. If some who feel quite secure, and who stand well with their fellow men, could see themselves and their spiritual company as angels see them, they would be greatly astonished.

"It has pleased the Lord, in his divine providence, to lead the writer where he has seen much of open intercourse with the spiritual world. Much of what he has seen has been altogether disorderly. He has also seen much which, though not orderly, seems to be permitted because of the state of unbelief prevalent in the world. He has also been able to witness that which by the foregoing rules he regards as orderly. He has never experienced in his own person this kind of illustration, and has therefore no personal interest in inducing a belief favourable to open intercourse. If by presenting these imperfect views others may be saved much of the labor the writer has had, he will be thankful, for he will see that the use it has been to others will be evidence of its value."

Mr. Jones confesses that although he has lived much with those who have had both orderly and disorderly open intercourse with angels, that he has not himself enjoyed the privilege of open intercourse with celestial beings.

But we have strayed wide from the track upon which we set out; we began with the theatre and here we are in the church. Well, it will not do to go from the church to the theatre, so we will drop that subject for the present month.

THE FINE ARTS.—We have but little to record respecting the Fine Arts. All our artists are busily engaged in finishing up pictures for the next exhibition of the National Academy, which will open on the first of April, and, judging from some of the works which we have seen, it will eclipse all past exhibitions. Page will have some of his finest portraits in the exhibition, and his grand historical painting of Ruth and Naomi. Elliott, who has been very well employed during the past year, will have a greater number of fine portraits than he has ever before exhibited. Boyle, whose fine talents have not yet had the reward to which they justly entitle him, will have in the exhibition a noble

full length portrait of Bishop Hughes, in his sacerdotal robes; and all the old landscape painters, besides many new ones, of whom the public is yet ignorant, will fill the walls of the Academy with bright and sunny transcripts of our beautiful scenery.

We learn that a head of Christ, in marble, by Greenough, has recently arrived in this country, for Asaph Stone, Esq., of this city. It is of colossal size, and is an attempt to give the human physiognomy the expression of that majestic, yet mild serenity, of

— "calm and sinless peace,"

of boundless good will, and compassion for human suffering, which accords with the character of Jesus.

An imaginary bust of Pocahontas, by our countryman, Mosier, has been lately brought out from Florence by the same gentleman. Mr. Mosier was travelling in Italy two or three years since, and in a short sojourn at Florence, was induced to try his skill in modelling figures in clay. He was surprised at his own success, and finding himself strongly inclined to the art, continued the practice till, at length, what was first an amusement became a severe and eager study, and he was enrolled among American sculptors.

A small group, by a Florentine artist, of the name of Freccia, has been imported. It is called Love and Fidelity, and represents a boy with a dog dying at his feet.

These works will doubtless be found in the next exhibition of the National Academy.

We learn from the Commercial Advertiser that the original plates of the famous Shakspeare Gallery of Boydell are in the possession of a Dr. Spooner, in this city, who has employed a competent artist to touch them up with a view to publishing a new edition of impressions. Many of the pictures of this celebrated gallery were very grand; the three by West, from Lear, Hamlet, and As You Like It, which were formerly in the old Academy of the Fine Arts, in the Park, were among the best of them.

The Evening Mirror says, in respect to the original proprietor of these plates:—"Alderman Boydell was a print seller, and acquired a fortune in his business; but he stepped beyond his sphere when he attempted what was called a great national work, and failed, as a matter of consequence. By his munificent offers to the artists of the time, he induced them to attempt works for which they were not qualified, and there was failure all around. Artists cannot be had for money—if they could, they would not be worth the having. This has been abundantly proved by the attempt of Congress to compel certain of our painters to execute paintings for the Rotunda of the Capitol, by bribing them with ten thousand dollars each."

The *Art Union Journal* is the title of the most splendid illustrated periodical that we have ever seen. Combining, as it does, the highest literary and artistic ability, with a full, comprehensive, exact, and reliable chronicle of all the artistic transactions of the Old World. It is a work of immense value to the mere artist, decorator, or tradesman in works of art, while to the amateur and man of letters, it is a source of reliable information that they cannot afford to dispense with. It is edited by S. C. Hall, Esq., whose accomplished lady is a regular contributor to its pages. Each number contains three original engravings from the works of modern masters, in the highest style of art, besides a great profusion of elegant illustrations on wood. The agent for this city is Mr. John P. Ridner, of the Artist's Exchange, in the Art Union Buildings, Broadway.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT.—Among the announcements of new works, Baker & Scribner advertise a *Life of Cromwell*, by the Rev. J. T. Headley, author of *Napoleon and his Marshals*.

Lectures on Shakspeare, by H. N. Hudson, in two volumes. A new work on *Astronomy*, by Professor Mitchell; and the *Owl Creek Letters*, 1 Vol., 12mo.

The Appleton's announce a new work on Mexico, or rather on the Mexican War—its origin, progress, &c., by John T. Sprague, Brevet Captain, U. S. A.

Burgess, Stringer & Co., announce a new Novel, by Cooper—the very name of which takes us into the backwoods. It is to be called "The Oak Openings, or the Bee Hunter." We should think, from the name, that the locale of the story would be Michigan.

We understand that T. B. Thorpe, the author of "Tom Owen, the Bee Hunter," is engaged on a *Life of General Taylor*, who has already had more lives than Plutarch. But Mr. Thorpe is an old neighbour of *Rough and Ready's*, a personal friend, and a pleasant writer, so that we shall probably have a better life of the "old man" from his pen, than any that we have yet read.

NEW ATTRACTIONS.—This is but the third number of our Magazine, yet such has been the encouragement which it has already received, that we have been induced to meet the liberal patronage of the public by a liberal return. We give this month the first of a Series of Sketches of Popular and Eminent American Clergymen. The sketch this month is of the Rev. Dr. Potts of this City, of the Presbyterian church in the Fourth Avenue. The Sketches will all be written by competent authors, and the biographical facts will be only from the most reliable sources. Each number of the Magazine will hereafter contain at least two Sketches of Eminent Clergymen. We shall also publish monthly an Obituary of the Eminent Characters whose decease happens during the month preceding the day of publication. In our present number will be found brief notices of Commodore Charles G. Ridgley, and of Thomas Cole, the eminent landscape painter.

We have received a letter from a correspondent who appears to be dissatisfied at not seeing the names of some of the eminent clergymen of the Baptist persuasion in this city among our first announcement. Our correspondent is assured that the Baptist clergymen, and all others of eminence in the country, will in turn have their niches in our *Walloha*. It was by accident that only the names of a few eminent Presbyterian and Episcopalian divines were at first announced. The following divines of the Baptist Church will appear in the course of our series of eminent American clergymen: the Rev. Drs. Maclay and Cone, and Rev. Mr. Williams, of this city; Rev. Dr. Wayland, of Brown University, and Rev. Mr. Choules of Massachusetts.

EDITORIAL PORTRAITS.—In addition to the series of papers already commenced, we shall shortly begin a new series under the head of Sketches of American Editors. This is a wide field, and an interesting one. The Pulpit and the Press are the two great instruments of our liberty, and those who labor in their service are the real makers of the popular mind; it is, therefore, not a secondary matter of interest with the public to know something of the personal character of the men whose influence is so mighty for good or evil.

Much curiosity having been excited in regard to the authorship of some of the articles in our first and second numbers, we shall hereafter distinguish the selected from the original pieces.

BANVARD'S PANORAMA.—This magnificent and most interesting exhibition gains in popularity daily. People crowd

to it by thousands, and no wonder: Sitting a couple of hours in the *Camera* where it is exhibited, is equal to a descent of the Mississippi; indeed, as we heard an enthusiastic admirer of the *Panorama* say, it is "equaller," for here you see as much for two shillings, and in two hours, as would cost twenty-five or thirty dollars, and at least a week's time on the Mississippi, and the best part of it is that in going down the father of waters with Mr. Banvard, you are in no danger of being snagged or blown up.

Sig. Spinetto has been amusing the town, at the City Library, with his learned Canaries; and everybody has been lecturing everywhere, about everything.

In addition to the Broadway improvements already mentioned, we hear of another of great importance. Mr. John Lafarge, the reputed agent of Louis Philippe, the King of the French, has purchased the entire block of buildings on Broadway, between Canal and Lispenard streets, which are to be demolished in May, and in their place is to be erected a splendid white marble palace of six stories in height; the lower part of which is to be used for shops, and the upper part as a museum or something of that kind. But the greatest and most important improvement in Broadway will be the new Russ Pavement, which is to be laid down its entire extent. The new Park gates are not yet put up; but the iron lilies in the new marble basin of the fountain are in full blossom. They are painted pure white, and look as natural as could be expected.

Our readers will probably discover, with outany aid from us, that the deeply interesting tale of "The Brother's Revenge" is marred and considerably obscured in certain passages by very obvious errors, the existence of which is owing to an accident; the form in which they occur, having been "locked up" and sent to press before the author returned his proof. If these provoking errors are overlooked good-naturedly by our readers, their generosity shall never be so sorely taxed again.

The sudden death of Thomas Cole, the first and greatest of American Landscape Painters, has thrown a gloom over the large circle of his friends in this city. Mr. Cole was an American in every respect but the accident of birth. He was brought to this country in his infancy, by his father, who was a paper-stainer by trade, and among the mountain scenery of the West drew in his first inspirations from the genius of the scene. He was born in England, and spent the earliest years of his life in Western Pennsylvania, Ohio, and afterwards in Catskill, where he has lived since he became famous as a painter, and where he was well known and loved by a large circle of friends. Mr. Cole was about forty-three years of age when he died. His disease was the pleurisy, and of very short duration; so short that none of his numerous friends in this city knew of his illness until the telegraph announced the sad news of his death. Mr. Cole had been twice abroad, and had painted many pictures of English and Italian scenery, but he was most at home, and always appeared to greater advantage in the wild soli-

tudes of our primitive forests; by the lonely lakes, waterfalls, and mountain gorges, where only the Indian or the daring hunter had ventured, than in cultivated scenes; and a seeming consciousness of his true province in landscape had latterly led to his return to the original ground upon which he earned his first renown. It is said that Mr. Cole left a great number of pictures unfinished. He painted with great rapidity, notwithstanding the great care with which all his landscapes appear to be touched. One of his large landscapes, which one would have supposed must have cost him months of hard labor, he told us had been painted in three days. In his peculiar line he was unrivalled, and being the first artist who painted an American Landscape, his name will long stand at the head of the artists of the New World; but there are points in landscape painting in which he did not excel. His pictures lack depth of color and atmosphere, his skies are often flat and hard, and his pictures lack tone; but take them all in all, we have no landscape painter among us who can do so well, and we fear it will be a long while before his place will be worthily filled. The National Academy, the Sketch Club, and other artistic societies of which he was a member, have paid the usual tributes of respect to his memory.

COM. CHARLES G. RIDGLEY.—We had prepared an obituary notice of this excellent officer, who died recently in Baltimore, but are compelled to omit it this month, for lack of room. Commodore Ridgley was born in Baltimore, on the 2d of July, 1784, and entered the service of the United States on the 17th October, 1799. He was rated Post-Captain in 1815, and had been 45 years in the service of his country when he died. He was the seventh on the list of Post-Captains.

Young Ridgley was the first midshipman appointed from the city of Baltimore. He was with Com. Preble at the battle of Tripoli, and was the first that volunteered to assist in cutting out the frigate *Philadelphia*. He was not allowed to participate in that gallant action, but was rewarded for his good conduct in the war by a gold medal voted to him by Congress.

In 1820, he was appointed to the command of the Pacific squadron, and sailed in the frigate *Constellation* as his flagship. In 1825, he was appointed to the command of the station at Kittery, Me. In 1828, he was appointed to the command of the West India Station, and navy yard at Pensacola, Florida, where he remained until the winter of 1830.

In July, 1833, he was appointed to the command of the station and navy yard at New York, where he remained until 1839, when he was appointed to the command of the U. S. naval forces on the coast of Brazil and in the Rio de la Plata, and returned to the United States in the frigate *Constitution*, in 1841.

He was a gallant officer, a thorough seaman, and a kind-hearted, excellent gentleman. The naval heroes of our last war are gradually dropping off, and in a few years the noble race of worthies will have departed on the last voyage of life.